



# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

DECEMBER, 1856.

From the British Quarterly Review.

## MENDELSSOHN AND HIS MUSIC.\*

EACH of the fine arts has a literature of its own, not excepting even the last jocular addition to their number—that of Murder. Some of them have been amongst the most fertile sources of book-making. The complaint of the preacher, as to the endlessness of that branch of industry, might indeed have had little ground if nature alone had been drawn upon for themes. *Facts* are naturally laconic, but *tastes* abhor brevity. Many a picture, covering little canvas, has blackened large breadths of paper; and Jacques, who saw only a sermon in a stone, might have seen a thick folio in it if it had happened to be carved. Books of this kind, however, consisting mostly of criticism and biography, though they spring from and are devoted to the several arts, have usually something of interest

for the common reader, and they influence the tone of our general literature. These separate streams at some points touch and mingle with the main current. The literature of music is the one exception to this rule. Here the stream flows entirely apart, and sometimes even dips out of the common ken, like those subterranean rivers which travellers describe. Musical criticism is usually such a mosaic of technical dilletantisms, that to the uninitiated reader an open score of the work it treats of would scarcely be more inscrutable; and if we except Mr. Holmes's charming *Life of Mozart*, we have no biography of a composer which can be supposed to exert any attractive force beyond the limits of the musical guild. The heavy historical labors of Hawkins, Burney, Busby, and Latrobe, are certainly not classics in the same sense as are the works of Reynolds and Vasari. Even Burgh's *Anecdotes*, though addressed to "the British female dilletanti," presuppose, we fear, more zeal and more science than are common amongst the St. Cecilians of our drawing-rooms.

The isolation of music from its sister arts

\* *Sketch of the Life and Works of the late Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.* By JULES BENEDICT. London: Murray.

*Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. Ein Denkmal für seine Freunde.* Von W. A. LAMPADUS. Leipzig: J. C. Hinrichs.

*Modern German Music, Recollections, and Criticisms.* By HENRY F. CHORLEY. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

and from literature is, however, chiefly shown in the extreme rarity of allusion to it in any but the most general sense. Nothing is more common in our everyday writing than illustrations drawn from the achieved results of other arts. Authors possessing no skill of their own, either in painting or music, speak familiarly of the former, yet utterly ignore the latter. The Bachism of Bach, though obvious enough to the musician, is not so available to our scribes as the "Corregioscity of Correggio." A description of nature brings up the name of a picture or a painter as if it were part of the scene, but we remember no similar case in which impressions of the *Pastoral Symphony* or of Haydn's *Seasons* are recalled.

Probably the reason why that art which most promptly, if not most powerfully, elicits the emotions of men, has left the scantiest impression of that effect on written records, may be found partly in the origin and partly in the nature of music. In a creative sense, it is the youngest of the arts. In the earlier ages of the restoration of learning, the arts of poetry, painting, sculpture, and architecture, seemed to come up out of antiquity linked and grouped together, each pointing to its own material results. But music, which in ancient times was probably never anything more than a spontaneous recitative, was not one of the group, and had no works to show. As the awaking thought of men naturally concerned itself much with the *media* through which it had derived its impulse from the past, the arts of form and color entered from the first into the tide of common intellectual interest. Music, however, which, so far as it had been really developed, seemed to have lapsed into the silence of oblivion, was only written about by those who were slowly creating it anew. But music is itself too subtle an essence to admit readily of verbal analysis. Articulating no definite thought to the mind, the mind in its turn can give it no articulate echo. The structural features of a composition may indeed be discussed, and they afford delightful exercise for the faculties which recognize proportion, sequence, symmetry; but all this is professional, not popular, while that which *is* popular and *not* professional, is exactly that which cannot be translated into words. Language is eminently pictorial. The pen of Ruskin steals all the tints of Turner's pencil, and our poets can transcribe with all the fidel-

ity of a sun-picture that more ethereal beauty which sometimes glows in the human face; but we never yet met with the man, even amongst the most susceptible and eloquent, who could convey the feeling raised in him by an *Adagio* of Beethoven otherwise than by ejaculations of a monotonous ecstasy, or by a far more expressive silence.

These reasons, however, do not dispel our surprise that at least the *biography* of composers should be so scanty, and the facts of their personal histories so rarely alluded to, as compared with those of the great masters in others arts. We should rather have supposed that the very mystery of that spiritual meaning which the composer elicits from sound and rhythm, that his function as the priest of an oracle which speaks in language native to the soul yet hidden from the intellect, would have created the keenest interest in all that related to his person, culture, habits, and external relations. The very secret of that hero-worship, which of late years has been exaggerated into a dogma, and which makes us track with such delight those "footprints on the sands of time" left by great men of the past, is the piquant conjunction, in one view, of that power of large ideal conception which separates genius from ordinary humanity, with those personal facts which again identify it with the mass of common life. Curiosity usually hovers about the point at which the sphere of a strong creative force touches that of a mere mortal existence, chequered with common joys and sorrows. And of all the powers wielded by human art, that by which the great master in music

"Takes the prisoned soul,  
And laps it in Elysium,"

is surely that which might kindle in us the eagerness of Comus to learn something of the "mortal mixture of earth's mould" from which it emanates. The composing faculty, besides, if of the highest order, must grow in the naturally rich soil of which strong affections and a reverent will are also indigenous products. Music is itself, in spite of its many prostitutions to baser uses, the art most closely related to religion and "homefelt delights." Nor is its progressive history without that picturesque clustering and contrast of individualities along the path of a continuous development, which gives something of dra-



matic interest to all history truly so called. From the time when old Marbeck, by his solemn services, secretly consoled himself and his brethren under persecution, to that in which an English diplomatic earl wields bow or baton to the sound of his own masses in the cathedral of Vienna—from Marenzio, fretted to death by the resentment of one pope, to Rossini, swelling with his melody the premature enthusiasm of Italy for another—from Jusquin, slyly writing a vocal part consisting of one long note for a vain French Louis who had more ambition than ability to sing, down to Mendelssohn, regenerating Greek and French tragedy with his music at the bidding of a Prussian virtuoso, Frederick—music has had its share in the evolution of historical events, and musicians have been actors in many a scene of varied human interest. The lives of some of them, indeed, have been marked by incidents as thrilling as those which make the lives of Italian poets rival their own romances. The escape of Stradella from assassins, whose fell purpose was melted from their hearts by the pathos of his music, heard in St. John Lateran as they lay in wait for his exit, is such an incident. Handel himself narrowly evaded the deathblow aimed by a baffled rival in his art. Madame Dudevant has drawn a beautiful picture of the relations between Porpora and Joseph Haydn, and more recently, and with darker tints, of her own association with the wild and subtle Pole, Chopin, who held the whole world of romance in his two attenuated hands.

Unquestionably the most striking passage in the history of music is the rise and unbroken continuity of that series of composers which has made Germany, for the last century and a half, the musical centre of the world. The great period of German poetry began almost simultaneously. The thunders with which Bach, from his organ, inaugurated the grandest triumphs of the one art, would scarcely be subsided before Klopstock, in his *Odes*, sung a noble advent hymn to the Augustan era of the other. They were alike, too, in rapid progress towards perfection. As poetry culminated in Goethe, who has himself shown how far his all-inclusive genius represented that which had gone before, so, at a later period, Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy resumed in the great circle of his creative power those splendors of musical faculty which had preceded him. From Bach down to Beethoven there is no great com-

poser with whom Mendelssohn had not much in common, though, as we shall see, he had his own matter and mode of the loftiest order. We do not, indeed, mean to say that the actual products of Mendelssohn's genius fully bear out an analogy with Goethe. "*Ars longa, vita brevis*," was more mournfully true for the composer than for the poet. Though the former early began his work and bent to it with a brave earnestness through all his brief career, many a golden link is wanting to the chain with which we might have taken the full measure of his powers.

The general parallel between German music and German poetry fails in one particular. Other countries besides Germany had great living poets, but the music of that land was the music of all the world. In imaginative writing France had great names, and England still greater; but the sturdiest patriotism of both could but admit that there were but one Haydn, one Mozart, and one Beethoven. The only other contemporary school of music, that of Italian opera, serves, by contrast with its own light and sensuous character, to show where the soul and intellect of the art found their native energy. The Rhine and its wines were not more unique phenomena to the touring and bibbing portion of European society than the music which sprung into being in their neighborhood was to all lovers of the tuneful art. After the existence of this concentrated interest for more than a hundred years, Mendelssohn, in succession to Beethoven, was its direct heir. In the presence of Weber, Meyerbeer, and Spohr, he was *facile princeps* amongst the composers of his time and country. As a proof and a consequence of this, there is now scarcely a performance of high-class music in any part of the world, from the programme of which Mendelssohn's name is omitted. How, and under what circumstances, he attained this great position within the few years vouchsafed to him, is an inquiry, we hope, not without interest to general readers.

In the early life of Mendelssohn not one favorable augury for a noble future was wanting. The very race from which he sprung was the primeval fountain of sacred melody. He held kinship to Miriam, and "the sweet singer of Israel." His more immediate genealogy was not undistinguished. His grandfather was Moses Mendelssohn, a kind of Hebrew-German Plato, who, in the years when German literature

was putting on its strength, stood with mild philosophic countenance by the side of Lessing, Wieland, and Klopstock, and was in no degree dwarfed by the stature of his contemporaries. To the dignified Theism of the grandfather the sacred music of the grandson seems to succeed in the same relative order as the new to the old dispensation. While, however, a great Jew philosopher was well enough for the penultimate link in Mendelssohn's ancestry, the ultimate was still better, for his father was a rich banker, possessing all resources to lavish upon the culture of the son, and an eye to see in him something worthy to tax them all. The genial banker occupied his proud intermediate position between Moses and Felix without sharing the genius of either; but that position was not to him the "point of indifference" for he showed a humorous appreciation of the honor in his habitual saying, "When I was a boy people used to call me the *son*, and now they call me the *father* of the great Mendelssohn. Nor was there wanting to the early direction of the composer's powers that blessed influence which has entered as a primary element into nearly all that is great in human deed—the fostering care of a tender and thoughtful mother. She was of a distinguished family of the name of Bartholdy, but it was her chief distinction and happiness that she gave to her son his last name and his first musical impressions.

Mendelssohn, the second of four children, was born in Hamburg on the 3d February, 1809, in a house behind the church of St. Michael, which house the author of the German "Memorial" takes care to inform us was left standing by the great fire of Hamburg—a circumstance which, in these degenerate days, we find it difficult to attribute to any remains of that musical susceptibility which the elements were wont to show in the days of Orpheus and "old Amphion." The child's leading taste displayed itself at an amazingly early age, and it was carefully nurtured, and every appliance furnished for its development. No need in this case, as in poor little Handel's, for stealthy midnight interviews with a smuggled clavicord in a secret attic; nor, as in the case of Bach, for copying whole books of studies by moonlight for want of a candle, churlishly denied. Mendelssohn's childhood and youth present as fair a picture of healthy and liberal culture as education-

al records can show. A warm and discerning affection charged the atmosphere in which he grew up with every influence that could elicit and strengthen his latent capacities. About his third or fourth year the family removed to Berlin, and here, under the training of Berger, he acquired his mastery over the piano-forte, which in his eighth year he played with wonderful finish; while in the theory of music he had made so much progress under rough old Zelter—best known as the friend and correspondent of Goethe, that his tutor was fond of telling with a grim smile how the child had detected in a concerto of Bach six of those dread offences against the grammar of music—consecutive fifths. "The lad plays the piano like the devil," says Zelter to Goethe, amongst many other ejaculations of wonder at Mendelssohn's early musical development. Finally, in 1821, he brought his pupil on a visit to Goethe at Weimar, and with this event commenced the long-standing friendship and correspondence between the composer and the poet. We find amongst Goethe's minor poems a stanza to Mendelssohn, commemorative of this visit, and inviting its repetition. It is to be presumed that at this period Goethe was interested in the boy chiefly as a musical prodigy, but he soon found in him points of closer intellectual contact with the circle of his own genius. The immense musical faculty of Mendelssohn had not been allowed to stunt and maim his other powers of mind. He was a good classical scholar, and in 1826 he drew warm praise from Goethe by a translation of the *Andria* of Terence. He was skilful, too, in drawing, and could afterwards fix his impressions of the Hebrides or the Alps in other forms than they assumed in his great pictorial symphonies. This became to him a great resource as a diversion to his mind in the intervals of his wonderful musical activity. In general art-criticism he always displayed an insight and knowledge which might have done credit to the *specialité* of Waagen. Mendelssohn's mind was, indeed, as rich and facile in all departments of modern intellectual culture as if he had no *specialité* of his own. But whatever might be the sources of Goethe's regard for Mendelssohn, there is evidence enough of its strength. When the young composer, on his first visit to England, in 1829, was thrown from a gig in London and wounded in the knee, the poet wrote to Zelter

thus: "I wish to learn if favorable news has been heard of the worthy Felix. I take the greatest interest in him, and am in the highest degree anxious that one who has done so much should not be hindered in his progress by a miserable accident. Say something to reassure me." And when, in 1830, Mendelssohn had spent a pleasant fortnight in Weimar, Goethe thus characteristically reported the results to himself of this visit:

"His presence was particularly beneficial to me, for I find my relation to music is ever the same; I hear it with pleasure, sympathy, and reflection, but I like most its history; for who understands any phenomenon if he is not master of the course of its development? It was therefore of the greatest importance to find that Felix possesses a commendable insight into this gradation, and fortunately his good memory brings before him the classics of every mode at pleasure. From the epoch of Bach downward he has brought to life again for me Haydn, Mozart, and Gluck; has given me adequate ideas of the great modern theorists; and finally, made me feel and reflect upon his own productions, and so is departed with my best blessings."

The original works thus mentioned may seem to be brought into perilous conjunction with the greatest names of the musical Pantheon, but to those who know them there will seem nothing anomalous in the association. "Although scarcely twenty years old," says Mr. Benedict, "he had at this period composed his *Octet*, three quartets for piano and stringed instruments, two sonatas, two symphonies, his first violin quartet, various operas, a great number of separate *Lieder*, or songs, and the immortal overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*." In some of these works there were the inevitable crudities of boyish ambition, for the wings of early genius are not equable in their very first movements. In most of them, however, and notably in the great Shakespearean overture, composed at the age of sixteen, there are all the splendid vigor and symmetry of the young eagle sunning his newly perfected pinions.

This rapid outburst of a fresh and consummate creative power, differing essentially from all its predecessors, is not to be lazily regarded as an event of ordinary evolution, nor are its results to be valued only for their novel *goût* upon a jaded mental palate. The unlikeness of genius in its *essence* to any other thing dreamt of in our philosophy is here realized al-

most to our very senses. An ardent and thoughtful boy—but one to whom leap-frog and cricket are by no means unfamiliar processes—takes his Wieland Shakespeare, and is caught away by the moonlit fantasy of the great fairy drama. He feels the beauty of the scene translating itself into exquisite rhythm in his brain, and, impelled by a resistless inspiration, he throws all the resources of his art into the process, until the tricksiness of Puck, the delicate grace of Titania, and the elvish majesty of Oberon, are so made to alternate and to blend in the movement, that it forms a perfect tone-picture of the poet's dream, finally fading away in a few high, soft chords, like a dissolving view, at the first obtrusive ray of morning. Everywhere a genial and fluent fancy is apparent, but this by no means completes the wonder. The boy has that great cunning of his art so to control his melodic conceptions, and knit them up into strength by the use and distribution of modern orchestral resources that the science seems a portion of the inspiration, and the dream is the more dream-like that *thought* is woven into its filmiest tissue. And so the youthful hand jots the signs which fix and convey his ideas, and henceforth there is in the world a new pleasure, and a pleasure of a new kind. It is unfortunately possible that some may see in all this only a fresh impulse to an already too strenuous catgut; but in the mature and masterly workmanship of the boy Mendelssohn we discern a clear pledge of a new endowment for the world, and see something of that stout fibre out of which is spun the thread of a great destiny. We now understand something of old Zelter's prophetic raptures.

It was the performance of this work in London which initiated Mendelssohn's great and ever increasing English reputation. Without taking up a permanent abode amongst us, he became after this so frequent a visitor in England, with such an accession of pleasure and repute on each occasion, that his name and fame seemed to become as steadily English as were those of the more thoroughly domiciled Handel in his day. Nine times (not seven only, as Mr. Benedict says) he came to England, finding in our scenery and society, and in the immense executive resources placed at his disposal, constant impulses towards new "heavens of inventions," which continually opened up before

his daring intuition. It is true his life was spent mainly in the "Fatherland," and his journeys out of it were not always in the direction of this country. In Italy, for instance, he imbibed with intense enjoyment that air to which the artists of all lands go to see their own aims and outlines clearly. Rome was to him, as to all men of his temperament, at once a school and a shrine; and the society which he enjoyed there, of such men as Vernet, Bunsen, Lizst, and Berlioz, must have exerted a healthy and expansive influence upon his mind. But Italy could not supply the *aliment* needful for his earnest and active nature; and London and Birmingham were really more to Mendelssohn than Rome and Naples. In Paris, whither he went twice, he found nothing to induce a frequent recurrence of his visits. At Dusseldorf, Leipsic, and Berlin he spent fourteen active and chequered years, through which we cannot minutely follow him, holding various appointments, and producing a constant succession of works in every department of composition—the products of each year gaining in depth and grandeur until his genius and fame reached their culminating point in the marvellous inspiration of *Elijah*.

By social position, by the happy balance of his own cultivated nature, and by that greatest of mortal blessings, a thoroughly sympathetic marriage, Mendelssohn was sure in any place to find his enjoyment of life less influenced by local limitations than most men find it. He was comparatively exempt from that wretched class of incidents which has infused into the lives of so many great composers all the bitterness of *Marah*. But this exemption could not, in Germany, be entire. At Dusseldorf the joint management of the theatre bred a coolness and ultimate alienation between Mendelssohn and Immerman the poet, even after that sacred symbol of German friendship, the pronoun "*du*," had passed between them. Leipsic was enthusiastic, and Mendelssohn was its "favorite," but a composer like Schumann could be its favorite too, and it could yield to the arrogant dogma of Wagner that Mendelssohn was "mechanical;" and so, hardly was the "favorite" off the scene before *Elijah* was performed to a room half-filled. Berlin had its royal commissions for Mendelssohn, with some pleasure and much profit appended; but in the city of cliques and criticism, with its intellectual atmosphere rarefied to the

last point of negation by *Voltaireism* and *Hegelism*, his genial nature must have felt as if in an exhausted receiver. We reflect with pride on the fact that the composer's connection with England was chequered with no such *désagréments*. His love of this country struck root early, and the plant, when acclimated, grew as hardily as a native. With his acute and observant mind he must have soon seen that whatever fame he gained here was safe and permanent. That very "matter-of-fact" tendency which his countrymen have sometimes made a charge against England, and which has perhaps hindered us from being so rich in productive and executive musical ability as other nations, is favorable to our prompt and steady recognition of any true talent of that kind which may appeal to us. The products of such a talent are tested at once by their consonance to truth and nature, and not by arbitrary canons of criticism or scholastic preferences; and judgments so founded are not lightly disturbed. The faculty which in England finds the simplest national air to be true and pleasant is the same which has successively and firmly appropriated the grandest strains of Handel, Beethoven, and Haydn. And it was the same faculty which at once found in Mendelssohn's Overture to the *Midsummer Night's Dream* that mental affinity for his subject which stamped the composer as a true artist. After this there was no danger that in England, at least, he should ever be considered "dry" or "mechanical," and we are not aware that to this day there is any regret expressed here that he was not more original, in the spasmodic, "*Tannhäuser*" sense of that word. How many securities, and in what rapid succession, he afterwards placed between himself and any such absurd regrets we need not here recount.

But our pride is not merely that Mendelssohn's genius linked itself to our highest literature by his Shakspearean music, nor to our scenery by his *Ossianic* Overture to the *Hebrides*, and the Symphony in A minor, nor even that the grandest tones which have clothed the Christian verities since the *Messiah* was written, first awoke at his bidding in the noble hall of one of our great manufacturing towns. He gave England much, but from England he won no niggardly response. It is not mere insular complacency to assert that here *all* the greater



works of Mendelssohn woke the echoes of the world. The sympathy which they elicited in London and in our festival cities was the electric current, and the British press was the conducting medium through which his fame was flashed over Europe, including Germany itself. In this country the taste of the public had been kept faithfully true to the large and solid type of musical structure by the constant performance of oratorio. The masterworks of Handel and the *Creation* of Haydn had for many years been far more frequently produced in England than in any country in Europe. So familiar had the wonderful choral movements of these works become, that in many a country village the assembled peasants or artisans might be heard "practising," with clear or cracked voice, the invocation to the Everlasting Doors, or the ascription by the heavens of Glory to God, while every plain and plastered "conventicle" was doubly consecrated in its turn by the sound of the one great Hallelujah. In our large towns these works were known to a great proportion of the people of all classes. It was a grateful change for the workman to pass from the thunder of looms and jennies to the more harmonious resonance of Handel, while the shopkeeper gladly betook himself for a Christmas treat to his twentieth hearing of the *Messiah*; and it is out of these circumstances that has arisen that singular vocal efficiency which has given to the Lancashire chorus so wide a fame. But this interest and efficiency arose from the very narrowness of the field within which, up to that period, they could be displayed. Handel was in oratorio not only supreme, but was almost alone. Besides Haydn, no other great composer took up an abiding position within the sacred circle of scriptural drama. Mozart had written no oratorios. One movement only of Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*—the *Hallelujah*—has ever seized upon the popular imagination, while the ingeniously modulated music of Spohr's *Crucifixion* and *Last Judgment* seems too thin and filmy to lodge within the common memory. It seemed, indeed, doubtful whether any composer could or would arise who might combine with the breadth and body of Handelian ideas all the wonderful uses which the orchestra has developed in the last hundred years. We almost imagined ourselves shut up to Handel for the form of our millennial

praises whenever their predicted period should arrive.

The sway of Mendelssohn's baton dissipated this doubt. *St. Paul*, *The Hymn of Praise*, and *Elijah* appeared successively. They were felt to be emphatically new, yet great enough to be matched with the old. The special triumph of these works is that they met with their earliest and fullest acceptance in this country, where the stature of Handel was the inevitable standard applied to them. Here at last was music which neither asked for any reduction of the proportions of the temple of religious musical aspiration, nor set us to perform chamber devotions in a cathedral. Amidst all those qualities of fulness, freshness, and finish which are more expressly elements of modern composition, was recognized that structural grandeur, both in the successive movements and in the total dramatic design, which was the attribute of an older time. For such reasons these works were sure of a wider and heartier appreciation here than any musical compositions have ever or anywhere met with on their first presentation.

Enthusiastic ovations for the composer, on conducting his works, show how the faculty of the country had been unconsciously trained for their recognition. It had hungered and thirsted for music of this express order. We well remember the scene in the Great Hall of one of our provincial cities, when, in April of the fatal year 1847, Mendelssohn in person unrolled, as it were, the great harmonies of his *Elijah* before six thousand people, to most of whom the name and genius of Handel were familiar. The interest, amounting, indeed, to excitement, everywhere displayed, was something curious and suggestive to one who could so far free himself from the same feeling as to become an observer. Every member of the executing force, from the "first ladies" in front to the agitator of *tympani* in the remotest rear, seemed bent with earnest devotion on realizing the great artistic will which gleamed with regal power and courtesy from the dark eyes and pale face of the composer. A motion of a hand drew the great composite choral unity through transitions and shades of tone which no nicety of the conductor's art or docility of the executive medium had ever produced in our hearing.

The whole vast area was charged with

one emotion of wonder and delight. The dramatic interest of the scenes of drought and of rain seemed reproduced with a double significance. As regards sacred composition the heavens had long been "as brass" to our laments and invocations; but here at length were "the water-floods;" and the great chorus of "Thanks be to God" resounded as if in its own existence were sufficient motive for the grateful adoration it embodied.

But if in this sense Mendelssohn was the prophet instrumental in quenching so noble a thirst, the prophet, too, who, in the language addressed to him by Prince Albert in this very year, "when surrounded by the Baal-worship of corrupted art, had been able by his genius and science to preserve faithfully the worship of true art"—he was no less the prophet (and where, alas! is his mantle?) destined to be too soon caught up from the sphere of his earthly labors, to be followed with sorrowing looks along the shining track of his translation. From this last visit to England he went, worn and weary, back to Germany. In Frankfort he met news of the sudden death of his sister, Madame Hensel, to whom he had always been ardently attached. He fell to the ground with a shriek, and though he afterwards rallied and even labored hard, because, as he often said to his wife, "the time of rest was approaching for him too," the blow was already struck upon his fine nervous system which was to shatter and destroy it. In October he wrote his last composition, a solemn melody to a night-song of Eichendorf, "Departed is the Light of Day," and on the 4th of November he expired, in his thirty-ninth year.

This event will be well remembered, even through the wild whirl of events—revolutions and wars—which has filled the interval. In England, for reasons already intimated, Mendelssohn's death was felt by multitudes to be a personal sorrow. The saying, "let who will make the laws of a nation if I may make its songs," was probably elicited by a perception of the relative amounts of influence involved in the two spheres; but it might also have been dictated by a foresight of the more tender regard which the very memory of the song-maker would awake after his songs were all made. When a philosopher, a statesman, or a warrior dies, the nation mourns with a general and equable sorrow; but the emotion which follows to

the grave a great master of song, if less general—as being limited by conditions of faculty and culture—is deeper and more impassioned. The gain of an invention, a law, or a victory, is recognized by the intellect; but a new masterpiece of musical art addresses itself direct to the soul. Fine music always carries in it something of appeal to personal feeling, and is personally responded to in the enthusiasm it elicits. It embodies the affections even more than the mental power of the artist, and it is the affections which it elicits and grasps. Another statesman, as wise as the last, may come and carry on his work; but, when Mendelssohn dies, an *individual* charm is gone clear out of the world, and cannot be renewed even by one greater than himself.

Mendelssohn, too, died young—almost as young as was Mozart at his death. In both cases excessive application brought on the weakness which prematurely destroyed them, and in both cases the power of genius waxed greater up to the very time when that destruction arrived. The *Elijah* was to Mendelssohn what the *Requiem* was to Mozart, the crowning work on which were lavished the splendors of a matured and chastened imagination, and the resources of a consummate composing skill. The ancients piously accepted the death of youthful greatness as showing the love felt by the gods for it; and we might almost have dreamed that Mendelssohn's spirit had been supernaturally sublimed into fitness for the reception of harmonies nobler than his own, which "ear hath not heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive." But no such dream could beguile the natural regret everywhere felt that the school of grand oratorio was not to be further enriched by a faculty which had as yet only had time to show its wonderful capabilities. With this painful sense of personal deprivation was mingled a boding fear that Mendelssohn's death was the death of the greatest productive era the art of music has ever known. This fear has derived nothing but confirmation from the interval that has since elapsed. It may be premature to presume on the exhaustion of the soil which has yielded such continuous and splendid fruit, but for the present, at least, the harvest is over. In music, as in literature, we have come upon the critical age which invariably follows the creative. The eye is turned to the past, and the ear

follows the same direction. We have now only too much leisure to collect and collate our classics without the attention being distracted by competitive novelties.

The life and labors of Mendelssohn thus were ended. In glancing at the labors in relation to the life, we are first struck with the vastness of their quantity. A hundred works, many of them of the fullest proportions, testify to an industry almost unparalleled. But, indeed, composition was not the task—it was the instinctive occupation of Mendelssohn's mind. At all times and in all places he was engaged in the conception or development of musical ideas. This process was incessantly carried on during his numerous journeys, and at every resting-place his first requirement was a table, that the results might be securely noted. Music was at once the medium and material of his thoughts, and those thoughts flowed with a freedom only less marvellous than their symmetry and intrinsic worth. It is said that his music to the *Antigone* was the work of only eleven days—a feat that equals Handel's alleged composition of the *Messiah* in three weeks. He was present in the Birmingham Town Hall on an occasion when Handel's *Coronation Anthem* was, with other works, to be performed. The concert was already begun, when it was discovered that a recitative, the words of which appeared in the text-books given to the public, was omitted from the part-copies. Noticing the perplexity of the managers, Mendelssohn quietly said, "Wait a little, I will help you;" and sitting down, composed within half an hour a recitative with complete orchestral accompaniments, which were re-copied, distributed, and while yet wet from the pen, were played at sight. How spontaneously not only his thoughts and feelings, but even impressions derived from scenery, took with him a melodic form, is shown in the origin of his finest overture. On his return from Scotland, in 1829, his sisters entreated him to tell them something of the Hebrides. "That cannot be told," said he, "it can only be *played*;" and, seating himself at the piano, he improvised the beautiful theme which he afterwards expanded into the *Overture to Fingal's Cave*. The *Songs without Words*, which are now amongst the most popular parlor music in the world, had a similar origin in the habitual necessity for musical expression in place of verbal. The apparent

anomaly involved in their title ceases when it is remembered that these charming wordless lyrics were really the native language of the composer, and that he is in them as truly descriptive, thoughtful, impassioned, or even satirical, as if he had held the pen of Barry Cornwall or Heinrich Heine. That they convey varied impressions to different minds, by no means implies that the ideas embodied in them by the composer were not clear and specific.

What they mean we should be sorry here to guess, with the knowledge that most musical readers have somewhere near them some more pleasant interpreter holding the known credentials of sensibility and fancy!

But there would be an injurious error in supposing, because music is described as the natural speech of Mendelssohn's mind—thus accounting for the great breadth covered by its permanent record—that therefore his works are a mere diary of personal thoughts and feelings. Mendelssohn did not belong to the diseased ultra-subjective school of poets which haunt this age like so many unblest and bodiless ghosts, but rather to that higher order which includes Shakspeare and Goethe—the order of healthy, synthetic genius, which uses the whole realm of nature and the wide range of human character as an open magazine of materials for new and individual creation. The works of Mendelssohn are as various in kind as they are vast in quantity, enriching every department of composition except Opera. Even in this last direction fragments remain which only want completeness to rank with the highest efforts of Gluck, Mozart, and Weber. In his detached *scena*, entitled *Infelice*, and the published portions of *The Son and Stranger*, the true dramatic life throbs as powerfully as in *Fidelio* or *Zauberflöte*. How facile and splendid was the instinct of representative truth thus imperfectly utilized, is shown in the equal ease with which it rose to the highest level of the two opposite schools of Drama, the Romantic and the Classical. The harmonies he gave to Shakspeare and to Sophocles seem to be no gift, but a part of the organic growth of the works they illustrate. He does not so much sing in the two realms of Fancy and of Fate, as that they themselves endow him with their own voices. This instinctive fidelity to occasion and character is indeed visible through *all* his works, from the song, with

or without words, up through quartets, symphonies, psalms, and oratorios. The mannerisms charged upon Mendelssohn, which do *not* vary with the occasion, may be all conceded, for, like the Claude light and the Rembrandt shadow, they serve only to identify the artist's work. Probably, for instance, no other composer ever wound up so many productions with flights of high soft cords *con sordino*. It was his habit, more than that of any composer known to us, to *concert* his music—the voices, or the voice and instrument, making quite separate contributions to the total effect. There are also occasional recurrences of phrase and figure, instantly to be recognized as Mendelssohnian. But all this in no way interferes with the integrity of each individual composition. The Italian symphony is as unlike the Scotch as *Childe Harold* is unlike *Marmion*. The one is full of blue sky, gaiety, and passion; the other is misty, rugged, and charged successively with solemn and martial memories. Every work of Mendelssohn known to us is stamped with the same consistency. All his melodic wealth—and what composer has left so many fine airs floating in the memory?—and all the resources of his masterly part-writing, are made to subserve a clear prevision and intent, thus securing artistic unity in the work, and conveying to the mind a satisfactory impression of *keeping* and completeness.

But in the chief representative action of Mendelssohn's genius, the mere dramatic faculty seems to pass out of sight in the splendor of a pure inspiration. He is preëminently the musical interpreter of the Christian Evangel. Many before him had embodied sacred sentiments and incidents in noble compositions. Anglican service-music and Catholic masses are rich with many a strain worthy of the uses to which they are consecrated. But Handel alone, before Mendelssohn, had risen to the full height "of this great argument." In the *Messiah*, the spirit of faith and of praise found expression so sublime that it would seem as if no form of ascription could be worthier of the Divine Object. Nor can it be at all pretended that Mendelssohn has exceeded or even equalled Handel in the grandeur of his choral movements, though the already named "Thanks be to God," and the concluding choruses of his Hymn of Praise and Forty-second Psalm, might suggest a doubt on

that point. And yet is his, of all music, the most entirely true to the spirit of the new dispensation. To the great utterance of praise he has added the sentiment of love in its most exquisite forms, and to faith he has given a character of touching confidence. In his harmony the human and divine seem to be harmonized; the aspiration of man is attuned to the nature and precept of Christ. Those who remember the alto song, "Oh, Rest in the Lord," and the choruses, "Happy and blest are They," and "I waited on the Lord," will feel all the truth of what we write. This spirit is, indeed, transfused, with all the harmonizing power of light, through Mendelssohn's oratorios and psalms; and judging from the fragments of the unfinished oratorio of *Christus*, it would probably have found its finest development in that work. Sterner elements, however, are not wanting in these compositions. The invocations of the Baalites in *Elijah*, and the exclamatory choruses of the persecuting Jews in *St. Paul* and *Christus*, are terrible in their fidelity to the fell spirit of fanatical rage. The Jewish choruses, especially, give so startlingly real a presentment of ruthless fury in the mobs who stoned Stephen and crucified Christ, as to set us musing with curious interest on the psychological question how far the composer's Hebrew descent in this case modifies the action of imagination. The chorus, "Stone him to Death," has intense cruelty in every bar of its broken and complicated rhythm. But all this, though in itself fine dramatic portraiture, has its finest use in eliciting, by contrast, and in musical expression, the Christian spirit of faith and love. In realizing that contrast, Mendelssohn's happy and original conception of the use of chorales in Oratorio has greatly aided, however we may doubt whether his success has justified Meyerbeer in extending the practice to Opera. After the fierce tumult of sounds which precedes the stoning of Stephen, with what a sacred and soothing simplicity ascend the harmonies of the fine old German tune which follows—harmonies which well might be supposed to rise to heaven with the passing soul of a Christian martyr! By the occasional introduction of these adapted hymns, Mendelssohn strikes the dominant tone of his sacred works; and the fact that the impression they produce is sustained and even intensified by his own richer and more elaborate



movements, surely justifies the claim we have made on his behalf, that he is pre-eminently the musical interpreter of Christianity.

There are some, however, who will regard a version of Christianity in music, especially in dramatic form, as a small, if not indeed an evil thing. A recent burst of northern ecclesiastical jealousy against instrumental aids in worship has reminded us of a famous invective on the subject of sacred music, formerly fulminated from the same cardinal point. Alas! for those who love sacred music, especially if they feel much of its sublime and beautiful meaning. This is only "that illusion which momentary visitations of seriousness and sentiment throw around the character of man."\* "Have you ever heard any tell," exclaimed the fervid Chalmers, "and with complacency, too, how powerfully his devotion was awakened by an act of attendance on the oratorio—how his heart, melted and subdued by the influence of harmony, did homage to all the religion of which it was the vehicle"? etc. And then he depicts the susceptible sinner "leaving the exhibition as dead in trespasses and sins as he came to it. Conscience has not wakened upon him. Repentance has not turned him." Now, what is this to the purpose? If true, it is no more true of oratorio than it is of the sacred service, to which many a sinner comes, and is moved, and departs without repentance and without faith. He is certainly safer from "illusion" under the drawl of a nasal precentor than when listening to Haydn's firmamentary anthem of God's handiwork, but we venture to doubt the gain of such an immunity. But is it necessarily true that all impressions from sacred music must be "momentary visitations"? We are aware how in some latitudes the culture and discipline of ages have prescribed a sharp and clear demarcation between things sacred and things secular, and that a stern fidelity to that outline has had eminent uses. But "the wind bloweth where it listeth," however we may tacitly limit its range. Nor can the solemn verities of religion be less likely to affect the spirit when they are clothed in tones appropriate to their grandeur than when committed to a tasteless and soulless drawl. We could as soon suppose that the burning periods of Chalmers were a less worthy vehicle of truth than the

baldest commonplace known to the presbytery. Those who think the power of Christianity is extended only by means of oral or written teaching and personal example, surely know little of the philosophy of its action. The truths of a creed appeal to the intellect; the beauty and sympathy of a religion naturally ally themselves with imagination, and through imagination with art. Christianity does more than this; it modifies *all* the products of intelligence brought into contact with it.

They absorb and radiate its influence as certainly as natural objects absorb and radiate heat. Its spirit permeates the legislation, the learning, and the commerce of a Christian people, and is, in a blind, imperfect way, reproduced by them. These are the secularities of earth, made by a silently constraining force into interpreters of Heaven. But art has closer affinity to religion, and greater reproductive power. And musical art, which, while it symbolizes the new harmony in the elements of the present life, is the destined medium for celebrating its consummation in a better, may surely in its own best way repeat the great tidings of "peace on earth and good will toward men." But with or without our assent, the story is sure to be so told. Christianity is full of the elements of music, and there is a "harmony of the Gospels" quite apart from the mere *consensus* of their testimony. When this is brought into contact with the creative faculty it must inevitably flow into the forms of composition, and the greatest of all meanings must enter into and consecrate to itself the finest of all sounds. The process of this interfusion may be elaborate and complicated, but that matters little if the result be simple and true. The old pious jealousy of human genius and its works must here consent to be put gently aside. Under the law the greatest possible perfection of the sacrifice was insisted on, and we are not aware that in this regard at least the new dispensation has abrogated the old.

The Life of Mendelssohn is yet unwritten. Sketches of its chief events have appeared, but the lineaments of the individual man are yet in the nimbus of personal recollection and hoarded correspondence. The three publications named at the head of this article are alike admirable for their intelligent appreciation of the character and proportions of the com-

\* *Astronomical Discourses*. Discourse VII.

poser's genius, and they are equally warmed with the sentiment of personal attachment. The two first, however, are sadly wanting in graphic power, giving us no picture of a life, but only a collection of dates and events. Mr. Chorley's book on Modern German Music is delightful in every sense, and there are indications in the portions of it dedicated to the memory of his illustrious friend, that he *could* write a Life of Mendelssohn worthy of the subject, and worthy to be placed on the same shelf with the *Life of Mozart*, before alluded to. We believe that when, by his or some other truthful, skilful, and affectionate hand, this task is accomplished—when we are made to see the Mendelssohn of everyday word and act, and are en-

riched with his letters—we shall stand face to face with a manly, genial, and refined nature, having little of the eccentric and aggressive tendency which creates adventure, but animated with a healthy enthusiasm and calmed with the consciousness of beneficent power. His life will be found true to the lofty spirit of his labors, and the man will appear as great as the artist. Well was he named Felix, to whom it was given in so short a life to contribute so much to the happiness of many future lives, and in whom experience of many joys and sympathy with many sorrows coöperated with an imagination rare in its realizing force, to keep unbroken the great circle of his power in artistic expression.

---

From the Eclectic Review.

### RAMUS: HIS LIFE, WRITINGS, AND OPINIONS.\*

A FEW months since, before the publication of M. Waddington's volume, what did we know about Ramus? There were half a dozen pages in Brucker's "Historia Critica," a line or two in Voltaire, a paragraph in the *mémoires* of Nicéron; and beyond these sources of information—sources both meagre and incomplete—we could boast of nothing. The generality of readers had heard the labors of Ramus alluded to in connection with moral philosophy; they had some faint notion that three hundred years ago he was amongst the first to wage war against scholasticism; they were pretty sure that he perished on the fatal Saint Bartholomew's day, 1572, a martyr to the Protestant faith; but these scanty details made up the whole amount of our knowledge concerning a man whose

name deserves to be held in everlasting remembrance as a thinker, a patriot, and a Christian. The work we are now noticing, undertaken *con amore*, and written with all the noble enthusiasm of a kindred mind, has forever cleared the thick darkness which surrounded the history of Ramus. It would be difficult indeed to determine whether M. Waddington deserves most praise as a brilliant and elegant writer or as a man of profound erudition and extensive learning. The subject, at a first glance, might appear to suggest nothing but dry criticism or abstruse disquisition on points of metaphysical subtlety: the reader must turn to the volume itself and judge whether, in the range of contemporary biographical literature, any production can be named which surpasses in interest the present one.

With the name of Ramus a thousand events are associated, which M. Waddington has grouped round the portrait of his hero, like episodes in the unfolding of a

\* *Ramus (Pierre de la Ramée): sa vie, ses écrits, et ses opinions.* Par Charles Waddington, Professeur agrégé de Philosophie à la Faculté des Lettres de Paris, et au Lycée Louis le Grand. 8vo. Paris: Meyrueis.

poem. The origin of the French Reformation, the manners, the discipline, the intellectual training of the far-famed University of Paris, its disputes with the Jesuits—all these curious points are amply illustrated by the learned author, who, whilst introducing us to the most conspicuous of the philosopher's contemporaries, has in fact given to us the history of the sixteenth century in France.

Pierre de la Ramée, or, *more scholastico*, Ramus, was born in 1515, at Cuth, a village situated between Noyon and Soissons, in the Vermandois. The story of his early life, with the difficulties he had to overcome in the pursuit of his studies, is perhaps the best-known part in his whole history. It was whilst attending the lectures at the College de Navarre that he first imbibed the strong aversion he always entertained for the philosophy of the schoolmen and the teaching of the Stagyrte; but the earliest public manifestation of this dislike on the part of Ramus cannot be fixed earlier than the year 1536, when the young student "went up" for his degree of Master of Arts. The disputation which took place on the occasion was really one of the most important in the history of the Paris University. Let the reader imagine a "board of heads" bound by custom, by tradition, by prejudice—ay, with edicts, royal letters patent, and charters into the bargain, to maintain forever the absolute infallibility of Aristotle in every branch of human knowledge; and before this "board of heads" let them fancy a student, just twenty years old, having the impudence to assert that *quæcumque ab Aristotele dicta essent commentitia esse*. This bold proposition—this paradox, we should say—took by surprise the whole of the University. The stoutest peripateticians were summoned to the rescue, and endeavored in vain for an entire day to defend the bulwarks of the Church and of philosophy against an innovator who was advancing towards his "great go" through the paths of heterodoxy. Ramus obtained a complete victory, and was proclaimed Master of Arts amidst the acclamations of the astonished "dons."

Thus invested with a title which enabled him to teach under the sanction of a corporate body at that time high in repute for learning and discipline, Ramus immediately set to work and began by attempting to carry out the wildest (as they were then deemed) plans of reform; he asso-

ciated to himself two young men equally decided in their opposition to the old teaching of the schoolmen, and opened in conjunction with them at Ave Maria College, public lectures on philosophy and eloquence, which attracted a great concourse of hearers. This independent and fearless way of acting had secured a large share of notoriety to the new Master of Arts; the publication of his two first works caused a regular *émeute* in the University. The one entitled "*Aristotelicæ Animadversiones*" deserves special notice on this account.

"In this treatise," says M. Waddington, "Aristotle's system of logic was submitted to an inquiry so severe that it may be pronounced positively unfair. Aristotle and his disciples were treated in the roughest manner, the master being represented as a sophist, an impostor, and an impious wretch; the disciples as barbarians; the futile and noisy disputes of the latter, their subtleties, the trifles of every description in which they indulged, were either ridiculed as pointedly as if Erasmus himself had held the pen, or condemned with the most powerful eloquence. Then Ramus openly declared himself the adversary of routine and the champion of intellectual liberty against the blind maintainers of authority in matters connected with philosophy; challenging the scholastic doctors, he then exclaimed: 'Since, for the sake of truth, we have declared war against the sophists, that is to say, the enemies of truth, in order to level with the ground the hiding-places of these babblers, we must not only undergo labors and perils of every description, but also hold ourselves ready, if needs be, to meet a glorious death.' This was a solemn and prophetic declaration—a declaration which, at that time, had unfortunately nothing exaggerated about it. In short, the '*Aristotelicæ Animadversiones*' reproduced, with very trifling abatements, the famous paradox that whatever Aristotle had said was false; the extreme asperity of the language, the bold and cutting sarcasms with which the book was full, giving it the appearance of a real pamphlet directed against the professors of the Paris faculty of arts, and their antiquated forms of teaching."

This publication drew down upon Ramus persecutions of the severest character, at the request of the indignant peripateticians; the faculty of theology, the parliament, the king himself interfered; a board of four judges, three of whom were the sworn enemies of the defendant, met to examine the criminated works, and to pass a verdict. In vain did the young lecturer, in an animated and eloquent apology, set forth the imprescriptible rights of thought to be absolutely free; his condemnation had

been resolved upon. The king interfered once more; and on March 1st, 1544, the works in question were suppressed by his order.

Ramus must certainly have been a man of uncommon merit, since the very year after the sentence just now alluded to, the fellows of the Collège de Presles elected him to be their master, thus almost setting at defiance the displeasure of the University and the supreme authority of the king. To tell the truth, Ramus had found a protector in an old schoolfellow of his, the Cardinal Charles de Lorraine, who not only defended him from the consequences of the calumnies by which he was assailed on all sides, but secured his appointment to the professorship of eloquence and philosophy founded in 1551, at the Collège Royal de France, by King Henry II. For the space of twenty years the master of the Collège de Presles occupied this important post, and it was in his capacity as a lecturer that he introduced the various reforms which have rendered his name so justly illustrious.

A full account of these useful innovations would, of course, be incompatible with the brevity of an article; but no biographical account of Ramus could be complete without at least a summary notice of them. In the simple attempt even of bringing about a necessary eradication of grammatical errors, the philosopher met with an opposition which can hardly be credited; every one has heard the ridiculous story of *kiskis* and *kankam*, the Sorbonnist way of pronouncing *quisquis* and *quanquam*; will it be believed that on the subject of a mere orthoëpic dispute the parliament had to pronounce; this time, at least, sanctioning by its high authority the champions of common sense and the partisans of progress. If the *Phonetic Nuz* had been perpetrated during the sixteenth century, we are sadly afraid that Fred Pitman would have suffered capital punishment for his misdeeds. The grammatical views of Ramus, thus sanctioned in a quarter from which he had been led to expect anything but indulgence and favor, produced three elementary treatises, in which the principles of the Latin, Greek, and French languages were for the first time methodically explained and judiciously illustrated.

Grammar leads the way to rhetoric. If in the days of Ramus students and masters were wont to fight *unguibus et rostro* for the pronunciation of the letter *k*, we must

not be astonished at hearing that they used to engage in pitched battles respecting the merits of Cicero and Quintilian; singular times those when the parliament, for lack of work, had to sit on the case of the "Oratio pro Murenâ" and to decide whether such or such an expression was to be allowed or not! There were the Ciceronians, with Pierre Galland at their head, and the anti-Ciceronians, led on by Pierre Ramus; Peter pitching into Peter, as Joachim du Bellay said, who composed on the occasion the "Satyre de Maître Pierre du Cuignet sur la Petromachie de l'Université de Paris." In all this quarrel Ramus had the superiority; although far from adopting the Tusculan orator as a paragon of perfection, he was quite disposed to do him ample justice as a writer and a thinker, and the only point on which we deem that he showed some lack of judgment was in his unqualified admiration of Quintilian.

But logic was the principal study to which Ramus directed his attention, and which he endeavored to reform; all the sciences, he asserted, are only applications of logic, and therefore the *instauratio magna* should begin with it. In this fresh attempt our intrepid philosopher had to encounter the opposition not only of his professed enemies, but sometimes even of the pupils who crowded round his own desk; and who were urged on by persons interested in creating a disturbance in the lecture-room; but the calm firmness and the perseverance of Ramus triumphed at last over the petty vexations to which he was subjected.

In examining the merits of Ramus as a metaphysician, we must endeavor to identify ourselves with the times in which he lived. During the sixteenth century, whether in the sphere of politics, religion, literature, or science, party spirit ran exceedingly high; discussions soon became disputes; and instead of argument violence was too often employed. Impartiality is a quality of which we find but few traces in the writings of those days; and although we are disposed to consider Ramus as a man generally inclined to receive the truth from whatever quarter it came, yet we cannot help acknowledging that fairness is not the constant characteristic of his writings.

"Ramus," says M. Waddington, "defines dialectics as the art of reasoning; he treats it as a practical science, the object of which is to de-



scribe the rules and to state the legitimate use of reasoning, or rather of reason. As every practical science, it presents itself under three successive forms, and, so to say, in three different degrees, namely, nature, art, and practice. Nature, here, is the human reason, or the natural power of reasoning; art includes the precepts which will enable us rightly to use this natural power; and practice consists in acting according to the precepts deduced so as to become habits. Hence this fundamental principle, stated at the very first by Ramus, and which he always strenuously maintained, that practice presupposes art in the same way as art presupposes nature. From this principle he has deduced the whole of his system of dialectics."

M. Waddington then explains very fully the Ramist system in all its details, and after a number of illustrative quotations from the "*Dialectique*," (1555, 4to.) he concludes, that the leading idea throughout is the study and the imitation of the ancients.

"It is therefore," he adds, very truly, "the logic of a humanist; a work more in harmony with the literary *renaissance* of the sixteenth century, than with the scientific movement of human modern times; it recommends, no doubt, the observation of human nature, but it selects the dead works of antiquity as a medium for our researches; it proclaims as a principle, and it asserts most strenuously, the independence of human reason; but, in fact, and contrarily to to the author's intention, it still binds us down under the authority of the ancients, at the same time freeing us from the yoke of Aristotle, and waging a violent war against the barbarity of the Middle Ages."

We must not forget to mention another important service rendered by Ramus to the cause of learning: he was the first who popularized, not only in France, but also in the whole of Europe, the study of mathematics. The majority of the *savants* who lectured at Paris on that branch of the sciences during the sixteenth century, were his pupils; Cardinal d'Ossat, for instance, and the *Président de Thou* had imbibed under his teaching a taste for scientific pursuits, which they afterwards communicated to the numerous persons with whom they were in daily contact. If the reader would have some conception of the extent of our philosopher's labors in the various walks of metaphysics, mathematics, and elegant literature, let him turn to the bibliographical list, given by M. Waddington at the end of the volume.

The position of a lecturer was not always, in a financial point of view, a very

desirable one during the sixteenth century. When Francis II., on the death of Henry II., ascended the French throne in July, 1559, the professors of the *Collège de France* soon found out that they could not reckon upon meeting, in their new master, either sympathy or even fair-dealing. For the space of four years they did not receive a single penny of the salaries to which they were entitled, and if their truly enthusiastic zeal for the cause of learning had not been superior to every consideration of a sordid nature, the young students who filled the various colleges of the University of Paris, must have been reduced to seek in foreign countries the means of instruction, which they had hitherto been supplied with by the *alma mater* of old Lutetia. Despite the sort of disgrace in which the *Collège de France* had sunk, under the reign of Francis II., it is a remarkable circumstance that Ramus lost nothing of his popularity at the court of that prince, nor during the first years of the administration of Charles IX., when Catherine de Medici held the reins of the government; his enemies, even constrained to acknowledge the greatness of his talents and the dignity of his character, had, with scarcely one exception, become his intimate friends. Surrounded by the love, the respect, and praise of all who knew him, Ramus seemed destined to spend in peace a useful life, divided between his duties as a lecturer and the composition of his works, when an event took place, in 1561, which gave a new direction to his thoughts, and pointed him out as a conspicuous mark to the fanatic supporters of the Roman Catholic party. In 1561 Ramus made an open profession of Protestantism.

We know perfectly well, thanks to M. Waddington's minute inquiries, what had been, up to the date of the "*Colloque de Poissy*," the religious opinions of our philosopher. Truly pious, he was extremely strict in his attendance upon the ordinances of the Church; every day, at six o'clock in the morning, he might be seen, accompanied by the master and pupils of the *Collège de Presles*, going to hear mass at some chapel belonging to the University; he conformed scrupulously to the various ceremonies which make up the sum and substance of the Popish faith, and required the same strictness from those placed under his care. We must acknowledge, however, that Ramus had long secretly enter-

tained certain doubts respecting the Church—doubts in a great measure brought on by the position which he had assumed in the Aristotelic controversy. Peripatetism, we have already said, was, with scholastic divines, almost part of a Christian's creed, and those who refused to subscribe the doctrines of Aristotle, were considered as downright heretics. The leaven of heterodoxy, after having tainted Ramus, spread itself, as it appears, throughout the Collège de France; the pupils of Presles, one and all, renounced the old faith, and under the liberal and noble administration of Chancelier de l'Hôpital, Protestantism had gained many an illustrious supporter from the ranks of those who hated scholasticism as the exponent of intellectual as well as religious despotism. Unfortunately, the world was not yet ripe for the principles of freedom, and the massacre of the Protestants of Vassy gave the signal of the civil wars, which were to retard for so many years the progress of civilization and the triumph of truth. Ramus did not live long enough to see the horrible unfolding of all those *plus quam civilia bella*, but he witnessed the three first, and uniformly shared the destinies and the misfortunes of his brethren in the faith. Between the years 1562 and 1572, the life of Ramus reminds us of a noble bark, tossed about on a stormy sea by the fury of wind and tide; as soon as the war breaks out, as soon as the relentless spirit of religious fanaticism is let loose, he is obliged to fly from his country, and to seek, in foreign climes, a place where he may worship God in safety, and proclaim undisturbed the everlasting rights of the human thoughts; when a short interval of quiet occurs, through the weakness of some leader or the wise counsel of some politician, we behold Ramus returning once more to his beloved Collège de Presles, resuming his lectures, defending against the Jesuits the privileges of the University, and for the hundredth time impugning the authority of Aristotle before the enthusiastic students assembled to hear him.

The last journey which Ramus undertook before his death occupied two entire years; he started in August, 1568, and visited the whole of Germany. He had very prudently foreseen that a fresh storm was about to burst upon his unhappy country, and he, therefore, solicited from the king to be sent officially on a sort of scientific mission throughout the most cele-

brated universities of Europe. These literary crusades, or exploring tours, were very frequent three centuries ago; in many cases, as in that of Ramus, they were matters of necessity, but the results often proved extremely beneficial: learned men thus met together; an interchange of ideas took place; and the visits of a Galileo or a Ramus generally led to discoveries or to improvements, both in science and in literature. Thus we find Calvin spending the greater part of his life in going from place to place, to spread the principles of the Reformation; thus we see Giordano Bruno, under sentence of excommunication, wandering hither and thither, and in return for the hospitality which he receives at the hand of Hubert Languet, or Sir Philip Sydney, revealing to his entertainers the bold flights of his own imagination, and the treasures of an original system of philosophy. Previous to his departure, Ramus devoted the greater proportion of a well-earned fortune to the creation of a mathematical lectureship at the Collège de France. This was his legacy to the establishment where his own brighter days had been spent, and it still exists as a monument of his generosity, and of his attachment to the cause of learning.

We cannot, like M. Waddington, take up the pilgrim's staff, and follow Ramus in his travels. His first stay was at Strasburg, where the rector Sturm received him with the greatest honor; from thence he proceeded to Basle, and during a ten months' sojourn in that town, he published his chief mathematical works. At Zurich he became acquainted with Bullinger; at Berne he found likewise everybody eager to see him; and at Heidelberg he began a course of lectures at the request of the Elector Palatine, Frederick III., but was obliged to leave on account of the vehement opposition offered by the Aristotelians; Frankfort, Nuremberg, Augsburg, Lausanne, and Geneva, "the delight of the Christian world," as he used to say, were visited in turns. Amongst his friends we find recorded the names of Tremellius, Languet, Camerarius, and Tycho Brahe, who, although at that time only fifteen years old, had already acquired much fame by his astronomical discoveries.

The history of our philosopher's temporary residence at Geneva is one of the most interesting parts in M. Waddington's volume. Calvin had been dead six years when Ramus arrived in the capital of Swiss

Protestantism, and Theodore Beza was far from adopting all the innovations adopted so enthusiastically at the Collège de Presles. "Many learned men," he said, in a letter to Ramus, "have, you are well aware, seen with displeasure, your animadversions against Aristotle. You are quite at liberty to blame me for sharing their views. As for me, I adhere to my sentiments, and I do not see how this can in any way disturb our mutual affection, unless perchance you believe there can be no friendship except between those who, on all subjects, are exactly of one opinion." Such were the dispositions of Theodore Beza; we see that, if not quite hostile to Ramus, neither were they of a cordial character. However, our philosopher having reached Geneva about the end of May, or the beginning of June, 1570, was very well received there by the citizens; he even gave a series of lectures, which attracted so numerous a concourse of students that it became quite evident that the reaction against Aristotle had developed itself even under the most unfavorable circumstances. Driven away from Geneva by the fear of being infected with a contagious disease which was raging in those quarters, Ramus visited Lausanne on his way to Paris, whither he hastened as soon as he received the first news of the treaty of Saint Germain-en-Laye.

Unfortunately for our philosopher, matters had become very much altered since his departure; his conversion to Protestantism of course alienated from him the Cardinal de Lorraine; and exposed as he was to all the animosity of the Catholic party, he no longer found by his side, his old friend the Chancellor de l'Hôpital. At the head of his enemies was his rival at the Sorbonne, Charpentier, a man of whom it has been said that he was the impersonation of jealousy, and whose feelings of envy had grown into positive hatred. Ramus was pensioned off: he had determined upon devoting henceforth the whole of his time to the study of the Scriptures and to theological works, when the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew's Day put an end to all these plans by removing him to the "society of the just made perfect." He was sixty-nine years old.

M. Waddington has proved to a certainty that the murder of Ramus was perpetrated at the instigation of Charpentier; all the authorities who have in any way alluded to that horrid catastrophe are

unanimous in making that man responsible for it; pointed at on all sides as the assassin of Ramus, Charpentier never attempted to deny the fact; nay, further, he had the impudence to assert that those who murdered the opponents of Aristotle had only done an act of justice. In relating the atrocious deed, the biographer rises to real eloquence:

"I turn aside," he exclaims, "from that accumulation of horrors, in order to deplore only a single crime. I never could have tears enough for so many heroic and innocent victims; I never could find power enough to describe a scene so extensive. Out of a long list of murders, I have only, thank God, a solitary one to relate, but it is so frightful that, about to undertake as I am the mournful narrative, I fear lest I should be accused of exaggeration by those even who know in its minutest circumstances the history of which I purpose unfolding a separate episode. In describing this crime I need only put together evidence of those who witnessed it. Paid assassins, led on by two men, one of whom was a tailor by trade, and the other a serjeant, broke open the gate of the Collège de Presles, and began to examine the house from top to bottom. Understanding that he was the object of all these threats, Ramus had retired into his study on the fifth story, and there he awaited in meditation and prayer, when the band of murderers, acting upon some indications which had been given to them, found out his retreat, forced the door, and rushed into the room. Ramus was on his knees, with his hands clasped and his looks turned towards heaven. He rose; he wished to address those infuriated men whom an involuntary feeling of respect still kept hesitating; but he soon discovered that he must reckon upon neither mercy nor compassion, and availing himself of a few last moments which were granted to him, he commended his soul to God, and exclaimed: 'O my God, I have sinned against thee; I have done evil in thy sight; thy judgments are equity and truth: deal mercifully with me, and have compassion on those unhappy men who know not what they are doing!' This was all he could say, on account of the eagerness of the murderers to finish their work. One of the leaders, uttering frightful blasphemies, fired at the head of Ramus; the two balls rebounded against the wall; another ran him through the chest with his sword. The blood was gushing freely from the wounds, and yet Ramus still lived; the assassins then had recourse to another kind of torture; they threw the body out of a window at the height of more than a hundred steps from the ground. In its way it met a roof, which it partly broke through, and fell quite mangled in the college court. The blood covered the pavement; the entrails had gushed out, and Ramus was not yet a corpse; they insulted his mangled remains in the vilest manner, fastened a rope to his legs, and dragged him through the streets of Paris to the Seine; there a surgeon, as it is com-

monly reported, cut off his head, and the trunk was thrown into the river. We can assert, from Nancel's testimony, that some passers-by gave a crown to a few bargemen who brought to shore the corpse which was floating about near the Pont Saint Michel: they feasted their eyes with the shocking spectacle. In short, all the extremities of cruelty could hardly satisfy the extraordinary fury which animated the enemies of Ramus."

The chapter from which we have taken the above extract, is one which contains some of the heaviest evidences against the Roman Catholic party in France during the sixteenth century. As a relief the reader cannot do better than turn to the next, in which M. Waddington has collected together a variety of most entertaining anecdotes on the various personages with whom Ramus was acquainted. Pierre Gallaud, Pasquier, Charles de Lorraine, Ronsard, Loysel, Pithou—all those worthies and many more besides, figure in these amusing pages, which exhibit to us, if we may so say, a gallery of great men *en robe de chambre*. Those amongst our friends will revel over the racy chapter we are now alluding to, who have perused the duodecimos published by the Elzevirs, and in which, under the title of Scaligerana, Thunana, Perroniana, and Menagiana, is accumulated so much chit-chat respecting the *literati* of former days. They will follow there in all its details the life of Ramus; they will become acquainted with his habits, his way of living, his studies, and his recreations; they will see the poor scholar, the son of a farmer and grandson of a charcoal burner, by dint of labor and perseverance, enjoying at least twelve thousand pounds of annual income, which he spent entirely for the benefit of his dear college, building libraries, defraying the educational expenses of twelve students, and founding a lectureship which is still, in the nineteenth century, a memorial of his name and a proof of his enlightened munificence.

It is quite certain that as a teacher of metaphysics and as a reformer, Ramus possessed much influence. For a long time Europe was divided into parties of Ramists, Anti-Ramists, and Semi-Ramists.

"In Germany," says M. Waddington, "the professorships of philosophy were for a short time held almost exclusively by the supporters of Ramism, at least in the Protestant universities, especially at Altorf, Corbach, Dusseldorf, Göttingen, Helmstadt, Erfurt, Leipsic, Marburg, Hanover, Hamburg, Lubeck, Rostock, Dantsic,

&c. Besides metaphysicians, amongst whom Gaspard Plaffrad, Henning Rennemann, John Cramer, and F. Beurhusius hold the highest rank, jurists and divines were seen making an open profession of Ramism, such as Wesembeck, Brederode, and Gerard. However, as it was suspected that certain sympathies existed between the followers of Ramus and the disciples of Calvin, exclusive Lutherans soon returned to the system of dialectics professed by Melancthon, and the philosophers of Germany were distinguished as Ramists and anti-Ramists, otherwise called Philippists. . . .

"The opinions of Ramus took a still more solid footing in England and Scotland. James Stewart, Earl of Murray, regent in the latter kingdom, had been the pupil of our philosopher, Buchanan was his friend, and it was perhaps through the protection of the Scotch peer that Ramism obtained admittance in the classes belonging to the university of St. Andrew. Oxford forms part of the domains of Aristotle and scholasticism; we need not, therefore, be surprised that the new opinions were persecuted there; but things were quite different at Cambridge, where, in conformity with the spirit of Ramism, mathematics have always been quite as much cultivated as literature. Roger Ascham rather liked the doctrines of the French philosopher; and under his influence, the liberal university of Cambridge adopted a teaching which enjoyed besides the warm patronage of Sir Philip Sydney and Sir William Temple. In vain Bacon accumulated against Ramism the most offensive insults. . . . In 1672, Ramism in England was as flourishing as ever; a bookseller of the university of Cambridge published the "Dialectics" of Ramus with the commentaries of William Ames, and in the same year that work had the still more extraordinary honor of being faithfully abridged in Milton's treatise, entitled, "Artis logicæ plenior institutio ad Petri Rami methodum concinnatæ."

M. Waddington is an enthusiast; he has spent ten years in studying thoroughly his hero, and although he acknowledges very frankly that Ramus was by no means a perfect man, yet he ascribes to him as a teacher and a writer, an influence which we are not singular in calling exaggerated. In the character of Ramus there was more of the *littérateur* than of the thinker; he has really done more for the revival of philology, erudition, and literature in general, than for the progress of metaphysical science. At the time when he appeared, the intellectual world in Europe might be considered as forming naturally two great divisions, including respectively men of high merit but of unequal powers. Giordano Bruno, Campanella, Pomponaccio, Cremonini, Nicolaus Cusanus, Cornelius Agrippa, Jerome Cardan, Sanchez, Charon, Montaigne,—such are a few of those



whom we would really call original thinkers, men of high metaphysical acumen, and whose influence as such was very much felt. On the other hand, we find a host of elegant writers, gifted with great classical taste, perfectly qualified to illustrate Cicero; or to explain the beauties of Euripides; to this category belonged Laurentius Valla, Marius Nizolius, Ludovicus Vives, and Rudolph Agricola. Ramus shines undoubtedly *primus inter pares* of this last-named band; but we question whether he is really entitled to a place in the former. M. Cousin himself (*Fragments de Philosophie Cartésienne*.) says, that "Ramus had not much depth of mind, and that he was not gifted with powerful originality." In a word, Ramus was a first-rate critic and an admirable lecturer on metaphysics, but that was all; for, as another writer accurately remarks, he had not received from above that gift of patience which, according to Buffon, is one of the distinguishing features of scientific men.

Notwithstanding the qualified manner in which we subscribe to M. Waddington's praise of Ramus, we should be unfeignedly grieved if our readers were to suppose that we wish either to deny the philosopher's merits, or to find fault with the admiration which has inspired the eloquent pages of his biographer. It is no small evidence of a man's greatness that he stands up as the undaunted champion of truth, against the combined attack of a powerful majority, and that he assails error when the supporters of error have at their command racks and gibbets, dungeons and assassins.

"To free the human mind from the yoke of Aristotle and from scholastic darkness; to simplify the study of all the sciences, and to vulgarize them by making them speak the language of the people; to encourage in France the study of mathematics; to inculcate the principles of intellectual freedom by a noble and useful example; finally, to direct metaphysical science into the right path by making it rest upon the observation of human nature,—such were the chief services for which the world was indebted to Ramus and to Ramism. Considered in itself, a work such as this deserves all our respect; but when we remember a life entirely spent in the service of virtue and of truth, how can we but feel the deepest sympathy for the victim of intolerance, purchasing with his blood a freedom which he has not been spared to enjoy, but which he has bequeathed to us as a precious inheritance. It is assuredly a duty and an honor for modern philosophers to reckon among their ancestors a man conspicuous by the highest gifts both of

the heart and of the mind, and by his unbounded devotedness to the great cause of intellectual progress."

Such was the character of Ramus. That it is well worth studying no one will deny; and accordingly M. Waddington deserves our best thanks for having added to the stores of our biographical literature a work which is complete without being dry, and done heartily without any of that party spirit which contemporary writers do not always endeavor to avoid. At the beginning of this paper we have enumerated the principal authorities from whose works we had hitherto derived all we knew about Ramus. There are, besides, still extant three lengthened biographies of our philosopher; but they seem not to have been known even by the historians who preceded M. Waddington; and instead of the interesting and well-written volume we have just now been reviewing, how tedious would be the wading through the worm-eaten, musty old pages of Nancel, John Thomas Freigius, and Theophilus Banosius! The appendix of original documents which closes the work, will sufficiently show how all these sources of information, and many others besides, have been studied, analyzed, and made use of by the learned author. The treatises of Ramus himself are of such rare occurrence at the present day that it is difficult to meet with them even in the best collections; and if M. Waddington had not been enabled to use freely M. Victor Cousin's splendid philosophical library, he would have perhaps found it quite impossible to proceed with his undertaking.

In times when the spirit of controversy is abroad, works like the present are doubly valuable. In the first place, they show to Protestants how their ancestors toiled and suffered for the cause of religious and intellectual freedom—a cause against which the hatred of bigots is as fierce as ever. In the next, they enable unprejudiced persons professing another faith, to judge for themselves whether the Reformation is indeed, as the *Univers Religieux* would have us believe, at the root of all the crimes which have since the sixteenth century disgraced the name of man. We would add by way of conclusion, that no one was better qualified to write the biography of a Protestant metaphysician than a gentleman who is now the *only* Protestant lecturer on metaphysics belonging to the University of France.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## RICHARD CROMWELL, AND THE DAWN OF THE RESTORATION.\*

It implies a slur on the historical element of English literature that that final act in the drama of the Cromwellian government which serves beyond all others to illustrate the union of revolution with prescription in the political history of this country, and consequently to shadow forth the free yet conservative principles by which it has always been characterized, should have been more or less neglected by our own historians, to be portrayed, nearly two hundred years after the period to which it refers, by a French writer. This great subject has been dealt with by M. Guizot in a manner worthy of the historian and philosopher who had already successfully described an earlier portion of the story of the Revolution. It has been singularly exempted from the treatment of our more philosophical historians. Sir James Mackintosh describes no earlier revolution than that of William III.; and Mr. Carlyle does not condescend to chronicle the annals of the house of Cromwell beyond the period of the death of Oliver. The eminent historians who had thus left an opening for a future work based upon a period to which their own labors closely approximated, had no doubt their own reasons in leaving so ample a field unoccupied, but they have surrendered to a foreigner a rich harvest in the history of their own country.

The elements of the present history by M. Guizot have for the most part been lying before us during a period of a hundred and fifty years. One of the most common methods adopted for the transmission of events two hundred years ago, was that of diaries, which were frequently kept by literary and political persons. These journals were naturally suggested by the importance and the violence of the times, when stirring events prompted

those who were more or less involved in public affairs to record them as they happened. They have also a peculiar value in point of authenticity. They record facts generally within the sphere of each individual writer, and which little beyond his general fidelity can be necessary to establish; while they are often reciprocally corroborative of each other, under circumstances excluding the possibility of collusion between different writers. From these journals, or diaries, M. Guizot draws largely, as well as from different collections of State Papers, such as those of Clarendon and Thurloe, and from other writings of some historical pretension.

This drama comprehends the period intervening between the death of Oliver Cromwell, in September, 1658, and the Restoration of Charles II., in May, 1660. That brief but important juncture deserves to be considered in a double light—first, in respect to the foreign, and secondly, to the domestic or civil, relations of the country. The Anglo-French alliance, which formed as much the leading feature of that age as of the present time, was the basis of the whole foreign policy of the Commonwealth. This alliance, which was originated by the first Protector, formed the only tradition of his policy that survived his administration, and was clung to with a tenacity singularly at variance with the rapid subversion of the form of government which he bequeathed to his descendant. The period, therefore, over which M. Guizot's work extends, does not constitute an era in the foreign relations of this country, as it constitutes an era in its domestic government.

We will, however, deal briefly with the first question, partly because it occupies an extensive foreground in M. Guizot's work, and partly because it deserves to be considered afresh, as one of the most masterly and original of the conceptions of Oliver Cromwell. We are aware that it is popular in these days to exalt every

\* *History of the Protectorate of Richard Cromwell, and the Dawn of the Restoration.* By M. GUIZOT. Two Vols. Bentley. London, 1856.

act of that great man's policy; and M. Guizot, too independent a thinker to follow the throng, has pronounced an unqualified eulogium upon Cromwell's alliance with France, in the career of usurpation pursued by that state upon Western Europe. M. Guizot, it may be fairly suspected, argues the question from a French point of view; for in truth France had nearly everything to gain, and England to lose, from the continuance of that alliance beyond the first few years of its existence.

Now we should be ready to stake the present question on those very principles upon which the Anglo-French alliance has been maintained and defended at this day. This alliance was dictated by the consideration of maintaining the rights of Europe against an empire perhaps more powerful than either, whose policy invaded and infringed those rights. It rests, therefore, on the basis of morality; and has for its object the maintenance of the balance of power. The principles, on the other hand, on which the Anglo-French alliance of two centuries ago was based (so far at least as territorial relations were involved) were almost exactly inverse. The object of that alliance was simply a crusade against Spain. Spain was not then a powerful state, as Russia is now. During the century intervening between the accession of Philip II. and the formation of the Cromwellian alliance with France, she had declined incalculably in all the elements of political greatness. There was no longer any apprehension that Spain would disturb the peace of Europe. A war, therefore, which, a century before, might have been dictated by a policy of defence, could now be dictated by a policy of spoliation only. Hence these hostilities contravened the laws of political morality in their first principles.

But apart from this primary question of morality, there was a secondary question of inexpediency, scarcely less conclusive against them so far as England was concerned. They brought, indeed, considerable commercial wealth to this country. But on the other hand, they paved the way for that territorial ascendancy which France so long maintained in the west of Europe, by means of the subjugation of Spain, in which these hostilities naturally resulted. It is on this point that Lord Bolingbroke takes his stand against the foreign policy of Oliver Cromwell.

But it is necessary to dissociate the real views of the great Protector from those of his less thoughtful panegyrists; for there is good reason to think that Cromwell, at the period of his decease, was becoming aware that he was playing little more than the game of France; and that the disseverance of the Anglo-French alliance would have very shortly taken place if his life had been prolonged.

We think that this view of the question derives additional support from the hitherto unpublished correspondence between Cardinal Mazarin and M. de Bordeaux, which M. Guizot has produced in defence of Cromwell's policy. It would be hard to suppose that a minister endowed with the selfish duplicity of Mazarin would have lent the support indicated in the following letters to the falling house of Cromwell, had he not regarded them as tools for the accomplishment of his own designs against Spain:

MAZARIN TO DE BORDEAUX.

*"Fontainebleau, Sept. 16.*

"I thank you for the care you have taken to communicate to me with all diligence the information you have received of the extremity of the Protector's illness; it causes me all imaginable grief and disquietude; though I will still hope that he will happily get over it: nevertheless, in case it should please his Divine Majesty to dispose otherwise, I beg you to assure my Lord Faulconbridge and all his family that they may very securely rely on the king's protection of their interests; and that, for my own part, I will render them all the services they can possibly receive from me."

This letter is dated September 16th. Six weeks afterwards, the French Government being wholly unable to comply with the application of Richard Cromwell for a loan, we find that Cardinal Mazarin offered his own jewels to support the Protectorate.

MAZARIN TO DE BORDEAUX.

*"Auxerre, Oct. 31, 1658.*

"SIR:—Mr. Ambassador Lockhart has paid his compliments to the King, the Queen, and Monsieur; he has also seen me twice, and has spoken to me about the loan of money. I gave him to understand that we were not in a condition to advance any; and, nevertheless, to prove to him the affection (!) which I have for everything that may concern the satisfaction of the Protector, I offered him certain of my jewels which are worth above two hundred thousand crowns, and I strongly urged him to take them. But after

having expressed to me how greatly he was touched by the manner in which I treated him, he thanked me very much for the offer, without, however, being willing to take the jewels."

Some of the Lord Cardinal's jewels seem, however, from the following letter, to have formed very convenient presents to the wives of English politicians:

"Nov. 13, 1658.

" . . . . When I return to Paris, I will have search made for two handsome barbs to be sent to my Lord Faulconbridge; meanwhile, let me know what should be the value of the jewels which are to be presented to his wife."

The rivalry of this period lay chiefly between France and England. Austria and other great states had been too much enfeebled by the general hostilities in Central Europe, which had but recently ceased, to enter into this spirit of contention with the French Government. It may be assumed, therefore, that if the war with Spain had been productive of advantage to both the Allied Powers in a corresponding degree, the advantages accruing to France from its prosecution would have been comparatively slight, inasmuch as the power of the only state with which France then entered into rivalry would have been so commensurately increased as to be inconsistent with that French supremacy in the west of Europe which formed indisputably the sustaining motive of the Court of Versailles in the continued prosecution of hostilities. Would, then, the French Government have committed itself thus officially to the cause of a falling dynasty in England—and have thus compromised its contingent relations with the house of Stuart, whose return to the throne of this country was even then very surely presaged—would Cardinal Mazarin individually have thus offered his jewels to so large an amount, with a view of maintaining the house of Cromwell on the throne, but for the tendency of the Anglo-French alliance in that juncture to establish that supremacy of France over all other Powers, inclusive of England, which she affected in the following year, by the Treaty of the Pyrenees?

M. Guizot thus characterizes the foreign policy of Cromwell:

"To live in peace with the Protestant States of Europe, and to maintain peace among them by protecting those that were weak, and mediating

between those that were at variance—to foment divisions between the great Catholic Powers, France and Spain, whose union would have imperilled, not only Protestantism, but even England herself—such were the essential characteristics of that policy which Cromwell had commenced and practised in spite of the prejudices, no less than with the support of the passions, of his country. The peace he had concluded in 1654 had earned him the bitterest and most violent reproaches of those chimerical republicans who still dreamed of the incorporation of the two Commonwealths: the war with Spain entailed considerable loss and suffering on English commerce; all which shocked the inveterate prejudices, and awakened the ineradicable suspicions, even of a great number of the Protector's own countrymen.

M. Guizot writes at once as a Protestant and as a Frenchman. He writes also—if we may be permitted to say so—as an ex-Minister for Foreign Affairs of King Louis Philippe. The supremacy of France over Spain was the great object of his administration; and it was an object for which, strangely enough, he first created and then sacrificed the Anglo-French Alliance.

In speaking of the prominent Protestantism thus characterizing M. Guizot's political views, we allude to the praise which he bestows on Cromwell for fomenting hostilities between France and Spain, as two of the great Catholic Powers of Europe "whose union would have imperilled, not only Protestantism, but even England herself." Now it happens, in the first place, that this "disunion" had actually assumed the shape of war between France and Spain, long before Cromwell arrived at power. These hostilities dated long prior to the dethronement of Charles I. France, moreover, had a fixed object of ambition in the spoliation of Spain, which it needed no foreign influence to foment, although it did need and did obtain a foreign alliance to make good. It is therefore hard to discover even the religious influence (apart from the more general question) of Cromwell's policy towards France and Spain.

But when we come to the point at which M. Guizot enlogizes this policy for its tendency to prevent the union of those two Powers, as being dangerous at once to Protestantism and to Cromwell's own country, the argument appears to be conclusive against itself. It was this very policy which, in fact, produced that union. This union took place under the Pyrenean treaty, within a year of Cromwell's death.



It was a union, moreover, far more solid and secure than any that could have been maintained by a previous alliance between the two countries, such as that which Cromwell is here extolled for preventing, (or rather for *postponing*.) inasmuch as it allied the Governments of Paris and Madrid by the tie of a royal marriage, such as Spain—under the position of political independence from which Cromwell and Mazarin conjunctively reduced her—would never have acquiesced in.

We now pass to the question of the domestic policy of England during the interval between the epoch caused by the loss of this great man, and the restoration of the Stuart dynasty in 1660, when every other conceivable scheme of polity had been tried and abandoned.

It is well known that nearly all the Continental Governments anticipated an immediate revolution in England upon the occurrence of the death of Oliver. The letters of Cardinal Mazarin betray an anxiety for his health during the last days of his life strongly indicative of this presentiment.

Mr. Macaulay, it will be remembered, combats the popular opinion that the power of Oliver was visibly declining towards the close of his life, and that had he survived during another year he would probably have fallen before the increasing difficulties of his position. The increase of these difficulties has very probably been exaggerated, but it is certain that the spirit of reaction against his tyranny was more and more visible, even though the subordination of his generals was preserved; and that his alliance with the firmly-established dynasty of the Bourbons—which was to him very much what the present alliance of the French Government with Great Britain has been to Louis Napoleon, and which greatly secured his despotic power—must necessarily have been compromised, if not altogether destroyed, by the ignominious alliance which the Spanish Government would have been compelled to form, whether he had lived or not, in 1659.

It was therefore, we believe, from a view of these circumstances, as well as from a sense of the impossibility of maintaining so anomalous a form of government as a self-constituted Protectoral power, without a national sanction, that the Council of State resolved upon the expedient of

convoking a Parliament so early as January, 1659, four months after the death of Oliver. In fact, it was clear from the outset to those who possessed insight into the affairs of England, that the suddenness of the great Protector's death had found the rival generals of the Commonwealth unprepared to take advantage of the event; and that, while they lent an outward sanction to the hereditary descent of his power, they were in reality scheming assiduously for the overthrow of the house of Cromwell.

We are of those who refer that overthrow less to the loss of the abilities of Oliver, than to the fact that his successor was wholly wanting in the profession of a soldier, which was regarded by the army as the only just title to a supreme authority which had been established by military ascendancy. The army, too, were the only other depositaries of moral or legal power throughout the country. The charge, in fact, which was ordinarily brought against Richard, when dissension had grown rife, was not so much that of alleged mental incompetency, as that he was not a general who had served in the wars of the Commonwealth. Moreover, with Thurloe, Faulconbridge, and Broghill, the Council of State was in no need of additional energy and talent, so long as Richard was willing to obey its behests. It was obvious, however, that a Parliamentary sanction could alone enable the Government to make head against the inevitable hostility of the army, and Thurloe promptly resolved to interpose the scheme of a Constitutional Government between the warring elements of the existing Protectorate and a military revolution.

A Parliament was accordingly convened in January, 1659. The constitution of this assembly was illegal enough. The Long Parliament had passed an enactment changing and extending the operation of this electoral law. It was clear that if the Protectoral Government considered themselves as mere depositaries of power *de facto*, and were anxious to establish a settled polity by the most legal means that the revolutionary legislation of the Commonwealth could supply, it was their pre-eminent duty to recognize and obey the electoral laws which the revolution had created. The Protectoral Government, however, apprehensive of the anti-Cromwellian character of a Parliament convened under such an extension of the law

fraudulently contracted the representation. This is the earliest indication of weakness, in an appeal to the heart of the people, that the administration of Thurloe presents. It shows that neither the attachment of one party to the name of Cromwell, nor the conciliation of another by the adoption of a constitutional policy, nor the individual popularity which Richard had attained among the cavaliers, were sufficient to inaugurate his Government, in the view of his most confiding advisers, with a formal declaration of popular support.

The first proposal submitted by Thurloe to this Parliament developed a masterly and comprehensive design to strike at the exiled king, the military chiefs, and the other republican sections simultaneously. After having first procured a vote recognizing the Protectoral Government, as constituted in the person of Richard Cromwell, it was next proposed, on the part of the executive, that the Parliament should consist of two legislative chambers, fashioned, not according to republican constitutions, in which the Upper House is simply a senate of Commons, but in conformity with ancient usage. The Upper House was emphatically a House of Peers, comprehending all those nobles who were regarded as having been "faithful to the Commonwealth;" and it may be surmised that the aristocratic element of the Cromwellian constitution, however inferior to that of Charles I., was at least stronger and more considerable than that which Henry VII., upon his accession, was enabled to call into existence.

The triumph of the Cromwellian Government was now complete. It had combined the spirit of the Revolution with the tradition of the Monarchy. It was for the moment immaterial whether or not the royal title were conceded to the house of Cromwell. They had become, at least, an integral part of the constitution, and the source of government. It was impossible to dissociate the idea of an hereditary sovereign from the idea of an hereditary aristocracy, in a State where the two elements of government had subsisted uninterruptedly during a period of six hundred years.

The manner in which this change in the Government of England was brought about, excited the astonishment of foreign States. The exiled Royalists had incited those of their party who had not suffered the expatriation of their less fortunate associates, to enter the Cromwellian Parlia-

ment, that they might support the royal cause. Richard, too, it was thought, through early predilections for the Stuart party then established in the country, might be ready to yield up the Government to Charles II. But now all prospect of the realization of such a contingency vanished. Even in England itself, it seems that it was hardly apprehended that the ambition of the army would venture to array itself against a scheme of polity thus wisely, deliberately, and, as it might also appear, freely wrought out.

The powers which the law—although no doubt it is only in a very limited sense that the word "law" can be acknowledged then to have existed—conferred to the Protector, were certainly more ample than those which it has bestowed upon the modern sovereigns of England. His revenue, for the defrayment of the expenses of Government, had been fixed at £1,300,000 per annum. This, although but one half of the expenditure of the state, had the peculiar advantage of being granted as a *permanent* income. If, in the comparatively tranquil age of William IV., it was deemed prudent by the advocates of liberty to sequester and commute the crown lands, which yielded a proportion to the then existing revenue of the State, presenting scarcely one fiftieth of that presented by this grant to the total expenditure of the Government of that day, we may form a high notion of the power which such a permanent grant was calculated to confer on the head of the Executive in the age of the Revolution. Thus we find that Vane and Haslerig made serious efforts to diminish the revenue attached to the Protector; and they went so far as to suspect Thurloe of corruption. The family of Cromwell were high in office. Henry, brother of Richard, was Lord Deputy in Ireland; and the Home Government gave stations of eminence to his less close connections. Lords Faulconbridge and Broghill we have already mentioned. In addition to these was Dr. John Wilkins, the moral and natural philosopher and latitudinarian divine, afterwards Bishop of Chester and founder of the Royal Society, who had married the sister of Oliver Cromwell, and whom Richard had transferred from the Wardenship of Wadham at Oxford, to the Mastership of Trinity at Cambridge. This personage was the chief adviser both of Oliver and of Richard in matters ecclesiastical.

To conclude the story of the Protectorate. Wallingford House, the residence of Fleetwood, and the well-known focus of military discontent, soon assumed an authority fatal to the State. M. Guizot, we think, tells very little that is new on this head. He describes vividly, however, the issue on which the Cabal bearing that name placed the existence of the Protectoral power. They called on Richard to dissolve his Parliament, promising their support to himself under the event of compliance, and threatening the double dissolution of the Protectorate and the Parliament under the event of refusal. There was, however, no alternative in the matter, and the power was destined in either case to pass away from Richard. Although the Protector did reluctantly as he was desired, he soon found the seat of Government transferred to Wallingford House; his orders were disobeyed on all hands; his attempts to call over the Stuarts, and then to call over foreign troops in support of his own authority, successively failed. A new phasis of the Revolution arose, and Richard Cromwell was politically defunct.

We here advert to one or two leading facts touching the dominance of the Long Parliament, which M. Guizot places in a striking prominence. In the first place this narrative brings the incompetency of Richard Cromwell into a more glaring light than it has yet assumed. Richard had added to the meanest capacity of intellect, for which every one has given him abundant credit, a corresponding meanness of soul, and an indolence almost beyond parallel.

We may here briefly notice the difference between the portraits of the ex-Protector by M. Guizot and by Mr. Hume. The latter historian has delighted to describe him thus:

"The other qualities of the Protector were correspondent to these sentiments: he was of a gentle, humane, and generous disposition. Some of his party offering to put an end to those intrigues by the death of Lambert, he declared that he would not purchase power or dominion by such sanguinary measures."—*History of England*, vol. vii., p. 296.

Again Mr. Hume describes him:

"Richard extended his peaceful and quiet life to an extreme old age, and died not till the latter end of Queen Anne's reign. His social vir-

tues, more valuable than the greatest capacity, met with a recompense more precious than noisy fame, and more suitable—contentment and tranquillity."—*Ibid.*, p. 298.

Now, in spite of the assertions contained in this ill-constructed passage, it is clear, from the documents and works to which M. Guizot refers, that the conduct of Richard Cromwell, in that hour of trial presented by the recent loss of power and the chance of its reacquisition, displayed the strangest union of mean intrigue and lazy irresolution that has ever been combined in the person of any one man. He first endeavored to sell his country to the Stuarts, and to favor their return, for the consideration of a large annuity. He next negotiated an offer of Cardinal Mazarin for the trans-shipment and disembarkation of a French military force for the suppression of the English liberties, and the exaltation of the house of Cromwell to despotic power. Then, either from indolence, pusillanimity, or the lucid interval which introduced a better motive, he surrendered the project, and reverted to the negotiation with Charles II., offering to sell all that was left to him of government to the exile king for twenty thousand a year. These facts, and others of the same character, are abundantly verified in the *Clarendon State Papers*, which were as open to the perusal of Hume as to that of M. Guizot. When, again, the anti-Cromwellian revolution took place in London—while Henry, Richard's brother, ruled as Lord Deputy of Ireland—Richard allowed a whole month to elapse without sending him a single communication on the subject of the catastrophe which had laid low the house of Cromwell. Such is the only child of the Revolution whom David Hume delighteth to honor.

The ignominious history of the Long Parliament under its second convocation needs little additional criticism. Thus assembled on the fall of the Protectorate, it consisted of little more than what would serve to form a quorum at this day. Two hundred and fifty-five members indeed presented themselves; but of these not less than two hundred and thirteen, it appears, were rejected, on the ground that they had not attended its deliberations since the year 1648; and the remaining forty-two alone constituted the Parliament, thence denominated the Rump. Mr. Hume's assertion, therefore, that "the

numbers of this Parliament were small, *little exceeding seventy members*" (vii., p. 299,) is indisputable enough, inasmuch as his computation is already very much too large. M. Guizot justly comments with severity upon the oligarchical spirit exhibited by these men in the adoption of this tyrannizing measure.

As a question of legality, the measure seems to us to have been indefensible, even according to the constitutional notions of that time. The Long Parliament had been recalled upon the ground that it alone had any legal existence. The legality of the Parliament summoned by Richard Cromwell was thus necessarily ignored: because, if its existence had been legal, the legality could only have been based upon the supposition that the previous Parliament was then already extinct, inasmuch as no two Parliaments could theoretically coëxist. The country having thus decided against a Parliament summoned by the powers of the Revolution, and having fallen back upon one summoned by the monarchy, it was clear that all those who had assembled in virtue of that summons were part of the constituent body. The Long Parliament had been originally convened in 1640: it had been expelled by Cromwell in 1654. Whether, therefore, certain members of a Parliament elected nineteen years ago had sat last in 1648 or in 1654, could scarcely affect the question of a right of resumption in 1659. The motive, however, of the exclusionists was obviously that of ejecting the Presbyterians who favored the project of a Restoration, and who were in the category of those who shrunk from the assemblies that witnessed and sanctioned the extreme measures of the regicides.

If we may raise an objection to the merits of M. Guizot's work at this point, we should say that it does not appear to appreciate the importance of the measure of recalling the Long Parliament, and its immediate tendency to produce a Restoration. That measure strikes us as the most suicidal act of the leaders of the Revolution. Hume very justly observes that the majority of the nation consisted of Royalists and Presbyterians, and that the Long Parliament formed the subject of the derision of either party. Now, it is certain that both these parties were essentially Royalist at heart, that the difference between them consisted in the desire of the one for an absolute, and of

the other for a constitutional monarchy. Provided, therefore, that a certain compact could be formed between these parties, gaining certain conditions of freedom with a restoration of the monarchy, any common impulse would induce them to unite. The revival of the odious dominion of the Long Parliament was just such an impulse; and from that event it appears certain that, in the heart of the nation, an immediate amalgamation of these parties took place, which—whatever had been the line of policy adopted by Monk—must soon have produced the restoration of the Stuarts. That result, therefore, may be said to have been certain from the moment that the Long Parliament had been recalled.

We will advert to one other historic fact which M. Guizot brings prominently to light under this period of the drama, and which has scarcely been noticed by any preceding writer. We allude to the Catholic plot, the aim of which was to prefer James to Charles in the succession to the crown.

This scheme was immediately connected with the well-known insurrection of Sir George Booth. The Spanish and French Governments, then at war with each other, fostered the pretensions respectively of Charles and James. James, as M. Guizot observes, though not then avowedly a Roman Catholic, was strongly suspected of a disposition to join the communion of that church. Charles, meanwhile—although probably possessing in reality that species of negative infidelity common in a confirmed libertine—passed for what might have been termed during the age of George III., "an orthodox prince," a supporter of Prelacy and Protestantism. The Jesuits, who in that period were always ready to support the land of the Inquisition against the successor of Richelieu, supported the Spanish project, and became the moving power of the conspiracy for placing James upon the English throne. Charles, meanwhile, negotiated with Admiral Montague, who commanded the fleet in the name of the Long Parliament, for the shipment of a military force to England. That these miserably ill-conceived schemes signally failed, affords no reason for their having been generally passed over in silence. They were even worse executed than conceived, for the conspiring party made so many confidants on this side of the water, that their design



had become notorious to the Long Parliament before the period for its attempted execution had begun.

We now pass to the career of Monk, as a leading organ of the Restoration. The Parliament, it will be remembered, was once more dissolved by military violence on the 13th of October, 1659, under a movement headed by Lambert. That general was then supreme in London, and it now became the policy of Monk to march from the Scotch to the English capital, under the avowed aim of restoring the Long Parliament, as the only legitimate authority which the nation was, in that juncture, in a position to realize. The true object of Monk's designs between this period and the Restoration will be made more apparent than it has hitherto been from the following observations.

The portraiture of Monk is undoubtedly the most graphic in this work. It is clear that his soldiers looked to him as the natural successor of Oliver Cromwell. His ambition was not of a fixed character; it was with him a quality always subordinated to the love of money. He had amassed a pecuniary fortune which, during that period of poverty, might be termed immense. He was essentially a disciple of the principle of order and discipline; and he would have supported almost any Government that would have preserved the peace of the nation. Unwilling to commit himself to definite policy while any combination could be formed against him, he maintained a reserve up to the moment of this last victory of Lambert.

Toward the end of November, 1659, he set out on his march from Edinburgh upon London. The intelligence that he had positively passed the English frontier inspired with terror the Committee of Safety, an anomalous body of twenty-three lawless republicans, who had seized upon the Government at Whitehall. This Committee were his open enemies, and they had gone so far as to discuss the expediency of directing Lambert, then in command of the army in Yorkshire, to give him battle. But so skilfully did the latter general mask his real designs, that a policy of conciliation prevailed over a policy of war, and they adopted the opposite extreme of naming him General-in-Chief of their forces. The City of London, and the naval Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Lawson, declared in favor of the return of the Par-

liament, for that odious faction had been now replaced by a faction more odious still.

Public men had now changed sides and opinions with a frequency and rapidity which makes it perplexing to follow the variations of the period. Vane stood in direct hostility to Parliament, and was a member of the committee that affected to direct public affairs. Lambert, a moment ago in the same position of eminence and opposition, was now a fugitive, his army, ten times debauched by mutiny and starvation, having already deserted him. Desborough, who had fled to the same camp, now fled from the same misfortune. Ludlow and Haslerig belonged to the same secession with Vane. While Monk, at the head of his army, was performing his weary march, the troops in the capital once more rebelled, and resuscitated the long Parliament. That body immediately dismissed its generals, and threw the country into greater confusion than before. At length, on the 3d of February, Monk entered London, having already prevailed on Parliament to withdraw the troops by which they had been reinstated in power, and replace that garrison by his own army. Master of the capital, the most interesting scene of the Revolution—the prelude of the Restoration—began.

No public name but that of Monk remained in authority. "Vane and Lambert," says M. Guizot, "were proscribed; Thurloe was set aside; Ludlow was distrusted." Monk, on the day following his entry, went to the Council of State, where he refused to take the oath which was tendered to him; thence he repaired to Parliament, where false and fulsome adulations were reciprocally exchanged, until a feeling of hatred or contempt grew up on either side.

But under this anomaly of a tolerated Parliament courting a general whom they feared and hated, a sudden event transpired which changed altogether the aspect of affairs. "The City of London announced that they would pay no more taxes, except such as might be levied by a full and free Parliament. The Council of State—who had now succeeded the Military Committee of Safety, and formed the Executive of the "Rump"—summoned Monk on the same evening to deliberate with them. They sat until three in the morning. Monk in vain urged them against an adoption of hostile measures.

His advice being neglected, he had no choice but to comply, unless he were prepared to pronounce against the Rump and the Council. He received their positive commands to attack the defences of the City on the following morning. Retiring to an inn, he was there met by the few in whom it could in any sense be said that he confided. The dead hours of night, after the Council had broken up, were thus consumed. Monk strode up and down the room, chewing his tobacco, and scarcely listening to the arguments of his friends. They represented to him that he was lost if he assailed the City. Monk's curt reply, that he could do no less by the duties of his office, unless he were prepared to join in the declaration of the City, and immediately create a struggle between himself and the Parliament, was unanswerable. The morning came, and the work began.

Monk ordered his troops to break down the chains and portcullises which bounded the privileges of the City. The corporation deemed it prudent to adopt a policy of conciliation, and they resolved to invite to a public dinner the invader of their ancient liberties. It naturally struck the wily general that he would make a ridiculous figure, in first assailing the corporation, and then accepting their hospitality. No sooner had he declined the invitation, than the Council of State (apparently viewing the refusal as an example, for that age, of a high degree of political morality) voted him an indemnity of fifty pounds for the loss of his dinner! But this political morality did not go quite so far as to prevent his acceptance of the more solid indemnity. Was Monk more avaricious or epicurean? No doubt the hospitable corporation were as celebrated for their good dinners in those days as in these. M. Guizot supposes that the Council acted upon a knowledge of the general's avarice: but unless the epicurean temptation had already been very great, one would think that the self-denial would hardly represent the compensation.

Two days afterwards Monk began to see the verification of the predictions made by his friends as he had chewed his tobacco on the night preceding the attack, and to find himself on the verge of ruin. The whole mass of the country, who had even then suspected him to be disposed in favor of the Restoration, stood aloof from him. His troops were universally disaffected: many of his leading officers threatened ac-

ive interference. Monk was absolutely in imminent danger of arrest.

There was not an hour to be lost—all depended on his vigor and promptitude. He accordingly effected a reconciliation with the City, and dined with the Lord Mayor. It is to be feared, however, that no record exists of his having refunded the fifty pounds to the Council of State. He made a solemn declaration to the City that the attack had been made against his own wishes; and in this there is no doubt that he was sincere. He finished the harangue by declaring in favor of a "full and free Parliament." The vacant seats were to be filled by writs within seven days, and a new Parliament was to be convened on the 7th of May.

"The rage and consternation of the Parliament," says M. Guizot, "exceeded all belief." They still, however, truckled to the man who was now beyond their power; and were guilty at once of the meanness and impolicy of proceeding against Vane and Lambert, (the only men in any degree capable of defending them,) with the view of pleasing the Lord General of the Commonwealth. The demonstrations of joy in the metropolis were unequivocal. The bells of every church in London rang. Bonfires were lighted at night in all directions; and Samuel Pepys asserts that he could count not less than thirty-one blazing simultaneously from the same point of view. Cries of "Down with the Rump!" resounded in all quarters. The secluded members reappeared, and were admitted. The full Parliament, losing in its last existence its former designation, appointed Monk General-in-chief, dissolving the military commission under which his powers over the army had been shared by four others. The principle of the Restoration had now triumphed. But it is singular to observe in the *Clarendon State Papers*, that the strongest doubt of Monk's intentions was, even up to that period, entertained by the royalists abroad.

Monk now took up his quarters in St. James's Palace, and became virtually a military dictator. A new Council of State, twenty-nine in number, and entertaining views favorable to the Restoration, nominally formed the supreme executive in the interval between the dissolution which had taken place in the middle of March, and the convention of the new Parliament. Monk had been offered the use of Hampton Court Palace; he caused it, however,

to be known that he would prefer a grant of money to the grant of a palace, and received £20,000 as a reward for his refusal. Of this £13,000 was paid down at once. When, therefore, we consider that the State was a moment before so impoverished as to have with the greatest difficulty extorted a loan of £60,000 for the urgent purpose of paying a starved and beggared army, it would be difficult to conceive a misappropriation more conclusive against the public morality of Monk, than his becoming possessed of nearly one fourth of this sum.

There is no sufficient evidence to sustain M. Guizot's position, that the leading republicans at this juncture offered the regal dignity to Monk. In vague terms, indeed, they proposed to invest him with "the supreme power;" but we are not warranted in supposing this offer to imply anything more than a re-creation of the Protectorate in his favor. The proposal, however, let it have been what it may, was immediately refused by Monk. The truth was that the republicans saw that the current of the Restoration had set in—that it would flow while Monk continued to direct its course—and that nothing but the deviation of the general from the line of policy he was pursuing could save the revolutionary cause. Government, it was clear, must be administered either by Monk or by Charles II., and there can be little doubt that the republicans, in choosing the soldier, chose also the polity of the Revolution.

The secret negotiations between Monk and Charles II., which arise at this point, are, however, very curious, and are admirably developed by M. Guizot. Sir John Greenville, a relation of the former, had been employed by Charles to treat for him at St. James's Palace. Sir John experienced great difficulty, at first, in obtaining a private audience of the general, who was keenly alive to the danger of positive negotiation. Monk had a trusty friend in Morrice, to whom he at first referred the envoy. At length he consented to an interview, adopting the precaution of keeping Morrice outside the door as a contingent witness. Greenville then presented the king's letter. Monk affected to draw back in virtuous indignation and astonishment at such an insult to a faithful leader of the Commonwealth. To be sure the letter could contain no money in coming from a penniless fortune-seeker,

and it could contain no invitation to dinner in coming from an exile. The contingent witness was then called in. Monk's indignation rapidly evaporated: he opened and read the letter. Finally, he assured Sir John "that the restoration of the sovereign had been the first wish of his heart, but that until now no opportunity had presented itself," &c.

The conditions of the Restoration were then drawn up; and while the Republican chiefs were disputing upon narrow questions between themselves, Monk and Sir John Greenville were quietly selling away the birthright of the Commonwealth. The general, however, would not permit the envoy to carry away any documentary evidence of his treason. He compelled Greenville to commit the stipulations to memory, and finally to burn the papers. Greenville was then dispatched to Brussels. Under the roof of Hyde—afterwards Lord Chancellor Clarendon—he secretly meets the king in that city at midnight. Charles, by the advice of Monk, as secretly removes to Breda, whence, in consequence, was dated the celebrated declaration.

Meanwhile, several counter-schemes were afloat. One of these was that of the Presbyterian leaders, who, acknowledging the Restoration as an inevitable event, hastened to impose their own terms upon the sovereign. They were more honest than Monk, but their conditions were altogether incompatible, as M. Guizot observes, with the royal dignity. Among other things, they demanded an acknowledgment of the legitimacy of the war against Charles I. That the heir to the throne would readily have accepted, with hereditary faithlessness, any conditions that might have proved essential to his return, we cannot doubt. But the truth was, that the Presbyterians were a day after the fair. Charles had already obtained far better terms from Monk, who cared exceedingly little for raising a question of right as to the legality of past events, so long as his own pocket was well replenished, and his own dignity not to be included in the compromise.

The Presbyterians appear to have entertained another object, in undermining the influence of Hyde, who was a rigid Episcopalian by inherent principle, as well as by the policy of his position. In treating directly with the king, they hoped to dis sever the confidence subsisting between

him and his prime adviser; and there was no doubt that Charles would prefer Presbyterianism and a crown, to hierarchy and exile.

The plot thickened. Cardinal Mazarin, still at the head of the French Government, and aware that the Restoration was about to come to pass, was anxious to secure the alliance of that heir of the house of Stuart whom he had treated for the last eleven years with signal neglect. The French Court used every endeavor to induce Charles to make his debarkation from their shores. They also were too late. Charles was already at Breda, and, confiding in Monk, determined to sail from the Dutch coast. The current of the Restoration, indeed, was momentarily disturbed. Lambert now escaped from the Tower, and raised the standard of insurrection in the heart of the country. He was quickly subdued, partly by desertion and partly by the force of Ingoldsby; but there appears every reason to believe the assertion of Monk, that had the event been reversed, he would himself have immediately raised the standard of the Stuarts, and have finally settled the question by a brief and decisive civil war.

Now follows the difficulty as to the publication of Sir John Greenville's mission. This was surmounted, it must be confessed, by a preconceived acting, characterized by no ordinary skill. On the 27th of April, while Monk was with the assembled Council of State, Sir John Greenville applied at the door for permission to deliver a sealed packet to the general. Monk came out of the Council Chamber, and in a conspicuous manner received the packet, emblazoned with the king's arms, in the presence of his guards. Monk again drew back in astonishment, and pointing to the royal arms, sternly ordered the soldiers not to lose sight of the bearer. What evidence more striking of the fidelity of the republican chief? Monk then carried the packet to the Council. They required that Greenville should appear before them. Greenville stated that the inclosed letters were from the king at Breda. The Council voted that Parliament alone was competent to open the packet, and proposed meanwhile to put the envoy under arrest. This was hazardous to Monk, and he at length prevailed upon them to place Greenville at large, on the surety of the Lord General being given for his appearance.

This solemn farce concluded, Greenville went to the Houses of Lords and Commons on the 1st of May, presenting a royal letter to either assembly. He was the bearer of a third letter, designed for the City of London. Each of these bodies received him with formality and favor, and a copy of the famous "Declaration from Breda" accompanied either communication. Letters also were inclosed for the General, Monk, and the Admiral, Montague. The two Houses of Parliament immediately voted "that, according to the fundamental laws of this kingdom, the Government is and ought to be by king, lords, and commons." The manœuvre of Monk had admirably succeeded.

The Restoration, of course, was now accomplished; but the poverty of the State was ill adapted to sustain the liberal tendencies of the Parliament. The House of Commons voted £500 to Sir John Greenville, and subsequently not less than £50,000 for the use of the king. So disproportionate was this munificence to the revenues at command, that the Treasury was unable to pay even the £500 which had been voted to the king's envoy. This sum was eventually advanced by a Mr. Forth, who was regarded as the Rothschild of the age.

The City of London, however, now came forward with its wonted liberality. It lent £100,000 for the support of the army, and £30,000 for the use of the king. Each of the chief trading corporations, to the number of twelve, presented Charles with £1000. So desperate, however, were the circumstances of the republicans, that while the Speakers of the Lords and Commons were solemnly proclaiming the king at Whitehall, a final effort was made (such as desperation only could have suggested) for the restoration of Richard Cromwell.

The Bill of Indemnity and its circumstances are well known. While this was transpiring in England, all the Continental courts were paying their fulsome adulations to Charles at Breda. Charles had been peculiarly sensitive, as the grandson of Henri IV., to the slight which he had received from the French court; and all the artifices with which Cardinal Mazarin sought to ingratiate himself into the king's favor proved ineffectual. The foreign ministers were claiming international alliances, and the great men and the little men, now in a state of transition from English republicans to English monarch-



ists, were simultaneously seeking places of the king at Breda.

It is impossible to conclude the present review of M. Guizot's work without referring to two characters, who, while they stood aloof from the busy world of party politics, stood also in proud contrast to the turpitude and hypocrisy of the day. We allude, of course, to John Milton and Sir Matthew Hale. The great poet, indeed, had espoused the cause of the Cromwellian party; but it may be questioned whether he was more deeply compromised towards the republicans than many others whom that body had been ready to receive again among their supporters. To the last he remained an unflinching advocate of liberty of conscience, and of a government without monarchy. Even the defender of the regicides, amid the political profligacy of that age, might have found favor with the sovereign, if he would; and the king would have been by no means indifferent to the views of a literary defender of the talents and eminence which he commanded. Sir Matthew Hale, with a yet fairer fame, had withstood the tyranny of Cromwell and the tyranny of the Long Parliament; and he now exerted his influence to obtain from the king such conditions as should combine liberty with order.

The present subject, though happily its application to the politics of our country has long since passed away, is yet replete with interest and with warnings to the Continental Governments. It tells us, first, in the reluctance with which the liberal party went to war, the high moral value of a prescriptive constitution. It tells us, next, how the despotism which pays no regard to popular demands, in an ad-

vanced stage of civilization, must ultimately destroy that constitution. We learn, from it, also, how signal was the difficulty experienced in framing a written in place of a prescriptive government; and how the attempt produced another despotism, conceding indeed civil rights, but suppressing political privileges, and maintaining itself by the anomaly of a self-constituted system established neither by legal nor by popular sanction, and existing in virtue of military force. Such was the Government of the first Protector. We find, next, the failure of an effort to combine usurpation with a revival of the prescriptive estates of Lords and Commons. Then, we pass to a period of a year consumed by a calendar of revolutions. Finally, we enter upon a period in which prescription and revolution were combined, and the freedom of the people (although this was not fully accomplished until after another revolution) rendered coincident with the rights of monarchy. If there is one practical lesson to be deduced from this fearful history, it rests in the union of the regal and the popular interest—in the fact that monarchy is to be preserved, during a period of enlightenment, by freedom alone, and that the rights of society are to be secured only by the maintenance of an ancient polity. On this mutual confidence, this common dependence, this reciprocal moderation, the interests of social progress and of social civilization are essentially based. That this foundation will prove immovable in England is as certain, as our trust is strong that it will supply the model to which the other monarchical Governments of Europe may even yet be assimilated by their rulers.

---

**WEIGHING MACHINE AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE.**—By order of the Board of Works, several men have been employed at the General Post-office in St. Martin's-le-Grand, in digging up the soil to a considerable depth opposite the superintendent's office, on the north side of the department, for the purpose of fixing a

gigantic weighing-machine, upon an entirely new principle. The object of this extensive work is to enable the Post-office authorities to weigh *en masse* the letters and newspapers sent daily from the office to the provinces, a work now done in detail, at much cost of time and labor to the duty.

From the Leisure Hour.

## IS HE REALLY DEAD?

How complete and absolute either side of a case appears till the opposite one is heard. A visit to any of our law-courts will illustrate this. The story of the plaintiff is usually so finished in all its details as to appear at the first glance impregnable; and persons who hear it are inclined to ask, "What answer can it be possible to make to this?"—and to regret that the defendant or his counsel should take the trouble to reply to what appears so self-evident. It is difficult to believe, after the high-sounding opening speech of the plaintiff's counsel, and the testimony of his witnesses, that there can be a single flaw in the case, or a chance left even for the defendant to speak. But pause a moment, and see how confidently "the learned gentleman on the other side" glides into the case under discussion, and observe how speedily he gives a different complexion to the whole matter—how his witnesses knock down the airy structure of the plaintiff; and amazement sits on our brow when, at the end of the trial, we are obliged to depart from our too hastily formed opinion, because we find the defendant to have the best of the case, and see him walking smilingly out of court, the verdict being in his favor. Every day we have the opportunity of hearing, or at least of reading, such cases. There is scarcely a point promulgated in art, science, literature, or law, in which there is not occasion for the use of the old proverb about "doctors differ," which we recently illustrated; and often enough are there cases still more noteworthy than the Torbanehill controversy, or the recent affair of poisoning by strychnia.

Having thus premised, we proceed with-out further preface to an illustrative circumstance. So lately as February last, an instance of suicide occurred, which, from the position of the deceased, and from matters that came out afterwards, attracted very great attention, and which has since given rise to a very curious contro-

versy—one side contending that this person is not really dead, and the other asserting that upon that point there is no room even for a doubt.

The following brief summary of the facts of the suicide, and the reasons assigned for denying it, will put the reader in possession of the whole details. On the morning of Sunday the 18th of February last, the dead body of a man was found at a considerable distance from the public road on Hampstead Heath. A silver cream-jug, and a large bottle, labelled "Essential Oil of Almonds," were found by the side of the corpse. The body was quite cold, and the *rigor mortis* perfectly established. It was speedily removed to the workhouse, where it was seen by a medical man a few minutes afterwards. There were found near to, or on the person of the deceased, six sovereigns, two half-sovereigns, a five-pound-note, twelve shillings and sixpence in silver, some coppers, a white cambric pocket-handkerchief, a small pocket paper-knife, a latch-key, a pair of gloves, a case containing two razors, and a piece of paper on which was written his name and address. As is usual in all such cases, an inquest was held upon the body. In addition to the coroner for the interest of the crown, it was attended by a coroner to watch the proceedings in the interest of the family of the deceased; and, according to the report in the *Times* newspaper, the jury having proceeded to the dead-house, the following facts were deduced:

1. The butler of the deceased identified the body as being that of his master, and stated that he must have left the house between half-past eleven, when he saw him last, and a quarter to one, when he proceeded to fasten the door. He also stated that his master had taken with him a heavy great-coat, which "he seldom wore."

2. A laboring man deposed to finding the deceased "lying on his back, with his head bent backwards against a furze-bush,

and his feet towards the edge of the bog. All his clothes were on except his hat, which lay near to the body." This witness also described the things mentioned above as having been found beside him, but "he did not feel the skin of the body at all, to know whether or not it was cold."

3. A police constable saw nothing about the spot to indicate a struggle, except a mark or two which the deceased appeared to have made with his heels. The cream-jug, which had a few drops of the poison still in it, was lying near him, as if it had dropped from his right hand. The bottle lay on his left side with the stopper out, and about a foot distant from it.

4. The surgeon of Hampstead saw the body at twenty minutes to ten, in the dead-house. It was then quite cold, and the limbs rigid. There was a most powerful odor of the essential oil of bitter almonds perceptible at the mouth; but there was nothing else to show that the unfortunate gentleman had committed suicide.

5. The butler was called a second time, and identified the cream-jug as that which his master used at tea on Saturday evening. He also proved that the poison in question had been procured from the chemist with whom the deceased was in the habit of dealing. The order for the poison was as follows: "Get from Maitland's a bottle of the essential oil of bitter almonds; I don't know the quantity wanted, but—but Kenyon [a groom] writes to me to bring one pound's worth. Pay my bill at Maitland's." The witness did not know it was poison he was to get at Maitland's. He thought it was some ingredients in a hair-wash which his master was going to mix in two bottles, which had been placed on the sideboard. "The deceased was a temperate and sober man. He drank only a glass or two of sherry with his dinner. He had not of late noticed any change in the deceased's manner. The deceased was much occupied in business. He had not complained of his head at all, or of not being able to sleep, nor was he under medical treatment. He came home unexpectedly to dinner on Saturday evening. He seldom dined at home, but usually at his club. He left home in a cab on Saturday morning, with a quantity of papers with him, as he was accustomed to do. Before getting into the cab, he returned to his room upstairs, as if he had forgotten something. Again, before he had been

away in the cab many minutes, he returned, and went upstairs for a few moments. He drove off in the cab again, and did not return until the evening. He had never before, to witness's knowledge, made any attempt on his life."

6. A solicitor, who was intimately acquainted with deceased, then gave evidence. He saw deceased last alive shortly before eleven o'clock on Saturday night last. He appeared oppressed by his undertakings. Latterly, he seemed rather haggard. During the last week particularly, there was a great change in his appearance. He seemed to be quite borne down by the extent of his business, and "particularly by some occurrences which took place with reference to his affairs last week. They were losses and pecuniary embarrassments which had lately come upon him." During the interview, this witness noticed a peculiarity in deceased's manner. His eyes were bloodshot; he was very restless, and evidently not in his usual temperament. Had never seen him in such a state before." This witness had again occasion to call at night, when he was unexpected. "He seemed surprised when I went in, and was walking about the room, which was very unusual with him. I thought I perceived a great redness and peculiarity about the eyes, as if he had been weeping." This witness, on being cross-examined, admitted having made a remark to the effect that he would not be surprised if deceased was to shoot himself. "The reason I made that remark was, that being a man of extraordinary clearness and strength of mind, my impression was that these reverses, coming suddenly upon him, as they did on Wednesday morning last, his mind would break down at once. I was told last week that his losses were very severe. The subject was discussed in my office, and he admitted it."

The coroner said nothing could be clearer than the cause of death. It was perfectly evident to him that the unfortunate gentleman had died by his own act. Nothing could by any possibility be plainer. "It was much to be deplored," said the coroner, "that facility was afforded to him to obtain the poison in the way he had done; but, judging from his carrying a couple of razors in his pocket, it was clear that if he had failed in destroying himself by taking or procuring the essential oil of almonds, he would have

done it with a razor. The only question for the consideration of the jury was, as to what was the state of his mind at the time he committed the act."

It also transpired, in evidence at the inquest, that the pecuniary affairs of the deceased were greatly involved. He was what may be called a financier on a gigantic scale; and it has since transpired, that he was at the time of his death involved in frauds and forgeries to the enormous extent of one million pounds sterling, and that an expected early exposure was the motive for the suicide.

In the face of such conclusive evidence as we find adduced at the inquest, and of which the above is a summary, it might, we think, be held as almost impossible to dispute the fact of this being a case of suicide of the most determined kind. The butler speaks positively on the subject of the identity; and the *Times*' report mentions that two of his brothers were also present, and likewise several of deceased's personal friends and acquaintances; and it is evident, as they say nothing to the contrary, that they believed the body to be that of the person whose name and address was found in the pocket. The coroner also is certain, and so is the surgeon who made the *post mortem* examination. But all this, we are told, must now go for nothing—it is only a case of imposture, and a deception which has been practised on the confiding public.

This view of the case was first promulgated in a newspaper on the 29th of March last, in a communication "by R. W. A. of D.," whom the editor of the paper in question\* leads us, in a note, to look upon as the same ingenious person who questioned the existence of Napoleon Bonaparte. The following is a summary of the arguments contained in the letter of R. W. A.:

1. That the first fact of importance in the case is, What has become of all the enormous sums of money that were known to have passed through the hands of deceased? "That on the particular Saturday of the alleged suicide, a very large sum of money (1300*l.*) was paid by a gentleman into the hands of deceased—a sum of which, from that time to the present, not the slightest trace has been found. Mr. Keating, also, on the second day's inquest, speaks of a bank-note of 1000*l.*, which was not to be found among his effects."

Various large remittances are known to have been also made, in addition to this sum of 2300*l.*, "clearly made away with." Therefore, on the very brink of the grave, we find deceased collecting, as it were, his accounts, and as eager for money as if he was to live a score of years longer.

2. The dates of his letters show that he meditated suicide a full week before its alleged consummation; during most of which time "he was engaged in borrowing."

3. The following observations on the *rigor mortis* are made a strong point in the argument. We have first a quotation from *Paris and Fonblanque's Medical Jurisprudence*: "It may be laid down as a general rule, that the more sudden the death, the longer is cadaverous stiffness from taking place. . . . If a body in such cases be cold and stiff, we may be certain that more than twelve hours have elapsed since the fatal event." It is argued that the deceased could not have reached Hampstead Heath before twelve o'clock, at the very earliest, taking into account that he was seen by his solicitor shortly before eleven, and by his butler at half-past eleven o'clock. The suicide, therefore, could not take place before half-past twelve at the earliest, or two o'clock at the latest; and yet, at a quarter before nine in the morning, the body was *stiff and cold*, "the *rigor mortis* firmly established!" "We have already established," says the ingenious R. W. A., "half-past twelve as the earliest hour at which a suicide could have taken place, which gives us as the greatest possible interval which could have elapsed between the supposed suicide and the finding of the body 'cold and stiff,' *precisely eight hours and a quarter*."

4. Dr. Guy, in his treatise on *Medical Jurisprudence*, p. 278, says: "One general rule may be laid down. We should never content ourselves with the mere passive exercise of our senses or judgment. It is not enough to see the objects which actually present themselves to the eye—we must look for such as are not obvious at the first glance. To the correctness of good observers, we must add the intelligence and invention of an experimenter. We must beware of a hasty decision, and remember that the apparent cause of death is not always the real one." And further, as to the place in which the body is found, "the first caution is not to

\* Dublin Nation.



conclude too hastily that the spot in which a body is discovered is that in which death actually took place." Dr. Beck says, that "very soon after death such a total change of the features takes place that it is impossible for the nearest relatives to recognize them."

5. Another medical authority says: "It cannot be too generally known that upon the discovery of a dead body, its situation and attitude should never be disturbed until it has been examined by competent persons. We may, for example, find the deceased in a posture which he could never have himself assumed, whence we should be led to conclude that he had not fallen by his own hands. In the case of the disputed suicide of the Earl of Essex in the Tower, much information was lost by the body having been stripped and removed before a due examination took place."

6. We may note as a commentary on the above, that the body was removed to Hampstead workhouse before being examined by any competent person.

7. As to the identification, the following remarks are made: The body was not identified at the inquest by any individual whose *causa scientie* consisted in any knowledge of the body by marks or peculiarities of structure. The only witness who *swears* to the identity, is the butler, who had been only eighteen months in the service of deceased. "It is upon the evidence of this person, and this person only, that the body was identified for the jury." The fact of the butler's not having observed any change in his master during the last month or two, and that his manner on the fatal Saturday was the same as usual, does not agree with the statement of the solicitor, who stated that deceased latterly appeared haggard, and that he noticed an extraordinary change in his appearance during the last week.

8. The remaining portion of the letter is occupied in criticising the fact of deceased being occupied in the preparation of a hair-wash, and is introduced by another quotation from *Paris and Fonblanque*, vol. ii., p. 18: "In conducting our inquiry, the most trifling incidents connected with the deceased should not pass unheeded; for however unimportant they may at first individually appear, we shall often find that, in combination, they will afford the principal data for the solution of our problem. With how many examples will the history of crime present us where the most

minute circumstances have alone furnished the convincing proofs of guilt." This is followed by a piece of truly singular evidence from the butler: Deceased had previously that evening asked him to clean two bottles and place them on the sideboard, which he did. He (witness) did not know it was poison that he had to get at Mr. Maitland's. He thought it was some ingredient in a hair-wash which his master was going to mix in the two bottles, which had been placed on the sideboard."

9. He had just previously posted away a letter to his sister, informing her of his intention to commit suicide.

10. Why did this person walk out to Hampstead Heath at midnight to commit the deed? is next asked. "It has appeared to me very strange, that a man intending to make away with himself by a poison instantaneous in its effects, should trudge out to Hampstead Heath in the middle of the night for the purpose, first putting into his pocket a piece of paper to tell his name. In short, the doing so were putting one's self to a deal of trouble for no intelligible purpose."

11. It is assumed, that among 2,500,000 people (the population of London) it would be easy enough to find a dead body for any purpose.

As might have been anticipated of a speculation so curious as that of R. W. A., it was extensively circulated by being immediately copied into all the London and provincial papers. Of course it was at first only laughed at, as an ingenious piece of reasoning; and the coroner who presided at the trial was thought finally to have settled the matter when he wrote to the *Times* in answer to the above, that there could be no doubt whatever as to the identity of the body, as he himself had made a very minute examination of it, and had even opened the eyelids, &c. The surgeon, too, who made the *post-mortem* examination, thought it necessary to state again, through means of the press, the fact of his having found a very considerable quantity of poison in the stomach of the corpse.

Notwithstanding the re-statement of these two great facts, the idea gained ground that the suicide was in reality a complete deception. The old facts were once again dwelt upon. His anxiety about his papers on the Saturday morning, and his repeated returns to his study after he had gone out, point, it is thought, to anx-

ities of a different kind from those of approaching death, and lead to the supposition of his being at that time busy making arrangements for flight. The gigantic system of swindling in which it is now known deceased had been engaged, must, it is said, have put him in possession of a sum of money so immense as to render it easy to carry out any piece of deception, however difficult. And we are also triumphantly told, that as the whole career of the man was a development of swindling and forgery, "he has, in fact, been merely capping the climax of his forgeries by a dexterous forgery of himself." We are also told, "that the *agony of mind* displayed to his visitor of Saturday evening was a clever piece of acting; that the letters were an ingenious contrivance to strengthen belief in his death; that the written order for the poison, the selection of the silver jug, and the body carefully placed on a mound on Hampstead Heath, were all of a piece, cleverly contrived, and admirably carried out."

The elaborate and varied collection of matters found on deceased, consisting of money of varied kinds, the paper-knife, &c., are all a part of the sham; and the writing of the name and address was unnecessary in the case of a man so well known as deceased, who was a member of parliament, and a celebrated shareholder in, and chairman of many joint-stock companies. It is asked, Would the body have been so readily known had there been no written paper with the name? It is also reported that deceased said, on meeting a friend in the city: Good-bye: I am going a long journey."

Another great fact on this side of the case is derived from the circumstance of the boots of deceased being perfectly clean and free from mud. Why did he choose to go so far from home to die? How did he get there—in a cab? If so, where is the cabman who drove him? If he walked on a wet night, how happens it that his boots were perfectly free from stain? "How did he cross the moist and muddy ground that encircled the hillock on which the body was found?" This particular spot could not be approached in the daytime without soiling the boots or shoes; and yet, on a wet evening, at midnight, the journey across the bog was cleanly accomplished! This brings the evidence to a most dramatic climax, and scarcely requires the additional and very latest intel-

ligence we have received on the subject, which goes to prove the whole reasoning to be correct; it is, that a respectable correspondent, living in Tipperary, writes to the *Cork Examiner* to say that a lady, residing a short distance from that town, had received a letter from her father in Louisiana, United States, in which he states that the supposed suicide is there alive and well, and that he saw him. The name of this American correspondent has been furnished to the above paper, and he is represented as being a gentleman of undoubted respectability.

It will certainly, we think, be admitted, after a perusal of both sides of the argument, that this is a very singular case, and that, if the objections are well founded, it will deserve to be ranked as one of the most interesting in the history of medical jurisprudence. It cannot, at any rate, be deemed to be out of the bounds of probability, for we have perused stories of mistaken identity, in regard to *living* persons, much more singular than the one just narrated; and we have seen in our theatres such wonderful transformations of face and feature as quite surprised us. Of these we may point to the imitation of the Wizard of the North by Charles Mathews, and the imitation of the latter by Mr. Leigh Murray, both recently before the public. And even regarding the identity of the dead—allowing the reader to form his own judgment on the above statements—we can cite parallel instances where mistakes equally curious have been made. The following is a case in point: In the year 1839, in a certain city, a corpse, with the feet and hands firmly bound with a cord, and the body bent up, was found tied into a sack, which was floating on the water, (not the Bosphorus.) An examination of the body took place, and several wounds of a superficial character were discovered on the limbs, while on the side of the neck an incised wound about an inch deep was seen. The physician who examined the body inferred from their appearance that these marks were made after death. The corpse was laid out at a particular place, for the purpose of being identified; and, singular to relate, it was claimed as being the corpse of three different individuals: first, as that of a person who had died of delirium tremens, and been buried a few days before in a certain cemetery; secondly, it was positively affirmed, by a celebrated physician, that it was the corpse of a

robber whom he had stabbed in the neck while protecting his house from an attempt to rob it by four persons, one of whom was the subject of identification; thirdly, and as if this was not a sufficient complication, a new claimant arose for the body, in the person of a surgeon who had intended to use it for anatomical purposes, and who, while engaged in conveying it to his dissecting-room in a boat, was so unfortunate as to let it fall overboard. All were equally confident in their claims; but it was afterwards demonstrated that not one of them was the true owner of the body, it being proved that the person had died at his own house before the time of the robbery, when the wound was given; and that therefore it was neither the lost subject, nor yet the person that died of delirium tremens.

We need scarcely recal the recent case of assassination in London, or the finding of the body of Foschini, the assassin, in the Thames, at first so positively asserted to be that of the Italian, but afterwards found to be that of another person. Another case of mistaken identity is thus stated by Beck: "A resurrection-man was tried for raising the body of a young woman from the churchyard of Stirling. Nine weeks after death, the body was discovered, and identified by all the relations, not only by the features, but by a mark which they believed could not be mistaken, she being lame of the left leg, which was shorter than the right. There was a good deal of curious swearing as to the length of time after death that the body could be recognized; but the jury were convinced that the *libel was proven*, and gave a verdict accordingly. Now, I am certain that this was not the body of the woman who was taken from the churchyard of Stirling, but one that at least six weeks after the time libelled was buried in the churchyard of Falkirk, from which she

was taken by this man, who also took the other, for which he was tried—she also was lame of the left leg. Thus, though guilty of the offence laid to his charge, he was found guilty by a mistake of the body."

We may conclude with one other case of error in the identification of a dead body. It occurred in Canada in the year 1827, where the corpse of a man named Munroe was supposed to be that of a murdered free-mason named William Morgan. The body was found on the beach of Lake Ontario, and the jury who sat on it gave in a verdict of its being a person unknown to them, who had met his death by drowning. It was then buried; but, in consequence of a rumor of its being the body of William Morgan, it was disinterred, and made the subject of a fresh inquest. Mrs. Morgan, the physician of Morgan, Dr. Henry of Rochester, and several others who had been acquainted with deceased, deposed to its being his body. "Mrs. Morgan had not a particle of doubt," and fully believed the corpse to be that of her husband. From her testimony, and that of other witnesses, the fact of its being Morgan appeared to be conclusively established, in spite of the only two circumstances against it—the difference of dress, and the pockets being filled with tracts—and notwithstanding which, the jury gave a verdict that it was his body; and it was again interred. Shortly afterwards, an advertisement appeared in the Canada papers offering a reward for the discovery of the body of Timothy Munroe, who was drowned at Newark on the river Niagara. From the very minute description of the clothes, it was at once seen that it applied to the supposed body of Morgan. It was again, therefore, exhumed; and from incontestable evidence, the fact was established that it was in reality the body of Timothy Munroe of Upper Canada.

From the London Review.

## CUBA: ITS STATE AND PROSPECTS.\*

THE magnificent Island of Cuba—the queen of the Antilles, and the richest jewel in the colonial diadem of Spain—stretches for eight hundred miles, long, narrow, and crescent-shaped, between the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico. Its climate is delicious; a perpetual spring reigns, snow never falls, hurricanes are less frequent and less violent than in the other West Indian Islands, the sky is of the deepest azure, the sea singularly pure and transparent, and the moon and stars shine with a lustre unknown in colder climes. Its shores are indented by many safe and spacious harbors; fertile lowlands occupy four fifths of its surface; while in the interior are several ranges of mountains, one of which, the Sierra del Cobre, attains the height of 7674 feet. The forests, which still cover more than half of the Island, are brightened by the vivid coloring of tropical flowers, and full of the most valuable and beautiful timber. At every step the eye is charmed by the exuberance and variety of vegetable life. There is the gigantic mahogany, the red cedar, the ebony and lignum vitæ; the stately palm, with its white stem glittering in the sunbeams like a column of burnished silver; the graceful bamboo, growing in clumps and waving to every breeze; groves of the dark mango, forming, with its dense leafage, an impenetrable shelter from the heat of the sun; the wild orange-tree, the myrtle-leaved vine, the guava, the tamarind, and the aloe, intermingled with flowers of every hue; whilst even the jungles are netted over by the creeping convolvulus. All around there is a brightness of coloring, and a teeming profusion of vegetation everywhere bursting forth, and bearing the strongest testimony to the richness of the soil and the mildness of the climate. Add to this that the population is scanty, and only a fifth of the surface under culti-

vation, and it must be admitted that Cuba not only holds out the strongest inducements to the enterprising emigrant, but also offers a most tempting prize to her strong, unscrupulous neighbor, the United States of America. Nor need we wonder that, in answer to the inquiry, "Who shall determine the future of this noble Island?" a voice comes wafted on the western breeze, "I guess we shall."

Cuba considerably exceeds Ireland in size, but is not so compact, being very narrow in proportion to its length. One of the most fertile districts is that called the "Vuelta Abajo," in which are some of the finest sugar and coffee estates. It is the promised land of the small planters of Kentucky and Virginia. The richest department, however, is that termed the "Vuelta Arriba," or region of red earth, a perfect garden of plenty and prosperity. Here are the largest sugar plantations, which yield immense revenues to their proprietors, in spite of the great outlay on slaves, overseers, and machinery. The owners are seldom absentees, generally residing on their estates for some portion of the year. These wealthy planters give the tone to Cuban society, and to them belong the thirty or forty Counts and Marquises—"sugar nobles," as the old Spaniards call them. Closely allied with these proprietors are the great Creole merchants, to whose energy and enterprise the Island owes much of its present prosperity. The Spanish Government and officials, in whom is centred all political power, have done almost nothing; it is these planters and merchants who have effected everything that has hitherto been done to improve the capabilities and develop the resources of Cuba; and among them is to be found a body of well-informed, intelligent, and courteous gentlemen of which any country might well be proud. In spite, however, of all their exertions, road-making and agriculture in Cuba are very imperfect and partial. Only a fifth

\* By the Honorable HENRY A. MURRAY. London: John W. Parker & Son. 1855.



of the land is under crop: more than four and a half millions of acres are totally uncultivated, whilst half of the surface is still virgin forest, unexplored and pathless. Much of the inhabited interior, too, is but little visited, and almost unknown. The magnificent vale of Mariel, fair as those outer realms of Paradise over which the eyes of Adam ranged from his "heaven-kissing verdurous walls;" the romantic cliffs that mirror their wealth of flowers in the green glistening waters of the winding Canimar; the mighty steep of the Loma de Indra, from whose heights the view sweeps to either ocean, and away to the dim blue hills of Jamaica; the endless, fragrant, palm-studded solitudes of the south-west; the picturesque ravines of the north-east, where young girls may be seen riding on the backs of oxen; the subterranean streams gushing suddenly into the moonlight from the blackness of the *sumideros*, or "caverns," which honeycomb the surface of the Island; the hundred sequestered nooks, where still the *guagiro* chants his rude improvisations, (melodious and full of meaning as the songs of a gondolier,) and charms, in the skilful gymnastics of the *zapateado*, groups of soft-eyed girls, graceful as the palm-trees arching overhead—all these you reach over roads that transport you into the Middle Ages. Riding along those wretched roads, you meet only the most primeval vehicles, long files of pack-horses and mules, and armed horsemen glittering with spur and sword.

This state of things is, however, improving; and there are at present 850 miles of railway in full operation; and a complete system of electric telegraph has lately been directed to be established over the entire surface of the Island. A line of steamers between Havanna, Havre, and Liverpool, has also been recently started, with every prospect of success.

The delightful climate of Cuba has an enervating effect upon the character and habits of the people. Life is indolent, elegant, voluptuous, as every traveller to Havanna soon discovers. That beautiful capital stands on the shores of a sheltered inlet, charming as the Bay of Naples or the roadstead of Genoa. In 1791, it contained forty-four thousand inhabitants; now it possesses upwards of three times that population. Living is excessively expensive. Luxuries such as guava jelly and cigars alone are cheap; but necessities—bread, meat, lodging, and also coach

hire—are extravagantly dear. Mr. Murray mentions that he paid 35s. for a short evening drive.

The Paseos—the Champs Elysées of Havanna—form the most charming promenades in the world. Beyond the walls stretch for miles broad, well-made roads, bordered, near the city, with stately buildings, and lined throughout with rows of poplars and palms. Some of these Paseos have fountains, gardens, and statues, and are the afternoon resort of the gay world. The environs of Havanna are very beautiful; and delightful excursions may be made to the different fortresses which guard the entrance to the harbor, and defend the city. These are exceedingly strong. The Morro Castle and the Cabañas might defy a hostile fleet to force the narrow entrance; whilst, on the land side, the forts of Principe and Atares are the bulwarks of the town. Fifteen thousand soldiers, however, are required fully to garrison these positions; and, as Spain has only twenty-five thousand on the whole Island, she could scarcely afford to shut up so many in case of a hostile invasion.

The ladies in Havanna never walk, and the favorite mode of conveyance, the carriage universally in vogue, is termed a *volante*, which is an odd-looking gig, with shafts some sixteen feet long, and wheels six yards in circumference, driven by a negro postilion, three parts jack-boots and one part laced jacket. Inside, however, it is most easy, luxurious, and provocative of ease and comfort. Seated within her cushioned *volante*, the fair Cuban spends half her existence—goes shopping, pays visits, and, in the evening, drives to the Paseos, or by the winding shores of the beautiful bay of Havanna, to inhale the coolness of the evening breeze.

The aboriginal population of Cuba was entirely extirpated by the Spaniards. The trooper's sword and the miner's spade evangelized the Island; the natives sank under the cruelties of their conquerors, and the labors to which they were subjected; and Matañzas, (the "Massacres,") an important town on the north side of the Island, still commemorates the last great slaughter of the Indians, who objected to the proffered gifts of slavery and salvation. The present Creole or native white population is of pure Spanish blood, and amounts to about 500,000; and there is about the same number of slaves and free blacks. Mr. Murray, the most recent

authority, gives a somewhat higher estimate, which we are inclined to think rather above the truth. He states the population at 600,000 slaves; 200,000 free blacks, and 500,000 whites. This would place the blacks in a majority of eight to five over the whites; whereas, in the United States, they form a minority of one to seven. During the last century, the increase of the population of Cuba has been both rapid and steady, nearly equalling that of the United States. In 1775 there were only 171,600 inhabitants, divided into 96,000 whites, 44,000 slaves, and 30,000 free blacks. And, according to a recent calculation, the average increase of the population, for each period of ten years, from 1790 till 1850, has been 29 per cent.: while, in the United States, for the same period, it has reached 35 per cent.; but this difference in favor of the States may be, not unfairly, imputed to the naturally slower increase of the Spanish race.

The government of Cuba is a despotism. All power is centred in the Captain-General, who is changed every five years, and who is always a native of Spain. For more than a century his authority has been absolute, and in 1853 his powers were considerably increased, and extended over the whole Island. His is now a dictatorship, from whose authority nothing is exempted. All political influence and office, under the Governor, is possessed by the Spaniards; and this unjust partiality is deeply felt and resented by the Creole population, and has most materially contributed to alienate their affections from the mother country. An incessant and inquisitorial tyranny is exercised by the Spanish Government, and the doctrine of constructive treason is well understood. None of the revolutions in Spain have had the effect of extending political freedom to Cuba; and all her aspirations after increased liberties, and extended reforms, have been sternly repressed. In 1812, when a free constitution was proclaimed in Spain, Cuba was permitted to send a representative to the Spanish Cortes, and Don F. Arango, a most able and active man, was the first Cuban member returned. By the Constitution of 1833, however, the privilege thus accorded was withdrawn; and, by decree of February, 1837, the right of representation was finally done away with, and it was proposed for the future, to regulate the government of Cuba by "special laws." Don Jose An-

tonio Sacco, the excluded Cuban deputy, published a most able pamphlet, exposing the flagrant injustice of this measure, which was not only a violation of the twenty-eighth Article of the New Spanish Constitution, which declared "the basis for national representation to be the same in both hemispheres," but was also, at the same time, most ill-judged and impolitic, and has done more to irritate the Creoles, to alienate their attachment, and to spread abroad a desire for independence, than any other act of Spanish folly and tyranny of which they have had to complain.

Politically speaking, Cuba is divided into two provinces, Havanna and Santiago da Cuba, and, for military purposes, into three departments. The judicial power is shared between the *Real Audiencia Chancelleria* of Havanna and that of Puerto Principe. Of these courts the Governor-General is President. The country Judges (*Jueces pedaneos*) are named by the Government; and at Havanna and Santiago da Cuba there are tribunals of commerce. The financial administration is divided into three intendencies; the maritime into five provinces, of which the chief places are Havanna, Trinidad, Santiago da Cuba, San Juan de los Remedios, and Nuevitas. There is an Archbishop at Santiago da Cuba, and a Suffragan Bishop at Havanna; but the Church in Cuba, as a body, is now poor, although some of the higher dignitaries still enjoy large incomes. Practically, religion is little regarded, except by the women; but the tyrannical ostentation of religious uniformity is still kept up; and every Protestant settler is obliged to go through the form of abjuring his religion, before his oath of allegiance can be received; and difficulties are still thrown in the way of the burial of those who die out of the pale of the "holy Roman Catholic communion."

The revenue of Cuba is derived from the customs duties, and from various small taxes, such as that upon cock-fighting—a favorite amusement of the inhabitants; and Government lotteries are also another source of revenue. Upon the whole, the Cubans are very heavily taxed. Mr. Madden gives it as his opinion that, in the year 1839, every white person in the Island paid duties to Government to the amount of 40 dollars; and a recent American author calculates the taxes at 2½ per cent. per annum on 800,000,000 dollars,

the total value of property in the Island. Sagra states, in his *Historia Economica*, that the revenue of Cuba in 1759 was only 163,605 dollars; and that, previously to the declaration of independence by the South American colonies of Spain, a sum of 700,000 dollars was annually drawn from Mexico, to defray the expenses of the Colonial Government in Cuba. In 1820, however, the revenue of the Island had reached 3,491,540 dollars; and in 1830 it had still further increased to \$8,972,548; while in 1837 the customs duties of Havanna alone amounted to £832,257. And the prosperity of the Island seems to be still steadily on the increase: for, while the customs revenue collected at Havana during the first three months of 1853 amounted to 5,815,150 francs, for the three corresponding months of 1854, it had attained the sum of 7,792,020 francs, thus showing an increase in that short period of nearly two millions of francs. Cuba, instead of being, as formerly, a drain upon the imperial exchequer, is now viewed as a sort of reserve treasury which may be applied to in any emergency. She now not only pays every expense connected with her colonial establishment, but, in addition, remits annually to Spain a sum varying from £1,500,000 to £1,250,000; thus presenting a striking and favorable contrast to the small and scattered colonies of France, which cost the Home Government about 30 millions of francs a year, whilst a majority even of our own colonies do not pay the expense of their maintenance; so that, perhaps, Spain is, to a certain extent, entitled to meet the allegations of tyranny and injustice which are constantly and ostentatiously paraded against her, by pointing to the steadily increasing prosperity of the Island which she is thus charged with misgoverning.

In 1847, the total exports and imports of Cuba exceeded those of the mother country, of three times her extent, and ten times her population, by five millions of dollars. This, at first sight, seems a somewhat startling result; but it is easily accounted for. The commercial prosperity of Cuba has been the result of her commercial freedom—a boon which she extorted from Spain long before the other European states had conceded the same privilege to their colonial dependencies. That freedom was for some time complete, and its results were (as we shall afterwards see) almost miraculous; trade, agri-

culture, population, mercantile enterprise, and wealth, advanced with rapid strides; and though, for many years past, Spain has striven to curtail the privileges formerly so wisely accorded, and has imposed heavy customs and tonnage duties, in order to restrict, as much as possible, the commercial freedom once enjoyed, still the energy of the colonists, then first developed, has enabled them to surmount these obstacles, and to make rapid progress in wealth and civilization. The history of Cuban commerce is very interesting and instructive. Columbus first discovered the Island in 1492, and its colonization by Spain commenced in 1511. At that time the prohibitive system was regarded as the grand panacea for promoting colonial prosperity, and the Spanish ports of Cadiz, Barcelona, and Santander, for 263 years enjoyed a monopoly of the commerce of Cuba, which increased but slowly in wealth and population under this unnatural restriction. But, strangely enough, the zealous and despotic Government of Spain was the first to set the example of conferring the boon of free trade upon her colonies, and the principles of liberty of commerce were recognized and carried into effect in the Island of Cuba, long before they were introduced into any of the states of Europe. In 1778, in consequence of the distress of the Cubans, the system of monopoly was considerably relaxed, and the most important benefits resulted. The white population, which had taken more than two centuries and a half to attain the number of 96,000, during the fourteen years succeeding this relaxation, received an addition of 37,000. This first extension of commercial liberty, however, only gave to the colonists the right of trading with thirteen Spanish ports instead of with three; but from this epoch may be dated the dawning of the prosperity of Cuba. Shortly after the breaking out of the French Revolution, a French settler introduced the cultivation of coffee into the Island, and, about the same period, many wise regulations were made, favorable to trade and agriculture, and the rich district of the Vuelta Arriba on the northern coast was gradually deemed from the primeval forest.

In 1793 the coasts of the Island were subjected to a rigorous blockade by a French squadron, and the inhabitants were reduced to great want and misery. There was no bread; they were starving; and

their destitution, and threats of revolt, compelled the Spanish Government to pass a decree throwing open the ports to neutral bottoms, which were allowed to enter and exchange their breadstuffs for the productions of the Island. Intimation of this decree was soon carried to the United States, who sent 100 vessels laden with flour and provisions, relieved the distress of the Cubans, and gave a powerful impetus to their commerce. In 1812 the freedom thus accorded to articles of food was extended to other species of goods, and in that year also the right of representation in the Spanish Cortes was conferred upon the Cubans. An attempt subsequently made by Charles IV. to reimpose the old system of monopoly, was disregarded; and, in spite of the efforts of the mother country, the commercial liberties of the Island gradually acquired strength and stability.

By the strenuous and unwearied exertions of Don Francisco Arango, the first Cuban representative, a decree was obtained from Ferdinand VII., abolishing all restraints upon commerce and repealing the old restrictive laws. This royal ordinance may be regarded as the charter of Cuban commerce; and even when in 1822 a free Government had ceased to exist in Spain, the commercial privileges of the colonists survived the wreck of the Government which had bestowed them. Unfortunately, the decree of 1818 has not been acted up to by Spain, either in the letter or the spirit. The prejudices of three centuries were not so easily overcome. She could not, indeed, shut her eyes to the immense increase of wealth, population, and trade, resulting from it; but she applied the principles of the old system to the new, and reasoned thus: "If Cuba produces so much when trade is free, how much more will she yield when restrictions are imposed?" Since 1818, the mother country has never ceased her endeavors to neutralize the freedom then conferred. The only period during which Cuba enjoyed complete commercial freedom was from 1818 to 1829; and since the latter epoch that liberty has been most materially curtailed, by the imposition of vexatious and burdensome imposts.

American flour was soon found to be much cheaper and better than that of Spain; and, in consequence, the trade of the Spanish farmers with Cuba rapidly decreased; they could not compete with

their rivals in the United States, and they applied to the Spanish Cortes for redress. They, in their wisdom, imposed heavy duties upon American flour, in favor of the agriculturists of La Mancha and Castile, duties which at present amount to nearly 10 dollars per barrel; and in 1830 excessive tonnage dues were also laid upon foreign vessels entering Cuban ports. In 1833, as before noticed, the right of representation was withdrawn from the colonists, and, in consequence, they were left with no one to explain their grievances, or advocate their claims in the Spanish Cortes, where the whole agricultural interest of Spain was bent upon opposing them. The consequences were soon apparent. In 1834, a law was passed imposing a duty of £2 per barrel upon American flour, which had the effect of almost annihilating the flourishing mercantile marine of Cuba, which had been created and encouraged by the growing trade with the United States. The duties imposed by the Spanish Cortes had been levelled at that country, which, naturally enough, retaliated by passing a law imposing upon Cuban vessels a duty twice as great as that levied upon those belonging to the States in Cuban harbors. Since that time ship-building has almost ceased in the Island, although her forests abound with the finest and most suitable timber, and up to 1798 had furnished materials for the construction of 125 vessels in the arsenal of Havanna, 53 of which were frigates, and 6 three-deckers; while timber sufficient for the construction of 30 frigates was imported into this country from a single Cuban port between the years 1825 and 1840. Thus was the merchant marine of Cuba unjustly sacrificed to the clamors of an interested and narrow-minded faction in the mother country, whose selfishness, after all, has been exercised in vain; for, in spite of the duty of 9½ dollars per barrel on American flour, Cuba still continues to derive nine tenths of what she requires from the United States, although that imported from Spain in Spanish bottoms only pays a duty of 2 dollars per barrel. This is owing to the very greatly superior quality of the American flour, which requires to be mixed with that sent from Spain, before the latter is fit for use; and this circumstance, therefore, renders the heavy duty peculiarly impolitic and oppressive.

The result of this short recapitulation



of the history of Cuban commerce is anything but favorable to the wisdom and justice of the mother country; and the experience of the past seems to show, that the colony has much to fear from the ignorance, jealousy, and prejudice of the Spanish proprietors, who form the majority of the Cortes, where she is wholly unrepresented, and has nothing to hope from their forbearance or sense of justice.

Let us now examine for a moment some of the results of the limited commercial freedom enjoyed by Cuba, as contrasted with those of the monopoly from which she suffered so long. And first with regard to population: in 263 years of monopoly, she had gained 96,000 inhabitants; in 24 of commercial freedom, 150,000. During the continuance of the former system, she had been a burden and an expense to Spain; under the latter, she became a support and a treasure-house. It took more than two centuries and a half of monopoly to raise her annual revenue to 885,358 dollars. But, at the end of the half century that followed the first removal of that monopoly, it had risen to nearly \$9,000,000, and it is at present upwards of \$13,000,000. In 1840 the exports of the Island were four times as great as in 1818, the era when complete commercial freedom was proclaimed; and the period that has since elapsed has been sufficient, in spite of unwise restrictions and political despotism, to convert an Island comparatively uncultivated and unproductive, into the most flourishing colony in the world, and the firmest support of the power and wealth of the Spanish crown. But, if anything could supply a stronger proof of the folly of monopoly, and the benefits of commercial liberty, it would be the present condition of the Philippine Islands, another Spanish colony, which furnishes a marked contrast to the prosperous position of Cuba. There, all the ports, with the exception of Manila, are closed against foreign vessels, and the Government have a monopoly of tobacco. The population is about 4,000,000, and the annual exports amount to 17,000,000 francs; whereas the exports from Cuba, with only 1,000,000 inhabitants, amounted, in 1851, to 150,000,000 francs; though, as long as Havana was the only port in the Island open to foreign bottoms, they never exceeded 10,000,000. The whole value of the commerce of Cuba in 1851 was 320,000,000 francs, the exports and imports

being pretty equally divided. Of the imports 40,000,000 came from Spain, 40,000,000 from the United States, and 35,000,000 from England. The principal export markets were Spain, 10,000,000; England, 35,000,000; and the United States, 65,000,000. It will thus be seen that England and the United States have by far the most important trade with Cuba: the exports to the latter have been trebled within the last ten years, and are still increasing.

Agriculture as well as commerce is making steady progress in Cuba. In 1827 there were 13,000 farms, 5000 tobacco and 510 sugar plantations; while in 1850 there were 25,292 farms, 9102 tobacco and coffee plantations, and 1442 sugar estates and mills. The annual value of the whole agricultural produce of the Island has been estimated at 323,000,000 francs. Cattle are now very numerous, amounting to 1,300,000 head. Indigo and cotton were at one time grown, but their culture is now on the decline, as is also that of coffee, the present prices not offering a sufficient remuneration to the planters. In 1837 the exports of coffee reached 53,000,000 pounds, but in 1848 they had fallen to less than 17,500,000; and, within the last few years, no less than 40,000 slaves have been transferred from coffee to sugar plantations, which are rapidly increasing. The annual export of sugar varies from 250,000 to 300,000 tons. The growth and export of tobacco is also steadily progressing. Its consumption on the Island is enormous, the Cubans being probably the greatest smokers in the world. To a stranger, indeed, smoking seems to be the great business of life. The priest, the lawyer, the physician, the merchant, the planter and his dependants, the women as well as the men—the ladies of high rank alone excepted—children of ten years of age, slaves, free people of color, mechanics—all smoke, steadily and systematically; and ten or a dozen cigars a day is no uncommon number, even for a slave, in Havana. In 1849, 111,000,000 cigars were shipped from that port alone; and Mr. Madden calculates the daily consumption on the Island itself at 23,335 pounds' weight.

Education is very much neglected throughout the Island of Cuba, and hence the general dissoluteness of manners, and the degradation of religion. But of late years some efforts have been made to re-

medy this prevalent evil, and to diffuse the advantages of systematic education. In the country districts, however, the most profound ignorance still reigns; masters and servants are, in too many instances, alike ignorant of the first elements of knowledge. According to a statement drawn up by Senhor Domingo Delmonte, a Cuban lawyer of distinguished abilities, the number of children of both sexes in Cuba in 1827 was 119,519, and of that number there were 104,440 who suffered from a want of primary instruction as complete as that of the savages of Uruguay. The cost of primary instruction, according to the same authority, for the 8442 children who attended schools in the Island, was 507,694 dollars annually, apparently a most extravagant expenditure, when contrasted with the limited number of scholars. But the narrow extent of the means of education is by no means the only evil; the system of teaching is essentially a bad one, addressing itself to the memory instead of the intellect, the children being taught like parrots instead of like rational beings. Even in 1840 matters were not much improved; for, out of 90,000 free children, only 9000 attended any school, and of these but one third was educated at the public expense. The remedy proposed for these evils by the Senhor De La Luz, a patriotic Cuban lawyer, is the establishment of normal schools by the Government, under the supervision of a board of directors; the first step to be the institution of a normal school for teachers in each of the three districts of the Island. "If," he says, "in more cultivated nations it is found indispensable for the advancement of education, to found not only classes, but special schools for the instruction of masters in the art and practice of teaching, how much more so in our growing country, in order to reform from infancy the morals of a people peculiarly contaminated by the atmosphere of slavery, in which they are born, live, and die!"

The means of education in Havana are comparatively ample. It possesses numerous academies, a museum, a *Conservatoire de Musique*, several literary societies, and, above all, the two Colleges of San Fernando and Carraguao, containing thirty professorships of languages, philosophy, and the various arts and sciences. The latter of these institutions has formed and educated the majority of those Cubans who have distinguished themselves

in literature or science. Unfortunately, the Spanish Government has all along been the chief and most persevering opponent of the prosperity of these two Universities, which she viewed with a jealous eye, as detrimental to the interests of the colleges in the mother country, and inimical to the continuance of her political despotism. Accordingly, they are heavily taxed, and the price of a diploma is fixed by law at £100. But, in spite of this severe imposition, both of them still continue to exist and to prosper. When we behold this obstinate opposition on the part of Spain, in the middle of the nineteenth century, to the intellectual advancement of her finest colony, we cannot help recalling the memorable declaration of Charles IV., when he suppressed the University of Maracaybo, "that it was not the interest of the mother country that information should become general in America."

The literature of Cuba, or rather of Havana, far surpasses, in variety, extent, and ability, that of any of the West Indian colonies of France or England. There is a treasure of popular songs and ballad romances among the Guagiros, or countrymen of the Vuelta Abajo of Guanajay, an indolent and ignorant race, proud of cheap virtues and fond of cheap vices, and devoted to finery, love-making, cock-fighting, and amusements of all kinds. These ballads, many of which evince considerable poetic feeling, are generally in praise of their mistress's beauty, or in deprecation of her cruelty. They are termed *Decimas Cabanas*. It is, indeed, within the domain of poetry that the noblest efforts of the Cuban mind must be sought for; and there are three names which stand out conspicuous and apart, as the greatest poets of Cuba. These are Heredia, Milanes, and Placido. The first was born at Santiago da Cuba, and was the son of an accomplished gentleman whose patriotism compelled him to quit Cuba, and repair to Mexico, along with his family. On his father's death, Heredia returned to Cuba, and in 1823 was admitted to the Havana bar; but the freedom of his opinions soon aroused the suspicions of the Spanish Government, and he was, in consequence, forced to become an exile. He was invited to Mexico, where he was appointed Assistant Secretary of State, and afterwards became a Judge and member of the Senate. He died there in

1836. His first volume of poems appeared in New York, in 1825. Two of the happiest efforts of his muse are, "The Exile's Hymn," and "Niagara," the latter of which has been translated by Mr. Bryant. Milanés was born in a humbler rank of life, and belonged to the mercantile class. His disposition was sensitive and melancholy—characteristics which are strongly developed in the plaintive cast of his poetry. His gloomy temperament, aggravated by private distress, and a bitter consciousness of his inability to redress the deeply-felt wrongs of his country, preyed upon his mind, and finally overpowered his reason. His works have been printed at Havanna with great care and beauty. They are strongly tinged with the romanticism of the French school; their very titles, such as the "The Bastard," "The Beggar," "The Prison," "La Ramera," indicating the influence which it had over his mind. Milanés possessed considerable dramatic as well as lyrical skill; and his play of the "Count Alarcos," drawn from the ancient poetry of Castile, has been very successful. But by far the most revolutionary of the above triad of Cuban poets was Plácido, the *nom de plume* of Gabriel de la Concepción Valdes, a mulatto of Matanzas. He was a comb-maker by trade, and his education was of the rudest and most imperfect description; but his genius triumphed over all obstacles, and he soon became, what he still continues to be, the most popular of all the Cuban poets. In 1844 the Spanish Government received information of an intended rising of the colored population, and took immediate steps to prevent and punish it. This they effected by the help of military commissions and most atrocious cruelties; and among the victims was Plácido, who was arrested, tried, and condemned to be shot. He composed some of his finest verses in prison, in particular his "Prayer to God," which he chanted aloud as he marched to the place of execution. His poetry is characterized by manly energy of thought and diction. The Cuban muse has been very prolific in the department of the drama, and several writers have displayed considerable skill in painting manners, and in satirizing national peculiarities. Cardenas y Rodri-

guez and Cirillo Villaverde have described the characteristics of Cuban society with great vivacity and humor, and the former has founded an amusing comedy, called *Un Título*, upon the Spanish fondness for titles, which is carried to exaggeration in the colony.

The lawyers of Cuba have been the most distinguished ornaments of her prose literature, and many of them have been exiled on account of the freedom of their opinions. In the department of philosophy, De La Luz occupies an eminent position, as does Sagra in history; and in miscellaneous literature, Armas, Delmonte, and Saco. The last has published several pamphlets, advocating the abolition of the slave trade, and the substitution of free labor; and more lately, a most able essay upon the political situation of Cuba. This enlightened patriot was banished from Cuba by General Tacón, who, during two years of his administration, deported 190 persons to Spain, and condemned 720 to perpetual exile from Cuba.

A recent French writer states that in 1847 there were six daily papers published in Havanna, one of which, the *Faro Industrial*, was the largest printed in the dominions of Her Most Catholic Majesty; that there was also an able monthly review, political, industrial, and literary; that there was scarcely a small town in the interior that did not possess its own newspaper, and that the editors of these newspapers were rarely interfered with by the Spanish Government, unless when they made a direct attack upon it. On the other hand, Mr. Murray says that the Cuban press is the slavish tool of the Government; and the most recent American authority states that the press in Havanna is gagged, that the periodicals are trashy in the extreme, that the newspapers are entirely in the hands of the Government, and that the mind of Cuba is at present totally unrepresented. No allowance is made for prose writers; poets alone may occasionally venture to tamper with their rulers. We fear that there is but too much truth in the less flattering of these statements; partial commercial freedom does, indeed, exist in Cuba, but civil and political liberty is almost entirely unknown.

From Titan.

## THE LADY NURSES AT SMYRNA.

On the 3d of March, 1855, I was fairly *en route*, one of a party of lady volunteers for the British Hospital at Smyrna; not indeed that part of the East I had longed and hoped to see ever since I can remember—namely, Palestine; but “though not the rose, was somewhat near it,” and was full of interest of its own; besides, I carried with me a great amount of enthusiasm for the work I was to be engaged in.

The British Consul came to see us at Marseilles, and dined with us. It was thought advisable, by the lady superintendent, that we should appear in caps; and as most of us had locked up our store of six orthodox government ones, and possessed no others, we sallied forth to a milliner's to get some; and then commenced the momentous process of trying on, and ejaculations of “This does not suit me at all!” “I look hideous in this!” and so forth, were heard on all sides. I finally became possessor of an elaborate piece of French millinery, in which I looked like “an owl in an ivy bush.” Perhaps it may be thought, that all this solicitude about our caps was unsuitable in persons going out as what is called “Sisters of Mercy;” but I must once for all say, that, as far as I was concerned, I neither professed to be a Sister of Charity, a Sister of Mercy, nor anything of the kind. I was, as I told the *poissarde* of Boulogne, a British woman, who had little to do at home, and wished to help our poor soldiers if I could abroad. The reason given to me for the peculiarity and uniformity of our dress was, that the soldiers might know and respect their nurses; it seemed a sensible reason, and one which I could not object to, even disliking, as I did, all peculiarity of attire that seemed to advertise the wearers only as serving God, or, at least, serving him preeminently, and thus conveying a tacit

reproach to the rest of the world, for the obligation lies on all the same. I did not feel then, nor do I now, that we were doing anything better or more praiseworthy than is done in a quiet, unostentatious way at home every day; on the contrary, to many temperaments, my own among the number, it is far less difficult to engage in a new and exciting work, like the one we were then entering on, than to pursue the uneventful monotony of daily doing good at home.

There were from eight hundred to a thousand sick and wounded in the hospital when we arrived at Smyrna, and death was very busy amongst them. The division which fell to my lot had from sixty to eighty patients; and I must say I felt a little strange just at first, on finding myself the only female, save my nurse, among so many sick soldiers. But how soon self is forgotten, when you are in the midst of sickness and suffering, and know that people are depending on you for relief! The fear, horror, and disgust which would probably affect an inactive spectator, have not the smallest place in your mind, and you have but one feeling left—pity, and a desire to alleviate pain.

Shortly after we commenced our duties, one of the ladies was seized with fever. She felt so ill, she was obliged to leave the chapel, and continued so for several days, till towards the end of the week, when she became worse, and the following Friday her life was despaired of. I cannot sufficiently do justice to the unwearied care and kindness of Miss P——, who occupied the same room with her, and who attended on and nursed her night and day, and that without any assistance; for there was but one female servant in the house, who remained only for some hours each day, and there were so many of the nurses already laid up, that it was thought inadvisable to take one of them from the hospital. We all, of course, volunteered our services; but up to Friday, when over-fatigue compelled Miss P—— to give in, and Miss

\* *Ismeer, or Smyrna and its British Hospital in 1856.* By a Lady. Small 8vo, 350 pp. London: James Madden.



K—— and I took the nightwork, she did everything herself.

It was a terrible night. I had never before sat face to face alone with death, and any moment I felt might be Miss A——'s last. She, however, lived, but for several days in the same critical state, having one or two convulsive fits, which we thought must have carried her off.

One very painful feature in this fever is a habit the patients have (particularly if women) of making a noise, when under delirium, something between screaming, singing, and yelling—beginning rather low, and getting louder and louder, till at last it becomes a perfect shout. This continues some time, and is most distressing to listen to; in this case it was indeed very bad. At last the critical night arrived, and never shall I forget it. The fever was that called "the twenty-one-day fever," and the doctors gave us hope that if she survived this night she might recover, and that we must above all be careful not to disturb the least tendency to sleep we might observe, and not to rouse her for the purpose of giving nourishment, as we had hitherto done. Miss P—— and I, after having moved our patient, and made her as comfortable as we could, sat silent and still, about the middle of the night, fancying we saw an inclination to sleep. The appearance continuing for some time, by common consent we rose, and leaving the room-door open, went down a few steps which led out of the sick-room to a small passage over the stable: here we heard the slightest movement in the room, and had a breath of fresh air: while we fancied, if Miss A—— was really asleep, she would be better without us. We did not speak for a few minutes; but at last, almost in a whisper, one said, "Do you think she will live?" Before the other could answer, a sound, the most melancholy and unearthly that can be conceived, came from—we could not tell where; it seemed close beside us, and yet at a distance also. We sprang up, and listened with beating hearts for a repetition of the sound; but all was silent. We went up the steps to look at the occupant of the bed, but she seemed tranquilly asleep, so we returned, and sat down in silence; each, no doubt, being full of her own superstitious thoughts and forebodings. These, however, were wearing away, and again some remark was made, which immediately called forth that dismal, melan-

choly sound; but this time it was repeated twice; and I could hardly help shouting with nervous laughter, for I remembered a great horned owl, a pet of one of the servants, which had been rather indisposed that day, and I had myself seen it shut into its night-quarters, the stable, which was immediately under us. So our ghost story ended like most other ghost stories, and the next day Miss A—— was better, and on the twentieth was pronounced out of danger. I regret, however, to add, that Miss P—— suffered severely, and still suffers, from her great and unrelenting exertions.

It was a very fortunate thing that the room occupied by Miss A—— was one on the upper flat of the house, and in a part completely away from the pestilential atmosphere which affected the lower rooms and other parts of it. At this time the nurses were suffering much from typhus fever; six of them were laid up: Mrs. Hely, Mrs. Church, Mrs. Paxton, Mrs. Barker, Mrs. Edwards, and Drusilla Smyth. The latter had been taken ill some time before Miss A——, and continued long wavering between life and death, her youth and good constitution doing strong battle for the mastery. The loud screaming I have mentioned as accompanying this fever was very painful in her case; indeed, it was a sad one altogether. She had not at all spared herself, poor thing! but was ever willing and anxious to take night or any other work even out of her turn, and eager to oblige in every way, and at this time, several of the nurses ailing, she volunteered to take their night duty often, and no doubt over-fatigued herself. Her symptoms were sometimes so favorable that good hopes were entertained of her recovery, then a relapse, and this went on for some days, till, notwithstanding the care of Dr. Barclay, who attended on the nurses, and the unwearied and unrelenting attention of the Misses Le M——, she sunk, and on the nineteenth of April died, and was buried that evening at six o'clock, in the Protestant burial-ground of the town. None of us, I am sure, will easily forget that funeral. We all assembled in the hospital-yard at five o'clock, and were marshalled into a procession of two and two: first went a double file of soldiers; the chaplains; then the orderlies carrying the coffin, which had a black velvet pall with a white border thrown over it; then the nurses, some

as pall-bearers, in their black cloaks and hoods; after them the lady volunteers; and lastly, the doctors, surgeons, commissariat and other officers, followed by Dr. Meyer and General Storks. It was a sad and striking scene, to witness this train slowly winding through the long narrow streets of Smyrna; while groups of Franks, Greeks, Armenians, Turks, and Jews, stood looking on, but all in silence and with apparent respect, some (not the Turks, of course) even taking off their hats as we passed. A year ago such a scene would not have been permitted to proceed unmolested.

The Protestant burial-ground is a dismal-looking, neglected spot. It was chosen from an idea that Drusilla's friends at home might prefer it to the open hill where the soldiers lay; but, if there had been time for consideration and inspection, it would have been otherwise arranged; for the appearance of the place struck a chill to our hearts—it looked so “dank and dreary,” with the grass more than a foot high, and the weeds towering above it; and either from its being close to the bay, and the porous nature of the soil, or from some other cause not ascertained by me, the grave, which had been dug in the forenoon, was almost filled with water; and on the words, “Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God,” we heard the coffin splash, with a dismal sound, into the more than half-full grave. There was a general regret, afterwards, that this burial-ground had been chosen, though it was with the best intention that the error had been committed; but poor Drusilla will not sleep the less soundly! And we all agreed, on leaving her grave, that whoever of us was next called to die, should be buried on the hill, in the spot allotted to the poor soldiers, open and unprotected as it was. Death seemed very near to us then; we had already lost two orderlies, and many of the nurses were lying at the gates of death. Miss A—— had made an almost miraculous escape, and was not yet out of danger from relapse. The first gap had been made in our immediate party; and who could tell whether she might not be the next?

The evening was closing fast as we returned, some in caïques, and others walking, solemnly and sadly; for besides the feeling naturally attending such a scene, we all regretted poor Drusilla, who, although she had not been long among us,

was so obliging and anxious to be of use. She was a good-looking young woman, and immediately on her arrival had become the object of attraction to one of the purveyor's clerks, whose attentions she, however, most steadily declined. He still persisted in showing the most extraordinary attachment to her; and during her illness was in such a state of excitement and distress, as to be utterly incapacitated to attend to his duties properly. He used to sit on the stairs leading to her room, in the hopes of seeing some one who could tell him how she was, and went perpetually to the passage outside her room, entreating of the Misses Le M——, who generally sat up with her, to let him in to see her: this they refused till the night of her death, when she was quite insensible and past all hope of recovery; so that his visit could do her no harm. He stayed a few minutes, and looked his last on her; for in the morning, at seven o'clock, she died. I never shall forget his face when he came to my store-room, in accordance with his duty, to correct some inaccuracy in the diet-roll. He seemed utterly bewildered with sorrow; and Miss S——, who had also occasion to speak to him, said she never saw grief so strongly marked in a human face. He insisted on following her remains to the grave, as chief mourner, and wearied himself carrying the coffin. No one interfered with him; for all seemed to think he had acquired the right, by his unmistakable affection, to perform these sad offices; and the lady superintendent, moved by his sorrow, allowed him to retain a ring of some small value, which she had been accustomed to wear.

Fever, which appeared in almost every ward, was indeed most deadly and severe. D——, a soldier of the 34th, who had been acting as orderly (and who, I heard, had been a most hard-working and attentive one), suddenly sickened, and his case very rapidly assumed the worst form. He had been seized in the orderlies' room, and for a day remained there; but was afterwards removed to one of my wards, on the basement-floor. I never saw any one so suddenly and utterly prostrated; it seemed almost hopeless to attempt to do anything for him; and so, I suspect, the surgeon thought; for, giving general instructions, he left me to do pretty much as I pleased. I remember so well what an intense desire possessed me to prolong

that man's life. He was in the stage of fever in which it is necessary to give constant stimulants and nourishment if possible; but that, in general, they will not take, except perhaps a mouthful at a time of beef-tea; indeed, they are very unwilling to take anything, and dislike being roused from their lethargic state; but it must be done, or they would slumber on into that lethargy from which in this world there is no awaking; so every five or ten minutes I used to pour restoratives, a very small quantity at a time, down poor D——'s throat, who swallowed it with many a groan—being able just to swallow, and no more. This went on all day; and at night Mr. Coote kindly walked with me to the hospital, to see how he was, and to recommend him to the special care of the nurse and orderly who were to sit up with him. Three or four doctors were standing round his bed; all said there was not a vestige of hope; and I went away with a heavy heart, charging both nurse and orderly to give him perpetual stimulants—which they must have done, for by the morning he had nearly finished a bottle of brandy.

Next day, at an early hour, I stood at the door of the ward. How my heart beat! I had seen no one who could tell me whether he was alive or dead. At last I summoned courage, and went in, when I saw two orderlies standing by the bed, and D—— stretched on it—but whether alive or dead, I could not tell, though he looked more like the latter. There I stood at the door, literally unable to move, until the orderly who had been up all night turned round and saw me: a smile broke over his face, as he exclaimed: "All right, ma'am! Jem's alive!" I am very sorry I have forgotten this orderly's name: he was an Irishman and a soldier—one whose gentleness and attention equalled, indeed almost surpassed, any woman's I ever saw. He soon after left for the Crimea. Yes, "Jem" was alive; but that was all; and that day was a repetition of the last, the doctors still thinking there was not a ray of hope, and telling me to come away, and not inhale his pestilent breath. I did go away, obediently, but came back again.

Well, contrary to the expectations of all, poor D—— struggled through. I never saw a more complete resurrection; but for a long time he was in a most precarious state, and we were in constant fear

of a relapse, which generally proves fatal. In a bed near D—— was a tall, red-haired serjeant, M——, who had suffered severely from rheumatism and bad sores. I saw that the nurse attended to him carefully; and during D——'s illness I spoke very little to him, but observed him eyeing my proceedings with what I thought was a surly look. He was unable to feed himself; and being told by the doctor that I might prepare the eggs he was ordered, in any palatable way I chose, I made him a nice custard. He let me feed him in silence, and I was going away confirmed in my impression of his sullenness, when a most fervent exclamation in the richest Irish brogue, of "God bless you! ye're a fine woman!" arrested my attention; and on turning round, I saw him looking after me with tears in his eyes. I found, afterwards, it was not sullenness, but astonishment at seeing the trouble I took with D——, which made him look at me in the way he did.

#### THE GRAVE OF POLYCARP.

I now took my first walk to the grave of Polycarp and the Genoese fort, accompanied by a friend, who had touched at Smyrna *en route* from Palestine to England. It was a splendid morning as we wended up the steep hill on which "Ismeer" is built, and leaving the last houses of the town behind us, reached in about a quarter of an hour, what by tradition has received the name of Polycarp's Tomb. If it is the tomb of Polycarp, it is also the tomb of some Mahometan saint, who, notwithstanding the proximity of the Christian martyr, seems to sleep undisturbed in the small enclosure, at one end of which stands the usual Turkish headstone—a block of white marble surmounted by a turban; at the other, the fine old solitary cypress, which is seen from far and near. It is, I believe, admitted that Polycarp suffered martyrdom near this spot, though there are many local traditions regarding the manner of his death, widely differing from the well-known ancient and semi-historic record. That most generally believed is, that he was torn to pieces by wild beasts; and quite near to this are the evident remains of the amphitheatre, and the vaulted dens in which it is supposed the savage animals were kept. It certainly is not unlikely that about this very spot the martyred body of the saint was buried—

at all events, it is venerated as his grave by Greeks, Roman Catholics, Armenians, and Protestants, and many a twig is torn away from the good old cypress as a memento of the "Tomb of Polycarp." Strange that it should also be a spot considered sacred by the Turks! A light is kept burning there all night, its faint glimmer marking the martyr's resting-place to those in the vessels resting in the Bay of Smyrna. This cypress, too, is the sacrificial tree; its roots have been watered by the blood of many a victim; and when I was last there, in the middle of November, it had evidently been used the night before, as its trunk was all sprinkled with blood. My friend and I had a Jewish servant with us, but to him the spot had no tale to tell; he plucked me a sprig of cypress, and gave it to me with an apathetic air of pity and contempt.

#### SOLDIERS' LOVE OF TOBACCO.

At first, with a very few exceptions, smoking was forbidden in the wards and corridors. This was felt to be a dreadful privation by those who could not get out of bed, or who were not allowed to go down-stairs to the basement corridor or

yard. A lady told me a story of a man, M—, in her division, which shows how much some of them will venture for a smoke. He had just had one of his toes taken off under the influence of chloroform. It bled profusely; and the surgeon, after binding it up, went away, giving her strict injunctions not to allow him to move, and ordered him some medicine, which he would send presently. She was called away to another patient for a few minutes, and went, leaving M— with strict orders not to put his foot down. On her return to his bedside, to her astonishment, he was gone; and after some searching she discovered him, by the traces of blood on the stairs and corridor, sitting down in the yard, smoking his pipe with the greatest *sang froid*. She spoke to him seriously about disobeying orders and doing himself an injury; but he was perfectly callous on the subject of his toe. She succeeded, however, in working on his feelings at having disfigured the corridor with blood; and he came back, saying: "Indeed, ma'am, I could not help going to have a pipe, for that was the nastiest stuff I ever got drunk on in my life"—alluding to the taste of the chloroform.

HEINRICH HEINE'S OPINION OF LONDON.—I have seen the greatest wonder which the world can show to the astonished spirit: I have seen it, and am still astonished—and still there remains fixed in my memory the stone forest of houses, and amid them the rushing stream of faces of living men, with all their motley passions, all their terrible impulses of love, hunger and hatred—I mean London. Send a philosopher to London, but for your life, no poet! Send a philosopher there, and stand him at the corner of Cheapside, where he will learn more than from all the books of the last Leipzig Fair; and as the billows of human life roar around him, so will a sea of new thoughts rise before him, and the Eternal Spirit which moves upon the face of the waters will breathe upon him; the most hidden secrets of

social harmony will be suddenly revealed to him; he will hear the pulse of the world beat audibly, and see it visibly—for, if London is the right hand of the world—its active, mighty right hand—then we may regard the route which leads from the Exchange to Downing-street as the world's pyloric artery. But never send a poet to London! This downright earnestness of all things, the colossal uniformity, this machine-like movement, this troubled spirit in pleasure itself, this exaggerated London, smothers the imagination and rends the heart. And should you ever send a German poet thither—a dreamer, who stares at everything, even a ragged beggar woman, or the shining wares of a goldsmith's shop—why, then, at least, he will find things going right badly with him.



From Bentley's Miscellany.

## LETTER-WRITING AND LETTER-WRITERS.

TATIAN and Clemens Alexandrinus ascribe the invention of letter-writing to a lady, a royal lady, the Persian Empress Atossa. Bentley lays stress upon this circumstance, in his examination of the Letters of Phalaris, the assumed right of Atossa being his final argument against the genuineness of the Sicilian epistles; for Phalaris lived an age or so before Atossa.

It has been said with truth that the history of letter-writing might be taken as one mode of illustrating the history of mankind, and that a surer test of the progress of civilization could hardly be selected than the greater or less development of this useful art—for art it is. "The desire to communicate with distant friends must have arisen with the first separation of families; and occasional attempts to effect some correspondence must have been made before the invention either of alphabets or of regular roads." As for the times of Phalaris or Atossa, every person, as De Quincey observes, (in his review of Bentley and the Phalaris feud,) who considers the general characteristics of those times, must be satisfied that, if the epistolary form of composition then existed at all, it was merely as a rare agent in sudden and difficult emergencies—"rarer perhaps by a great deal, than the use [this was written in 1830—*tempora mutantur* /] of telegraphic dispatches at present." As a species of literary composition, he maintains, it could not possibly arise until its use in matters of business had familiarized it to all the world: letters of grace and sentiment would be a remote afterthought upon letters of necessity and practical negotiation.

The frequency with which kinsfolk and friends could correspond, and the length at which they might correspond, would depend, as a reviewer of Roberts' History of Letter-Writing shows, upon a twofold condition: first, the possession of a facile and manageable alphabet; and secondly, of some tolerable roads, with habitations at accessible distances along them. In the

former of these necessities is implied, we are reminded, the discovery of a light and pliant material for receiving the character, for the rounded or cursive form of letters is closely dependent on the possession of a substance that yields to a rapid motion of the hand. The discovery of paper (whatever may have been the matter of which it was composed) was a great epoch in the history of letter-writing, and was a marvellous "easement" to the "absent lover" and the anxious friend.

"As long, however, as the means of transit continued uncertain and irregular, there was no temptation to writing for trivial purposes; and letters forwarded by special courier would inevitably be confined to important communications. The establishment of regular posts must have early followed that of extended empires, when military necessities could not fail to turn attention to the means of constant communication with outlying provinces and distant armies." This, it is allowed, may even have existed prior to the invention of alphabets; for not only might verbal communications be thus kept up, but many conventional symbols, less precise than letters, but still sufficiently indicative, might be sent along an established line.

As examples, we are referred to that earliest specimen of "Illustrated News"—the drawings which the Peruvian Government received, of the Spaniards, their ships, and arms, immediately on the arrival of those invaders at the coast. The *quipu* was another symbolical instrument; it is described by Prescott as a cord about two feet long, composed of different colored threads tightly twisted together, from which a quantity of smaller threads were suspended in the manner of a fringe: the threads were vari-colored and knotted: the colors denoted sensible objects. Thus white represented silver, and yellow was the symbol of gold. But abstract ideas as well as sensible objects were thus represented—white also signifying peace, and red being the appropriate symbol of war.

The *quipus*, however, were chiefly used, says Mr. Prescott, "for arithmetical purposes. The knots served instead of ciphers, and could be combined in such a manner as to represent numbers to any amount they required. By means of these they went through their calculations with great rapidity, and the Spaniards who visited the country bear testimony to their accuracy." Under the title of *quipucamayus*, or Keepers of the Quipus, officers were distributed through the kingdom, whose duty it was to keep the government well supplied with secret notes, and official intelligence, ordinary and extraordinary. Then again the poppy-heads of Tarquin have been mentioned, as yet ruder but not less significant expressions of a sentiment. Particular signs, previously agreed on, would supply much "military intelligence, without risk of its being intelligible if betrayed by the fortune of war, or the messenger, to the enemy. In early Greece, such a sign was the astragalus, which was broken in twain, and divided by host and guest at parting, as a token between them for the renewal of reciprocal hospitality personally (and probably by their recommendees)." It is suggested, too, as a further probability, that even after the use of alphabets, a symbology, answering the purpose of a cipher, was in request for military correspondence; though such resources, after all, are excessively limited in their applicability, so that the invention of alphabetic writing must have preceded anything approaching to an extensive interchange of ideas.

A living essayist is magniloquent, and dulciloquent, about the beauty of the first idea of extracting the private passages of one's life; recording, rolling up, sealing down into compact unity, as he expresses it, and sending off by trusty transmission, little fragments of one's soul; of circulating the tiner griefs and fainter joys and more evanescent emotions, as well as the larger accidents and deeper passions of existence; of adding wings to conversation, and, by the soft, soundless touch of a paper-wand, and the wave of a rod of feather, annihilating time and space, truly a "delicate thought, and softly bodied forth;" of the motley freightage which this little ark, once launched, has been compelled to bear; now called on to transmit a weight of

written tears, and now of eager and expansive joys; now to

'Waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole,'

and now to echo a compliment, or circulate a sneer; now to convey the gall of malice, and now to reflect the

'Bloom of young desire and purple light of love;'

now to popularize the cogitations of the philosopher, and now to creak and tremble under the awful burdens of the inspired apostle.

The sentimental is, chronologically, a sequence upon the state letter. The bill of sale comes before the billet-doux. The art of letter-writing, indeed, like all other arts, must have been the result, says the retrospective reviewer previously quoted, of use and practice. "An interchange of state letters must have had its conventional style; and the epistolary treatises of literary correspondents could not but have all the stiffness and formality of professional writing. It was not till trifles came to be discussed, that the easy, graceful, unornamented, but beautiful simplicity of true letter-writing could have found an existence." Cicero is, in fact, held by this critic to have been the first Roman who habitually corresponded in any frequency with his friends, and the first to have reduced the practice to form and elegance. "In the stiff and awkward letters of our own ancestors, with their long-winded directions, and more long-winded compliments, we have a vivid picture of the difficulty with which the practice of letter-writing is accomplished by the unfrequent correspondent. There is not, perhaps, a more curious phenomenon in literature, than the graceful facility of Madame de Sévigné, whose contemporaries, whether nobles or pedants, were such pompous letter-writers."

The Pseudo-Phalaris correspondence has never recovered Bentley's swashing blow, though historians of letter-writing still begin their *résumés* of the art with that artful forgery. That series of letters commands the interest due to fabrications, and no more. Curious enough was the character of the feud which raged on the subjeet a century and a half ago, when Sir William Temple, an aged statesman, and, as De Quincey describes him, prac

tised in public business, intimate with courts, a man of great political sagacity, a high-bred gentleman, and of brilliant accomplishments, singled out these letters not merely as excellent in their kind, but as one argument amongst others for the unapproachable supremacy in all intellectual pretensions of the ancients; while, on the other hand, Bentley, a young scholastic clergyman of recluse habits, comparatively low in rank, and of humble breeding, pronounced the letters to be utterly despicable, and unworthy of a prince. "On such a question, and between such judges, who would hesitate to abide by the award of the sage old diplomatist? Yet a single explanation discredits his judgment; he was angry and prejudiced." And the actual result, it is added, is—that every reader of sense heartily accedes to Bentley's sentence: "You feel, by the emptiness and deadness of them, that you converse with some dreaming pedant with his elbow on his desk; not with an active, ambitious tyrant, with his hand on his sword, commanding a million of subjects."

The Pythagorean correspondence belongs to the same category. Epistolary fabrications of this kind are naturally enough accounted for. When once the practice of letter-writing became common, as the intelligent reviewer already cited has remarked, the fitness of the epistolary form for the purposes of fiction could not fail to strike; and either as the basis of a narrative, or as a mere exercise in the art, the composition of letters supposed to have passed to and fro between historical personages, became a recognized branch of the lighter literature. "The more remote the antiquity of the supposed correspondents, the greater scope was left for the exercise of imagination, both as to facts and sentiments: such would, therefore, be preferably selected." In a history of the pious frauds of Christendom and Christian champions, some prominent chapters would be occupied with this division of the subject.

Hayley echoes the often-expressed regret, that in the rich mass of ancient Grecian literature we find no collections of familiar letters to be compared with those of Cicero and Pliny. Indeed, there are hardly any, as he says, written by men of eminence, and entitled to the name of familiar letters, "if we except a few of Æschines, the orator, who seems,

in his epistolary talent, to have been the Bolingbroke of Athens." The letters of Demosthenes were extant in the time of Cicero, but as Mr. Wilson Croker observes, the half-dozen which have come down to us under his name—if indeed they be not altogether spurious—excite no great regret for the loss of the rest. "A mind so laboriously trained to the severest style of eloquence, would probably have little taste for, and still less command of, those light, but not facile graces which constitute the chief merit of a familiar correspondence; and if we had it in our power to evoke a volume of real 'Athenian Letters' from the tomb, we should (at least for amusement) have no great hesitation in wishing for those of Demades rather than of Demosthenes himself." Scholars are interested in Plato's celebrated letter to the younger Dionysius, and that of Isocrates to Alexander of Macedon, before he came to the throne—which latter has been called by an amiable old Minerva Press-man, "a brief, benevolent, and graceful compliment, from an illustrious veteran of literature, to a highly promising youth." The letter of Alexander's sire to Aristotle, on the future education of that "highly promising youth," has been similarly characterized as "a model of princely politeness." The later Grecian sophists enjoy the reputation of a *grand talent* for letter-writing. The one called Philostratus criticises the craft in an epistle of his own, wherein are passed in review the philosophers Apollonius and Dion; the general Brutus; the emperor Marcus Aurelius; the orator Herodes Atticus. Of all the later pagan letter-writers in Greek, whose works are extant, Hayley singles out Libanius as one of the most voluminous if not most excellent. Gibbon—whose name is almost suggested by that word "voluminous," so closely do some of Sheridan's jokes stick, and so long survive the joke-maker—speaks too contemptuously, perhaps, Mr. Hayley submits, of the extensive correspondence of Libanius—near two thousand letters! "In some of them, the high-spirited friend and correspondent of Julian is far from deserving the title of a 'dreaming pedant.'" Julian himself is commended for a *distingué* manifestation of "epistolary talent."

Cicero is the *magnus Apollo* of the art among the ancients. Dr. Blair glori-

fies Tully's epistles as the most valuable collection of letters extant in any language—as letters of real business, written to the great men of the age, composed with purity and elegance, but without the least affectation; and, avers the *gracieux* Doctor, “what adds greatly to their merit, written without any intention of being published to the world.” This conclusion the Reverend Hugh draws from Cicero's never having kept copies of his own letters, so that we are wholly indebted to the care of his freed-man Tyro for the large collection that was made after, as Shakspeare's *Suffolk* says,

“A Roman sworder and banditto slave  
Murdered sweet Tully.”

But Cowper's biographer is probably right in “apprehending,” that although all the letters of Cicero were certainly not intended for the eyes of the public, most of them were so. “The great orator had so fervent a passion for fame, that he was eager to spread every sail by which a breath of glory could be caught.” The great charm of Cicero's letters has been said to consist in their unaffected ease and simplicity, joined with consummate knowledge, sense, and taste: whether writing to Atticus about the purchase of books and statues, acquainting him merely with the state of his own health and that of his family, bantering him on the discrepancy between his philosophical principles and his natural affections, communicating the most important political events and debates, or reasoning on their causes and grounds, he never for a moment stops to consider about the choice of expressions. “He sets down the pun or the jest just as it occurs; if the Greek expression be more forcible, more playful, or more abounding in agreeable associations, he employs it without hesitation; he uses, in short, the very phrases, the very turns, the very metaphors and similes which were adapted to a polished, graceful, and elegant conversation.” So writes a critic in a long-lived but now dead-and-gone Review; adding, that this epistolary style was much more common in the time of Cicero than at the present day: purity and gracefulness in the use of the Latin language being, amongst the Romans, accounted an affair of the last importance, and forming a part of the education of every person of ingenuous birth, insomuch that the letters of

Cicero's correspondents, though inferior to his own in wit and deep knowledge, vie with them in elegance and correctness.

Pliny, like Cicero, by no means wrote with a single eye to the single eye of his individual correspondent, whoever that favored person might be; but for the argus-eyed public and posterity at large. “I have observed,” Swift writes to Pope, “that not only Voiture, but likewise Tully and Pliny, writ their letters for the public view more than for the sake of their correspondents; and I am glad of it, on account of the entertainment they have given me.” The Dean expresses at the same time his belief that his own letters had escaped being published, because he “writ nothing but nature, and friendship, and particular incidents, which could make no figure in writing.” Bolingbroke too, also writing to Pope, mentions Pliny and Seneca, Balzac and Voiture, as writing for the public—while disavowing, for his own part, any desire of epistolary fame, though a good deal pleased to think of its being known to posterity that he and Pope lived in the most friendly intimacy together. The elegant Blair says of Pliny's epistles, that “according to the vulgar phrase”—Blair was so particular not to use vulgar phrases, or if he *did* use them, (as now), to give the world assurance that he knew them for such—“they smell too much of the lamp. They are too elegant and fine; and it is not easy to avoid thinking that the author is casting an eye towards the public, when he is appearing to write only for his friends.” Pliny lets out (Shade of Blair, forgive us, for *that* “vulgar phrase”!) his epistolary *animus*, and the scope of his epistolary exercises, when he says: “Habeant nostræ quoque literæ aliquid non humile, nec sordidum, nec privatis rebus inclusum.” He is not the man to show himself to his correspondent in an undress, or otherwise than as the great world might gaze upon him, and welcome. He has no mind to warn his correspondents, and they love him, to burn his letters. One distinguished example of that sort we have, however, among the ancients, in the letter of Plato to Dionysius II.—the philosopher straitly enjoining the tyrant, and for pretty good reasons, perhaps, to destroy that famous epistle, after reading it more than once or twice, and laying it to heart as its importance deserved.



Feelings on the probable or possible publication of one's letters differ, among those whose very position involves a possibility or probability of the kind. It is hard to read some of the published letters of modern celebrities, and not believe them designed for publicity, or at any rate not strictly forbidden it. But there are writers to whom the idea of publication is fatal to whatever gives value to private correspondence. Miss Martineau tells us, in her "Life in the Sick Room," that she has adopted legal precautions against the publication of her private letters. "I have made it a condition of my confidential correspondence," she adds, "that my letters shall not be preserved: and I have been indulged by my friends, generally, with an acquiescence in my request, that my entire correspondence, except such as relates to business, shall be destroyed. Of course I do as I would be done by. The privacy I claim for myself, I carefully guard for others. I keep no letters of a private and passing nature. I know that others are thinking and acting with me. We enjoy, by this provision, a freedom and fulness of epistolary correspondence which could not possibly exist if the press loomed in the distance, or executors' eyes were known to be in wait hereafter. Our correspondence has all the flow and lightness of the most secret talk. This is a present reward, and a rich one, for the effort and labor of making our views and intentions understood. But it is not our only reward. We perceive that we have fixed attention upon what is becoming an important point of morals; and we feel, in our inmost hearts, that we have done what we could to guard from encroachment an important right, and from destruction a precious privilege." This may appear, the lady adds, a strange statement to persons whose privacy is safe in their obscurity: those, however, who know in their own experience the liabilities of fame, will, she thinks, and with reason, understand and deeply feel what she has here said.

There is a sonnet to the same effect by the author of "Proverbial Philosophy:"

"Tear, scatter, burn, destroy, but keep them not:  
I hate, I dread those living witnesses  
Of varying self, of good or ill forgot,  
Of altered hopes, and withered kindnesses.  
Oh! call not up those shadows of the dead,  
Those visions of the past, that idly blot

The present with regret for blessings fled:  
This hand that wrote, this ever teeming head,  
This flickering heart is full of chance and change;  
I would not have you watch my weaknesses,  
Nor how my foolish likings roam and range,  
Nor how the mushroom friendships of a day  
Hastened in hotbed ripeness to decay,  
Nor how to mine own self I grow so strange."

On the other hand is the case of such as Jean Paul. To Jean Paul the mere thought of destruction was so painful, especially of the work of man's mind, that he never could bear to burn a letter, but treasured up every one he received, even the most insignificant. He used to say, "The name should be erased, but the soul that speaks its innermost sentiments in letters, should live."

A genuine man may naturally enough be a little anxious not to live too long in his genuine letters. For a genuine letter is about the best revealer of character the world can produce. "*Avez-vous intérêt à cacher votre âme,*" says Philarète Chasles, "*à conserver dans le monde et dans l'avenir le masque et le fard qui ont capté l'admiration vulgaire: gardez-vous de laisser après vous un recueil de lettres.*" For he goes on to caution us, or rather all whom it may concern—were your letters sententious and dazzling as Seneca's, academical and apologetical as Tully's, chatty and *étourdiées* as Madame de Sévigné's, or epigrammatic as Lord Byron's, *elles trahiront toujours celui qui les a écrites*. "La forme épistolaire est, comme la conversation, pleine de révélations in volontaires et d'indiscrétions inévitables; il y a là des gestes, des signes, des affectations visibles, des circonlocutions dont on devine les buts."

Even more so than in conversation. "Blessed be letters!" exclaims Ik. Marvel, in his *Reveries of a Bachelor*—"they are the monitors, they are also the comforters, and they are the only true heart-talkers!"—then adding, that our speech is conventional, our truest thought modified half through its utterance by a look, a sign, a smile, a sneer—so that it is not individual, not integral, but social and mixed, half of one's self, half of others. "But it is not so of letters: there you are only with the soulless pen, and the snow-white, virgin paper. Your soul is measuring itself by itself, and saying its own sayings; there are no sneers to modify its utterance—no scowl to scare—nothing is present, but you and your

thought. Utter it, then, freely." "Oh! the glory, the freedom, the passion of a letter! It is worth all the lip-talk in the world." Here our transatlantic rhapsodist is perhaps getting a little transcendental in his rhapsody, unless he mean such lip-talk as is lip-deep only, as we suppose he does: otherwise we so far differ from him as to agree with Charles Lamb, when *he* writes, to his right well-beloved and trusty Manning: "And now, when shall I catch a glimpse of your honest face-to-face countenance again? Your fine dogmatical sceptical face by punch-light? Oh! one glimpse of the human face, and shake of the human hand, is better than whole realms of this cold, thin correspondence; yea, of more worth than all the letters that have sweated the fingers of sensibility, from Madame de Sévigné and Balzac to Sterne and Shenstone." If anything could make us think the contrary, verily 'twere whole realms of Charles's own particular.

Mr. Mitchell continues: "Do you say it [the letter] is studied, made up, acted, rehearsed, contrived, artistic? Let me see it, then; let me run it over; tell me age, sex, circumstance; and I will tell you if it be studied or real—if it be the merest lip-slang put into words, or heart-talk blazing on the paper." And in sooth, there needs no seer or wizard soul to tell us that. Letters do in this respect speak for themselves—self-assertingly or suicidally, as the case may be.

M. Sainte Beuve begins his *étude* of that most *gaillard* of *médecins*, Gui Patin, with discussing, or rather dismissing as fallacious, the characterization of him by Ménage—thence passing on, forthwith, to say, "Demandons plutôt à Gui Patin de se peindre à nous lui-même. *Il l'a fait sans y viser*, dans ses Lettres." *Sans y viser*: there lies the beauty of the thing.

So again, M. Villemain, in criticising the epistolary form adopted in the fictions of Richardson and others, asserts, that next to "Confessions," which are *si rares*, nothing so well portrays the man as his letters. In actual life, letters, fib and roundly lie as they sometimes may and do, are, take them all in all, the most authentic memorials to be obtained concerning celebrated men. "Quand vous lisez les *Lettres de Jean Sobieski*," shrewdly observes M. Villemain, "vous le voyez conquérant tracassé par une femme hautaine; vous le voyez de la tente du grand

vizir, du milieu des trésors qu'il a conquis, écrivant à cette épouse dont il ménage l'orgueil, dont il flatte la coquetterie, et lui promettant les riches dépouilles du harem du vizir; vous le surprenez recommandant de faire mettre un bon article sur sa victoire dans la *Gazette de Vienne*." Would John Sobieski have done that, had it been his *Memoirs* he was writing, instead of a letter? A consideration of the significance of this and similar facts, disposes M. Villemain to the conclusion, that in fiction the epistolary form—favored by, *inter alios*, Madame de Staël, and Smollett, and Henry Mackenzie, and Fanny Burney, and Sir Walter, and the author of "*Selwyn in Search of a Daughter*"—is the most convenient for life-like realization of character in its depths and its *nuances*. "Si dans la vie réelle, les lettres sont ce qui *met le plus l'homme à nu*, il me semble que, dans le roman, l'adoption du style épistolaire est la plus puissante, et, pour ainsi dire, la plus vraie des illusions."

Almost the one thing needful, the Prince himself in the "*Hamlet*," is wanting, if in a letter there is a want of sincerity and unstudied ease. The letter that does not help us to improved acquaintance with its writer, is a thing of nought, or (a distinction not without a difference) a thing of naught. An artificially studied letter is but an elaborate sham. Stilted and stately ones are but imposing impositions. We sympathize with Montaigne when he declares, "As to letters of ceremony, that have no other substance than a fine contexture of courteous words, I am wholly to seek;" and relish him right gustfully when he says, for his letter-writing self, "I always write my letters post-haste, and so precipitately that, though I write an intolerable bad hand, I rather choose to do it myself than to employ another; for I can find none able to follow me, and I never transcribe. I have accustomed the great folks that know me to endure my blots and dashes, and paper without fold or margin." [Here again we are reminded of Charles Lamb, who writes to Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet: "I am ashamed of the shabby letters I send, but I am by nature anything but neat. Therein my mother bore me no Quaker. I never could seal a letter without dropping the wax on one side, besides scalding my fingers. I never had a seal, too, of my own. . . . My letters are generally charged as double at the Post-office, from their inveterate

clumsiness of foldure."] Montaigne adds, that the letters which cost him the most pains are the worst: "when once I begin to draw them on, 'tis a sign my mind's not there. I fall to without premeditation or design; the first paragraph begets the second, and so to the end of the chapter."

Whatever the superlative bad points, of an accidental sort, in Montaigne's familiar epistles, one superlative good point, of an essential character, we may be sure they had—a liberal presence of honest, unabashed, unabated egotism. What but egotism should there be in a letter, if you care a fig for the writer? What other capital can be put out to such interest, if he interests you at all, as his own capital I? "There is a stupid old rule," William Roscoe sensibly remarks in a letter to James Montgomery, "that a man should not talk about himself; but I should be glad to know on what subject he can talk of which he ought to know so much; and I am sure that, whatever may be the case when he makes his appearance before the public, yet in the intercourse of private friendship the more he talks about himself the better. On this account I always prefer those letters of a friend which contain neither attributes of intelligence nor abstract dissertations. The head speaketh to the head, and the heart to the heart; and I think it a sin to convert a letter into either a gazette or a sermon." There is a similar view expressed in one of Francis Jeffrey's early letters: "Have you ever observed that the letters of friends are filled with egotism? For my part, I think very suspiciously of every letter that is not, and propose my own as a model to you in this respect." He adds, that all the pathetic passages in an author will be found to be egotistical to the feelings of the speaker.

What, after all, is the ideal of good letter-writing? Bishop Sprat rules that letters passing between particular friends should not consist of fulsome compliments, or tedious politics, or elaborate elegancies, or general fancies; but should have a native clearness and shortness, a "domestic plainness, and a peculiar kind of familiarity which can only affect the humor of those to whom they were intended." For the very same passages, the bishop continues, which make writings of this nature delightful among friends, will lose all manner of taste when they come to be read by those that are indifferent. "In such letters the souls of men should ap-

pear undressed, and in that negligent habit, they may be fit to be seen by one or two in a chamber, but not to go abroad into the streets." But there is justice in the complaint that a great deal of nonsense has been uttered about the ideal of a letter, and the prohibition of all cramp words, high-flown raptures, or elaborate discussions. If by ease is meant—when an "easily-written" letter is prescribed as our beau idéal—the "absence of stiff and set forms of phraseology, of the proud flesh and flummery of rhetoric, of the technicalities and involved terminology of a scientific style," this, as a popular essayist observes, is true, not only of the letter, but of all lighter kinds of composition—the essay, tale, &c., and is, in fact, not to define a letter, but merely to describe one of those properties which it possesses, and possesses not alone. If a letter be a true thing, he argues—a mirror of the writer's heart (a miniature-mirror, if you will), and if across that heart be driven (and why not?) abrupt, vehement, profound, tempestuous emotion, like sudden and terrible storms, why should not these also find a reflection there?

"Why should not a letter unite to ease, the far higher qualities of earnestness, enthusiasm, philosophic reflection, or poetic feeling? Why should it not suit the subject, the state of the writer's mind, the character of the correspondent, the circumstances amid which he writes? Who, called on to read the letter of a patriot, written on the morning of his execution—or a poet's, written after the commencement, or in one of the deep lulls, or at the close of some heroic work—or of a martyr, penned an hour ere ascending to receive the eternal crown—could dare to blame them for the lack of a certain slipshod ease, and not rather rejoice that in their hands the thing had become a trumpet, and that, under their noble management, the rocking-horse had been sublimed into a fiery Pegasus?" And, accordingly, this censor appeals to the best collections of epistolary writing extant, to prove in his favor that ease, their delightful charm in general, is at one time rounded into elegance, at another strengthened into vigor; now sharpens into sarcasm, and now intensifies into invective; is perpetually exploding into eloquence, or effervescing into wit; can at one time sink into the depths of the metaphysical, and at another spring up into the sevenfold hallelujahs of the poetical. The

various keys of all the notes up and down this gamut, have been used at sundry times by divers manners of men. Italian vivacity and Spanish dignity, French versatility and German domesticity—the bill of fare includes solids and light dishes in piquant plenty: specimens of Annibal Caro, and Ludovico Dolce, and Aretino, and Gozzi; of Voiture and Balzac, Pelisson and Sévigné, of Racine and Voltaire; Lessing's masculine notes of hand and heart, and Gellert's tender effusions, and the characteristic billets of Bürger, Schiller, Goethe, Wieland, Richter, Herder; while our own literature in this department ranges from a Howell to a Gay; from an infidel St. John to a Christian Cowper; from a scowling Swift to a laughter-loving and laughter-compelling Sydney Smith; from a worldly Walpole to a meditative Montgomery; from a scoffing Byron to a sedate Southey; from the little cripple of Twickenham to the burly lameter of Abbotsford; from Moore's gossiping gaieties to Arnold's earnest musings; from the sprightly license of Lady Mary to the practical schemings of Mrs. Fry.

Melmoth and Warton have expressed their regret that we have not equalled our neighbors, the French, in this branch of literature. Hayley, in his day—and since then our stores have been enriched very considerably—took exception to any such comparative view, and referred all persons infected by Melmoth and Warton to such gems as Sir Philip Sidney's letter to his sister (prefixed to the *Arcadia*), to the "manly eloquence" of Essex, to Anne Boleyn's letter to Henry VIII., to the letters of Ladies Rachel Russell, and Mary Wortley Montague—the former, he maintains, equalling Sévigné's in tenderness of heart, and the latter, in all the charms of easy, elegant language, and in vivacity of description. Female correspondence is by some good judges accounted the better half, in every sense, of the whole literature of letters. A woman's letter has its satirists, and is often open enough to their satire: *æz. gr.*

"The earth has nothing like a she-epistle,  
And hardly Heaven—because it never ends.  
I love the mystery of a female missile,  
Which, like a creed, ne'er says all it intends,  
But full of cunning as Ulysses' whistle,  
When he allured poor Dolon: you had better  
Take care what you reply to such a letter."

But Byronic railery of this kind admit-

ted, the truth remains, that women have a knack of letter-writing which is *sui generis*, and a matter rather for envy than imitation. Archdeacon Hare, in the course of an argument against epic poetry by women, or dramatic poetry by women, or rather ambitious enterprises of great pith and moment, maintains that what women write best is what expresses personal, individual feeling, or describes personal occurrences, not objectively, as parts of history, but with reference to themselves and their own affections: hence the charm, he takes it, of female letters, which alone touch the matters of ordinary life with ease and grace. "Men's letters may be witty, or eloquent, or profound; but, when they have anything beyond a mere practical purpose, they mostly pass out of the true epistolary element, and become didactic or satirical." Thomas de Quincey, in his treatise on Style, advises all who would at this day read our noble language in its native beauty, picturesque from idiomatic propriety, racy in its phraseology, delicate, yet sinewy, in its composition—to steal the mail-bags, and break open all the letters in female handwriting. Three out of four, he says, will have been written by that class of women who have the most leisure and the most interest in a correspondence by the post—that class who combine more of intelligence, cultivation, and of thoughtfulness, than any other in Europe—the class of unmarried women above twenty-five; "women who, from mere dignity of character, have renounced all prospects of conjugal and parental life, rather than descend into habits unsuitable to their birth." Women capable of such sacrifices, he proceeds to assert, and marked by such strength of mind, may be expected to think with deep feeling, and to express themselves (unless where they have been too much biased by bookish connections) with natural grace; though not impossibly these same women, if required to come forward in some public character, might write ill and affectedly—their free, natural movement of thought becoming distorted into some accommodation to artificial standards, amongst which they might happen to select a bad one for imitation. "But in their letters they write under the benefit of their natural advantages; not warped, on the one hand, into that constraint or awkwardness which is the inevitable effect of conscious exposure to



public gaze; yet, on the other, not left to vacancy or the chills of apathy, but sustained by some deep sympathy between themselves and their correspondents."

A pleasant thing it is—a good sight for sore eyne, a balmy boon for sore heart—to break the seal and devour the contents of some true-hearted friend's true-worded letter, be it, to use Southey's sexual distinction, he-pistle or she-pistle. "A letter," observes the author of that distinction—to which, however, Byron had approximated in a line recently quoted—"a letter is like a fresh billet of wood upon the fire, which, if it be not needed for immediate warmth, is always agreeable for its exhilarating effects." "Ecrivez-moi de temps en temps," begs the Cardinal de Bernis of Voltaire: "une lettre de vous embellit toute la journée, et je connais le prix d'un jour." "This moment," writes little fluttering, flattering Fanny Burney to the Lady of Streatham, "have two sweet and most kind letters from my best-beloved Mrs. Thrale made amends for no little anxiety which her fancied silence had given me. I know not what is now come to this post; but there is nothing I can bear with so little patience as being tricked out of any of your letters. They do, indeed, give me more delight than I can express"—and the puss adds her entire conviction that they are indeed the perfection of epistolary writing; for, in Dr. Johnson's phrase, all that is not kindness in them is wit, and all that is not wit is kindness.

It was in Dr. Johnson's last hours that he said, while opening a note which his servant brought to him: "An odd thought strikes me: we shall receive no letters in the grave." A latter-day minstrel has found consolation in the thought—but the strain he strikes is in a morbid mood:

"Yes—'mid the unutterable dread  
With which both flesh and spirit shrink,  
When the stern Angel of the Dead  
Impels us to the Future's brink—  
While all is hurry, doubt, dismay,  
Life's footing crumbling fast away,  
And sins, long silent, dark and fell,  
Across the memory flitting yell,  
Even then that Sage's transient thought  
Some pangs at least the soul can save,  
For be what may our awful lot,  
No letters reach us in the grave.

"Letters from Home—we're spared at last  
A longing, lingering watch to keep,

And when th' expected post is past  
And brings them not, to shrink and weep,  
And count how many hours remain  
Before that post comes round again:  
Or, bitterer still, to break the seals,  
Sick for the love no line reveals,  
Striving to wrest cold Duty's words  
To heart-born tenderness and truth,  
As if existence' shattered chords  
Could yield the music of our youth!

"A Patron's letters;—never more  
To feel them mock our honest pride,  
With all the bard denounced of yore—  
The curse 'in suing long to bide.'  
Never again to know th' intense  
And feverish anguish of suspense,  
When the cool, final, brief reply,  
As yet unopened, meets the eye—  
One moment more—and all we dread  
May 'whelm us like a drowning wave:  
Our doom—hope, health, and fortune fled—  
To drift in darkness to the grave.

"No letters *there*!—not even the small  
Rose-scented one that dared not come  
By day, but stole at evening's fall,  
When every tell-tale breeze was dumb,  
Asking—"

but no: we must not quote Mr. Simmons's stanzas entire, and so we elect a *couleur de rose* sort of finale in the instance of the "small, rose-scented" billet, that came stealing and wafting odors on the zephyrs of evening.

Some pathetic lines might be indited, by-the-by, on the afflictions it sometimes costs frail flesh and blood to write a letter, even to a faithful friend. Aversion from letter-writing is, with some, a constitutional infirmity. The malady attacks them in acute form, and anon becomes chronic. M. Fauriel, one of his biographers tells us, "était plus prompt à servir ses amis qu'à leur écrire;" though when M. Fauriel could induce himself to write, the result is indicated in what Madame de Staël says, in a letter from her involuntary seclusion at Coppet, full of questions about her too indispensable Paris: "Je vous importune de questions, mais les solitaires sont très-curieux; et vous, quoique habitant de la ville, vous écrivez de longues et de jolies lettres." Often it is those who can write the longest and prettiest possible letters, that are least disposed to exhibit their talent that way. Boileau designates Madame de la Fayette as "la femme de France qui avait le plus de'esprit et qui écrivait le mieux;" yet *cette personne* has the repute of *haisant*

*surtout d'écrire des lettres*, insomuch that only a very few, and they very brief, of her epistles or notelets survive: "c'est dans celles de Madame de Sévigné plutôt que dans les siennes qu'on la peut connaître." Madame de Sévigné's daughter seems to have disrelished the part, that is to say no part, or next to none, played by La Fayette in the performance: "Voyez, voyez! votre Madame de la Fayette vous aime-t-elle donc si extraordinairement? elle ne vous écrirait pas deux lignes en dix ans; elle sait faire ce qui l'accorde, elle garde ses aises et son repos,"—and Gourville is reported to have written on the same sore subject in the same strain, only *plus malicieuz*. Madame de la Fayette's declaration is well known: "Si j'avais un amant qui voulût de mes lettres tous les matins, je romprais avec lui." Sentimental fair ones, who indulge in a plurality of sheets (crossed) and an indefinite series of postscripts, may object,

"Methinks the lady doth protest too much."

Others of a more restrained habit will perhaps undertake to vouch for her,

"Nay, but she'll keep her word!"

We find even Madame d'Arblay seized by a lasting fit of what she calls "writing-weariness," and pressing on one remonstrant the forbearance in general of her other friends, who, she says, when they understood that writing was utterly irksome to her, except as a mere vehicle to prevent uneasiness on their part, and to obtain intelligence on hers, concurred not to make her silence still more oppressive to her than her writing, by a kind reception of a few words, and giving her back letters for notes. Horace Walpole soothes his conscience by the persuasion that letter-writing is one of the first duties that the very best people let perish out of their rubric; and, so early as 1744, avows that every day grows to make him hate writing more. In 1745, he asks Sir Horace Mann, of all loves, "How do you contrive to roll out your patience into two sheets? You certainly don't love me better than I do you; and yet if our loves were to be sold by the quire, you would have by far the more magnificent stock to dispose of. I can only say, that age has already an effect on the vigor of my pen; none on yours: it is not, I assure you, for you

alone, but my ink is at low-water-mark for all my acquaintance." Horace Walpole's ink at low-water-mark in the '45! If so, it was only because it had not begun to rise, and the mark in question was the *à quo*, not the *ad quem*. It is well for those of us who prize him as the prince of letter-writers in his peculiar *genre*, that Horace was fibbing right and left when he pretended to hate letter-writing. But for his letters, what would he be to this generation? With them, he is an authority with all authorities, the observed of all observers of the politics and personalities of the eighteenth century.

Probably, however, the correspondence of every man and woman of note would furnish proof, if searched into, of frequent if not permanent distaste for letter-writing. Gleim, good old father Gleim, was a *rara avis*, a strange old bird, in the mania that possessed him for writing and being written to. Some of his juniors will account him to have been a "very foolish, fond old man, fourscore and upwards"—for to those years he attained—when he indulged so profusely in epistles to people he scolded for being less liberal in their replies. William Taylor's description of Gleim is, that he had a loving heart, a house always open to literary guests, and a passion for corresponding with all his acquaintance, especially with young men of letters in whom he anticipated rising genius. "His *scrutoire* has been edited; and it abounds with complaints that his friends are less fond of writing useless epistles than himself, and were one by one letting drop an intercourse, which amused his leisure, but interrupted their industry." The German Anacreon became *de trop* with his exactions on his friends;

"Poor Anacreon, thou grow'st old,"

they might say; and treat him accordingly. Southey, in one of his early letters, attributes to "those intervals of vacancy which must occur in the best directed solitude," what he calls "the epistolary mania in very young persons." This was my own case once," he adds; "I wrote not from a fulness of matter to communicate, but from sheer emptiness—day after day—foolscap sheets, and close writing, for three pages, and the top and bottom of the fourth. More knowledge, and the daily increasing consciousness of how much yet remains to be learnt, more em-

poyments, and marriage, have long since cured me. My pleasure now consists in receiving letters, not in writing them." Mr. Disraeli's Contarini Flemming is, indeed, only a type of youthful passion for letter-writing, at that stage of the young German's college life when he inundated Mæuseus with floods of penmanship daily; "But the letters with which I overwhelmed him—these were the most violent infliction—what pages of mad eloquence—solemn appeals, bitter sarcasms, infinite ebullitions of frantic sensibility. For the first time in my life I composed. I grew intoxicated with my own eloquence." Most of us, in some degree or other, have been "overtaken" by this intoxication, for at least once in a way, in our time—though (perhaps, and well-a-day!) long, long since

"that time is past;  
And all its *aching* joys are now no more,  
And all its dizzy raptures."

As surely, on the other hand, we have come, at a later day, to know what it is to shrink from a plurality of sheets, and a change of pens, and an extra outlay in postage stamps, when pursuing this once-cherished occupation—when fulfilling as a duty what was, of yore, an overmastering passion. Every one must have experienced, who has lived long enough, something of the feeling which Charles Lamb humorously expresses when he says, that a philosophical treatise is wanting of the causes of the backwardness with which persons after a certain time of life set about writing a letter. "I always feel as if I had nothing to say, and the performance generally justifies the presentiment." In the same epistle occurs the memorable avowal: "A full pause here comes upon me as if I had not a word more left. I will shake my brain. Once! Twice—nothing comes up. George Fox recommends waiting on these occasions. I wait. Nothing comes. . . ." "Professor Wilson told me," says Mr. Samuel Warren, "that there were two things he specially hated," of which, letter-writing was the first. ("As for letter-writing," adds the Queen's Counsel, "I never received from him but one in my life; and that was written on half a sheet of paper, evidently the blank sheet of some old letter." Pope and Madame d'Arblay are not, by dozens probably, the only

"paper-sparing" correspondents on record.) And Sydney Smith writes to "Dear Mrs. Crowe, I quite agree with you as to the horrors of correspondence. Correspondences are like small clothes before the invention of suspenders; it is impossible to keep them up." Not altogether a lady's simile, or in severe clerical keeping; but Sydney Smith knew what he was about when simile-making, and was a clergyman and lady's man too. If that of the suspenders is not very like that of the broad *cloth* without, 'tis marvellously like the broad man within, whose breadth of drollery few can resist and nobody can deny.

Looking over an accumulation of old letters—what a strange mixture of feelings that induces—heart-sickness too often predominant as one sighs, "Ah, for the change 'twixt now and then!" The author of "Michael de Mas" touchingly depicts the world-hardened Gold Finder examining a collection of these saddening memorials:

"He opened it, and face to face arose  
The dead old years he thought to have escaped,  
All chronicled in letters: there he saw  
Answers to some of his, containing doubts  
Long since become negations; some again  
Encouraging resolves of his, long broke,  
And, as he thought, forgotten;—not a leaf  
But marked some downward step. Oh! in  
our life  
There are no hours so full of speechless woe  
As those in which we read, through misty  
eyes,  
Letters from those who loved us once; of  
whom  
Some have long ceased to love at all—the  
hand  
That traced the fond warm records still and  
cold—  
The spirit that turned to ours, long lost to all  
That moves, and mourns, and sins upon the  
earth;  
And some, oh! sadder, that, by us estranged,  
Still live, still love, but live for us no more."

"I have a little packet," says the author of "Dream-life,"—"not very large, tied up with narrow crimson ribbon, now soiled with frequent handling, which, far into some winter's night, I take down from its nook upon my shelf, and untie, and open, and run over with such sorrow and such joy, such tears and such smiles, as I am sure make me for weeks after a kinder and better man. There are in this little packet letters in the familiar

hand of a mother. What gentle admonition—what tender affection! God have mercy on him who outlives the tears that such admonitions and such affection call up to the eye! There are others in the budget, in the delicate and unformed hand of a loved and lost sister—written when she and you were full of glee, and the best mirth of youthfulness. Does it harm you to recall that mirthfulness? or to trace again, for the hundredth time, that scrawling postscript at the bottom, with its *i*'s so carefully dotted, and its gigantic *l*'s so carefully crossed, by the childish hand of a little brother?"

Well, says Sir Bulwer Lytton, in his last, best novel—"My Novel" he rightly dubbed it, *κατ' εἶδος*—that a thought written in warm, sunny life, and then suddenly rising up to us, when the hand that traced, and the heart that cherished it, are dust—is verily as a ghost. "It is a likeness struck off the fond human being, and surviving it. Far more truthful than bust or portrait, it bids us see the tear flow, and the pulse beat. What ghost can the churchyard yield to us like the writing of the dead?"

Southey thus writes to his son-in-law, after going through the papers and letters of the late Dr. Bell, with a view to publication: "As you may suppose, these papers contain much of the romance of real life, and a full share of its tragedy. It is an affecting thing to read continuously through an unreserved correspondence of twenty, thirty, or forty years, ending with a black-bordered announcement of the writer's death: affecting it would be in a book, still more so in the letters themselves—the very letters—which have been written and received with such emotion of pleasure and of grief."\*

\* Southey appears to have been deeply impressed with this consideration in the instance of Dr. Bell's letters of a lifetime. He recurs to it again and again, with other of his correspondents. Thus to Mrs. Bray of Tavistock:

"There is a vast mass: in fact the whole correspondence of more than fifty years. Much of this is

We must conclude. Yet not with the writing of the dead. With a fragment, then, not savoring of mortality, but sufficiently in tone with the *penseroso* in these latter extracts; it shall be one of Mrs. Browning's beautifully rendered Sonnets from the Portuguese—a story in itself, though one of a series:

"My letters! all dead paper . . . . mute  
and white!—  
And yet they seem alive and quivering  
Against my tremulous hands which loose the  
string  
And let them drop down on my knee to-  
night.  
This said . . . . he wished to have me  
in his sight  
Once, as a friend; this fixed a day in spring  
To come and touch my hand . . . . a  
simple thing,  
Yet I wept for it; this—the paper's light—  
Said, 'Dear, I love thee;' and I sank and  
quailed  
As if God's future thundered on my past;  
This said, 'I am thine'—and so its ink has  
paled  
With lying at my heart that beat too fast:  
And this . . . . O Love! thy words have  
ill availed,  
If, what this said, I dared repeat at last!"

very interesting; and, at the same time, there is something very melancholy in reading through a series of the most unreserved letters, beginning with the hopes and projects of early life, relating in their progress the joys and sorrows which flesh is heir to, and concluding by a few lines in a different hand, and on a black-edged paper, announcing the death of the person with whose concerns, from manhood to old age, I had become thus intimately acquainted."

And again to Mrs. Hughes, (June 16, 1833:)

" . . . . These feelings are brought home to me by the perusal of poor Dr. Bell's papers, to which I daily devote two hours before breakfast. He had preserved the whole of his correspondence for nearly fifty years, and much of it I have found very interesting. Commencing with the formation of his friendship in India, relating the prospects, hopes, fears, and fortunes of his friends from that time, till a different handwriting and a black seal concludes the series."

Mr. Cuthbert Southey and Mr. Wood Warter must each have been feelingly alive to this reflection, in editing for the press the sometimes Laureate's own correspondence.



From Chambers's Journal.

## A CALMUC PRINCE AND HIS WIFE.

THIS personage takes his title from the first city built by the Russians in Siberia, (1586,) some hundred miles or so south-west of Tobolsk. He is a prince of the Calmucs—those rough and ready Tartars who made so great a sensation with their bows and arrows in Paris, during its occupation by the allies in 1814. He is a chieftain among the savage hordes that wander over the vast pasture-deserts of Astrakhan, or the sandy sea-border of the Caspian. He is a leader of men whose simple, nomadic, and somewhat uncouth habits have still kept them free from the dull, uniform despotism of the rest of Russia. He is, in fact, a character, and as such we will pay him a visit in his palace on an island of the Volga. But first let us inquire into his religious principles. Is he a Greek, or a Roman, or a Protestant Christian? As to the two last, we can answer for his being neither of them; and since he is not a member of that somewhat increasing colony of baptized Calmucs to which the Russian government has granted a fertile territory, with the city of Stavropol, in the Orenburg district of the government Ufa, he must even be no Christian at all. And such is the actual fact. What is he then? He is a worshipper of the Grand Lama, who represents the god of gods.

He is therefore a believer in the doctrine of metempsychosis. He is firmly convinced that the instant the divinity has left the body of the Grand Lama on his corporeal decease, it informs the system of some other human being, and thus, by the simple principle of transmigration, perpetuates the sovereign of the faith. I do not know whether he has ever made a pilgrimage to the shrine of this incarnation of Shigemooi, the god of gods; or, by the imposition of his hand, received a pardon for all past or present sins; or, by the presentation of a little ball of consecrated dough, carried away with him the wherewith to frighten away whole legions of evil and malicious spirits; but all these

things are very likely. As to a future, he believes that we are degenerate beings from the upper world, who, after being subjected to a state of trial upon earth, will enter after death upon a higher or lower condition, according as we have been good or bad men. This doctrine, we are told, renders the worshippers of the Grand Lama benevolent and moral.

But our caïque is waiting for us—we will therefore step in and see if Prince Tumen is at home.

From the island of the Volga on which the city of Astrakhan is built, we rowed some little distance over the broad bosom of that river to another island, whereon stands the palace of the Calmuc chieftain. At first, we descried a little oasis, as it were, of floating verdure, anchored amidst the waste of waters—a second Delos raised by Neptune for a second Latona; but by-and-by it waxed upon our vision, objects were thrown into deeper relief, outlines became more distinct, embosomed banks and spreading trees multiplied themselves in the distance; while the palace, with its turrets of open fretwork, gleamed ever and anon through the screen of shadowy foliage which obscure it.

On the arrival of our boat, we fastened it to a tree in a neighboring thicket, and jumped on shore. Approaching the palace, we were introduced to a young man in uniform, a member of the princely family we were visiting. With as much ease as affability, he guided us through the mazes of that gorgeous structure, where, at every step, new beauties met the eye, and new groupings of luxury and art delighted the senses. At length we were ushered into a room, and then into another, where Asiatic pomp vies with European elegance. A little time, and tea was served—tea brought in caravans from China, and prepared upon a silver tray by a Polish lady, who did the honors of the table. She was beautiful, as all those who prepare tea upon a silver tray and in a princely palace ought to be.

But her courtesy was equal to her beauty, and she spoke French to admiration.

The room gradually fills with Russian and Cossack officers. You are half inclined to ask why these are here; but they look so much at home, that you feel at once the question would be out of place. At length there is a stir, and the head of the family, the old Prince Tumen himself, makes his appearance. And what is he like? Something very wild and savage, and Calmuc *par excellence*?

No; he is a quiet, gentlemanly-looking man, and has the bearing of a grand seigneur of the olden time. His eyes may be a little almond-shaped, or his cheek-bones a little prominent, for these bespeak his Mongol descent; but otherwise, his manners are moulded in the most elegant fashion of European civilization; nor does his general appearance discover aught of kindred with the Tartars of Genghis and Timour. The first salutations over, he thanks you with an exquisite grace for the visit with which you have kindly honored him, and presses you to pass the night beneath his roof. As you feel a refusal would be out of place, you of course yield to his solicitations; and after the lapse of an hour or so, are shown into your room.

And now look around you. The windows open upon a long gallery, and objects rare and valuable are scattered about in all directions. Every article connected with the toilet-table is in silver; while the furniture forms a *tout-ensemble* rarely if ever surpassed. In vain do you search for something which shall remind you of your whereabouts in the country of the Calmucs; in vain do you endeavor to catch some local characteristics from that magnificent water-girt palace, with its external lace-work of balconies and screens and fairy ornament, and its treasures inside of satins and silk, cushions and carpetings, mirrors and crystals, gold and silver and precious stones, works of art and works of industry which seemed to have been raised suddenly from the bosom of the Volga by a magic-wand belonging to no less a personage than the Wizard of the North.

But, wearied with wonders, you at length seek your pillow of peace, and for once sleep under the roof of a Calmuc chieftain who worships the Grand Lama and believes in the doctrine of the metempsychosis.

Now, Prince Tumen has a sister-in-law,

who is very beautiful, and passes for something like a prophetess in her own country, which is rather contrary to the usual order of things. This lady is generally an inmate of the palace; but during the summer season she prefers a tent, in the open air in its vicinity. Thither, then, after having broken our morning fast, we will forthwith proceed.

And when the curtain of the tent is raised, what do we see? A large circular space, lighted from above, covered under foot with a rich Turkish carpet, and hung with red damask, whose reflection bathes every object in a glow of summer sunset. The air we inhale is loaded with perfumes. In the midst of these perfumes and the glow of summer sunset, seated in a raised alcove at the further end of the tent, clothed in brilliant garments, and immovable as an Eastern idol, sits the ruling spirit of the scene. Some twenty women in full dress are seated round her on the ground. After she has allowed her visitors sufficient time to admire her, she beckons them to their different seats on a large divan opposite her own; but if a lady form one of the party, she descends the steps of her dais, approaches that lady, takes her by the hand, embraces her affectionately, and then leads her to the seat which she herself has just quitted. Touching this ceremonial, Madame Hommaire de Hell pays the Calmuc princess the greatest compliment a French lady could pay her, by saying: "Une maitresse de maison à Paris n'eût pas mieux agi."

Countless courtesies are now exchanged through the medium of an Armenian interpreter. When these begin to flag, the princess makes a signal, at which one of the women of honor rises up, while another draws forth her *balalaika*, or Oriental guitar, and strikes some melancholy notes, which, by the by, seem but ill suited to the occasion. They are intended, however, as a dance-tune; and in accordance with their rhythm, the woman who first rose now moves in languishing monotony of action—sometimes advancing, sometimes retreating, sometimes stretching out her arms and falling on her knees, as though to invoke some invisible spirit from above. But as you do not perhaps care to hear any more about this Calmuc pantomime, we will proceed to a minuter investigation of the princess herself, and give you our experience in the words of the lady whom we have already quoted.

"Her figure is striking and good," says Madame Hommaire de Hell—"at least as far as I could judge through the surrounding folds of numberless garments. Her finely-chiseled mouth opens upon two rows of perfect pearls; her face is full of sweetness; and these advantages, with a complexion somewhat bronzed, though of remarkable delicacy, would, even in a Parisian salon, constitute a very pretty woman, if the general shape of her countenance and the moulding of her features were but a little less Calmuc. Still, in spite of the obliquity of her eyes and the prominence of her cheek-bones, she would find more than one admirer in many a European capital. Her look, in particular, expresses great goodness of heart, and, like all the women of her race, she wears a gentle aspect of humility, which renders her only the more engaging.

"And now for her dress. She is robed in richest Persian, which is covered with silver-lace and a tunic of soft silk, descending only as far as the knees, and opening in front. Every seam is hidden with broderies of silver and fine pearl. She has round her neck a white cambric handkerchief, clasped with a diamond button; on the back of her head is placed a coquettish little yellow cap, bordered with fur; but what surprised me most was an embroidered cambric pocket-handkerchief and a pair of black mittens.

"Thus is it that the produce of our industry creeps even into the toilet of a great Calmuc lady. Amongst the ornaments of the princess, I must not forget to mention a large gold chain, which, after interweaving with her beautiful tresses, and falling on her bosom, was linked up again, on either side, to ear-rings of the same metal."

Half an hour has now elapsed. There is a pause; and we are just congratulating ourselves on the dance being over, when the first Esmeralda touches a companion on the shoulder, and this new actor prolongs the pantomime.

Another half-hour elapses. The Armenian interpreter begs his mistress to permit her daughter, who hangs back concealed behind a neighboring curtain, to give us a sample of her powers; but there is a difficulty in the way. Although the Calmucs have as yet no published copy of *Hints on Etiquette*, custom and tradition have formed a little code of their own. Herein we learn, that when one lady is dancing, she

cannot invite another, *viva voce*, to take her place, but must touch her on the shoulder, as a signal of her wishes.

"Well, and what of that?" you will say; "cannot Esmeralda touch the princess's daughter on the shoulder?" By no means. It would be the grossest violation of Calmuc etiquette possible. No woman in attendance on the sister-in-law of Prince Tumen is permitted such familiarities; hence the difficulty of the position.

But the Armenian is a man of ready invention. He darts forth into the centre of the circle, and performs such an original series of antics, as to call forth the applause of every one. Then directing his steps towards the curtain by which the young girl is hid from vulgar view, he lays his finger lightly on her shoulder, and his aim is won. Forth comes the maiden—pretty, languishing, timid—and in her turn communicates the magic touch to her brother. The latter is a youth of some fifteen years of age, who, dressed *à la Cosaque*, seems very loath to add to the nationality of the dance by donning the Calmuc cap. Twice he throws it on the ground, but twice resumes it, at the bidding of his mother.

All things, however, in this world must have an end, and so must our interview with the Calmuc princess. On our return to the palace, we are attracted by a *tabour* or enclosure for wild horses. Five or six cavaliers are waiting our approach, ready with their long slings to dart amidst the fiery steeds, and catch any one we may select. At a given signal, they rush upon their victims, and in an instant, a young horse, with flashing eyes and dilated nostrils, is trapped in the fearful snare; maddened with terror, it snorts and writhes through every limb. A Calmuc, who follows on foot, vaults upon its back, cuts away the the sling which covers its head, and commences a struggle of unexampled daring and agility. Now horse and rider roll together on the ground, now dart like a flash of lightning through the cloven winds, or stop as on the verge of a sudden precipice; in a moment the horse flings itself on the earth, or rears and tosses in an agony of rage, then, dashing over the open area with terrible leaps and bounds, tries to throw off its unwonted burden.

But in vain. Supple as a tiger, and bold as a lion, the Calmuc flings himself into the passions of his courser—follows every impetus, and yields with every strain. While

the one foams and trembles, the other smiles as coolly as if he were but playing with a baby's toy. Even women and children of tender years will do the same. Horse-exercise is the great amusement of the Calmucs, and a mastery over the rebellious spirit of an untamed animal their glory and delight.

But we must leave this spectacle. The day is closing in, and a splendid banquet awaits us at the palace. The delicacies of

the West and the luxuries of the East are lavished on our senses. The cooking, half French and half Russian, leaves the nicest appetite little to desire. Everything is served on silver and gold, and the wines of France and Spain tinge the crystal glasses, while champagne sparkles like waters from a Moorish fountain.

So lives Prince Tumén, the worshipper of the Grand Lama, and the believer in the doctrine of metempsychosis.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

## REVELATIONS OF PRISON LIFE.\*

PRISON life was not formerly as it is now. When Col. Chesterton was appointed governor of Cold Bath Fields—the largest prison in the world, numbering within its walls a daily average of 1400 souls—men and women, boys and girls, were indiscriminately herded together, without employment or wholesome control; while smoking, gaming, singing, and every species of brutalizing conversation and demeanor, tended to the unlimited advancement of crime and pollution. The governor of that day walked about, bearing in his hand a knotted rope, with which he could inflict summary chastisement. Moral influences were quite unthought of. The functionaries were all corrupt, the yardmen were such prisoners as could afford to bid the highest price for acting as deputy-turnkeys. There was, indeed, no restraint upon the will and wishes of those who had money. From one end of the prison to the other there existed a vast illicit commerce at an exorbitant rate of profit. The poor and friendless man, on the other hand, was wretchedly maltreated and oppressed. Nor was this all.

"Within a short period of the exercise of my new authority, (Col. Chesterton relates,) private intelligence conveyed to me the startling fact, that a well-planned system had long enabled favored portions of the male and female prisoners daily to meet together in one of the roofs of the building, and I was furnished with a clue to the discovery of the whole contrivance, and the exact hour of the rendezvous. This clandestine arrangement was consequently, one afternoon, suddenly disturbed by my unlooked-for presence, supported by a few officials, who dared not disobey the direction to accompany me. The full extent of this iniquity stood thus divulged. The men fled with precipitate haste; but Mary Barry, and a woman named Christmas, were caught in the very act of descending from a trap-door, which opened to the roof; and the consternation occasioned by this discovery became perfectly electric.

"A close examination of the means adopted to insure this unlawful meeting disclosed a very simple solution. The female wards, as I have already described, were merely portions of the main building imperfectly fenced off from the males' department. The roof in question ran longitudinally over both compartments. It was accessible by an iron grating on the males' side, which had once been soldered down, but was now removable at pleasure; and, on the other side, by the trap-door I have named, which had to be reached by standing on an iron balustrade, and then climbing two or three feet up a perpendicular iron supporter, whence the trap-door was easily upraised.

"Here, then, was revealed another infamous

\* *Revelations of Prison Life.* By GEORGE LAVAL CHESTERTON. Two Vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1856.



source of profit to this immaculate prison staff, of both sexes. It at once threw a light upon a delicate investigation of a few preceding years, when, in order to cloak a monstrous dereliction of duty, and to screen the real delinquents, a story was trumped up, which nearly ruined the character of a most respectable man, then clerk to the prison."

It was no slight task to undertake to reform this state of things, and to cleanse such an Augean stable. Col. Chesterton was, however, aided in his plans by a prisoner of the name of Thompson or Mozley, who had been an officer in the Indian army, and had reduced himself to beggary by gaming, and, at length, to the utmost destitution by drink—the result of despair. Amid his complicated faults and misfortunes, this person still retained many of the refined feelings of a gentleman, and Col. Chesterton made him his confidant. He was also aided by the appointment of a pensioned sergeant as chief turnkey. The relations established between the governor and the prisoner Thompson did not, however, escape the other prisoners, whose jealousies it naturally excited, and they soon found a means of punishing the offending spy.

"Many days had not elapsed, ere one evening loud cries were heard to issue from a room containing some thirty prisoners. I chanced to be in the garden, contiguous to the scene of disorder, and hearing cries of distress, I summoned to my aid a few officers, and rushed to ascertain the cause. No sooner was the door opened than there stood Thompson, trembling with terror, and dripping with perspiration. Missiles of various kinds had been hurled at him from all parts of the room, and he became in dread of losing his life. Preconcert was manifest in this outrage, for each assailant, as he suddenly started up and threw, as suddenly lay down, and no one aggressor could be recognized. The coolest effrontery was exhibited in the general denial, and the entire clique would fain have cajoled me by the assurance that Thompson's excited brain must have conjured up an imaginary scene of violence.

"He, however, assured me he had not slept, and that no sort of deception had lurked beneath his apprehensions, for they were too well founded. Certain it is, I never saw a creature more overpowered by affright, and he was withdrawn from the room more dead than alive; nor do I think he ever quite recovered his composure during his after abode in the prison."

The spirit of revenge was not only aroused against his ally, but against the governor himself, for the reforms that he

was introducing in prison discipline. Anonymous letters, breathing vengeance against him, poured thickly in, and although they did not deter him from his fixed purpose, they awakened both anxiety and alarm for his personal safety. He was obliged to carry loaded pistols in his pocket by day, and he slept with the same weapons beside him at night. He never left the outer gate, or returned to it, without a careful reconnaissance of every person or object near it. His position was truly one fraught with labor, care, and peril.

The same reforming spirit so curtailed the stealthy comforts of the incarcerated, or fenced their attainment about with obstacles, that the increased irksomeness of confinement suggested, amongst other remedies, besides the destruction of the governor, various plans of escape. It was after a baffled attempt of this kind that Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer visited the establishment.

"In the course of our walk through the wards, he inquired 'if I had ever had an escape?' I answered, 'No,' but appeared to delight him by the information that we had recently frustrated a well-conceived plot, for he seemed eagerly to catch at my words, and anxiously asked for the particulars. I conducted him to the very yard, showed the track of the now concealed water-pipe, and thence took him to various spots, and confided to him the whole details of the design. He seemed to take a special interest in the development of the scheme; nor had I the least idea of the use to which my exposition was ere long to be converted.

"On taking his leave, Sir Edward charitably presented me with 5*l.*, which he begged might be distributed amongst a few poor but deserving prisoners on their discharge. Now, if the reader will take the pains to refer to the interesting novel of 'Paul Clifford,' he will there perceive how the artifices of my impatient flock have been enriched by description, and adapted to the requirements of a tale of fiction."

It was not a little singular that it sometimes happened to Col. Chesterton to have *acquaintances* under his charge. He says that it was not an uncommon thing for gentlemen jocularly to implore his clemency in the event of their being forcibly compelled to become his guests; and with the smiles which such badinage has created, he says he has been constrained by experience to admonish many that such a contingency was not altogether impossible!

"While on a visit in the county of Suffolk, A. R., at that time an engaging youth, and general favorite, had been my fellow-guest; and, subsequently, at an age not exceeding twenty years, he occupied a genteel situation in an office in London, and was remarkable for polished address, and gentleman-like deportment. A frequent visitor at my house, he acquired more and more the regard of all who met him; when, in an evil hour, he was introduced by a young acquaintance into one of the 'hells' of London, and promptly became imbued with the ruinous infatuation of play.

"I had been, from time to time, astonished at his prolonged absence from my house, but was quite ignorant of the fatal change in his pursuits; when, one day, six or seven persons captured in a notorious gaming-house, entered the prison, under various sentences, and amongst them, I was shocked to see A. R. He had incurred the penalty of six months' imprisonment with hard labor. His countenance had undergone a transformation; the ingenuous sweetness of his address and demeanor had vanished, and there was a boldness and harshness in his traits indicative of a corrupted disposition.

"He rather arrogantly claimed my interposition in his behalf, became unruly, and even insolent, and at length quitted the prison only to resume the post of *employed* in another such place of discreditable resort as the one in which he had been before surprised.

"Afterwards learned that, while on a casual visit to a relative, a momentary absence enabled him to purloin and decamp with a watch; and I last heard of him as a driver of an omnibus. Such are the ruinous consequences of an all-absorbing passion."

Col. Chesterton details other, and some of them peculiarly distressing cases of criminality among gentlemen. In one instance, he relates, he had obtained possession of a popular ballad, but before he had time to rehearse it, the composer was in his custody. Criminality among gentlemen generally arose from gambling or drinking; others are of a very strange and painful nature, of which Col. Chesterton gives some harrowing instances, without considering them in their true light—as, in reality, simple cases of passive monomania. In one instance the unfortunate monomaniac was a man of independent fortune, living in elegance at the west end of the town, and he had only been married to a young and accomplished woman six months ere he was committed to prison.

"Just before the termination of the sentence, the unhappy young wife addressed a letter to her husband, under cover to me. By law, every communication was subject to my inspec-

tion, and the perusal of that letter was calculated to excite the most profound sensation. It displayed the unabated love, the boundless devotion, the noble generosity of the tenderest heart. The offence had been wisely and considerably withheld from her, and she averred that she sought not to discover it.

"She feared, she said, it was 'something grave and afflicting,' but, whatever it might be, she freely forgave it, that she would clasp him in her arms, and enshrine him in her heart with redoubled fervor and tenacity; and declared that, if the whole earth condemned and frowned upon him, she would smile upon, and bless, and cherish him. There was not a term of generous endearment wanting, and I cannot forget, even at this distant day, the tears of feeling which were wrung from my eyes by that angelic letter.

"I trust that erring man was recalled to a proper sense of dignity, not so much by exposure and suffering, as by the contemplation of the exalted qualities of one so young and injured, and yet so divinely tender and forgiving."

Even ladies are not, it would appear, safe from the fangs of the law; witness the following instance:

"The wife of Sir W——l B——e, Bart., then separated from her husband, possessed, from various sources, about 800*l.* a year, and lived near the Regent's Park. Having been extravagant, and indifferent to her credit, she was in arrear of rent, and at length suffered her furniture to be seized in execution. Exasperated against her landlady, and determining to avenge herself, she caused hand-bills to be printed and circulated, in which she charged her creditor with theft, and affected to offer a reward for her apprehension. It was also proved that Lady B. had, with her own hands, dropped these papers down neighboring areas, and had even rung bells to insure their delivery.

"The injured party, under legal advice, indicted her at the Middlesex sessions for 'libel,' and she, making light of the process, neglected to do, what in those days was of easy accomplishment—viz., to remove the case by *certiorari* into one of the superior courts; but failing to do that, she pleaded to it at the sessions. When the whole train of circumstances came to be revealed, her ladyship's dishonesty and malignity produced a storm of indignation in a crowded court, which was enhanced by the proof that she had stooped with her own hand to disseminate the unmerited slander. The jury returned a prompt verdict against her, and a full bench of magistrates resolved to teach her a useful lesson. The sentence pronounced was imprisonment in the house of correction for two calendar months.

"She proved to be, in the highest degree, pert, supercilious, and disobedient. Indignant at having to assume, equally with all others, the prison dress, she displayed her resentment up to the last moment of her incarceration. In the

onset, I endeavored by gentle reasoning to reconcile her to the maxim that the law could not recognize distinction of persons. However, I failed to pacify her wounded pride, and merely entailed contumely on myself by the vain attempt."

A phaeton, with a servant in livery, waited upon Lady B. at her discharge; and when she went she bestowed upon the governor the darkest imaginable look. At no very distant period, however, Lady B. again became disgracefully notorious. She was convicted, in one of the superior courts, of wilful and corrupt perjury; but, sacrificing her bail, she failed to appear to receive judgment, and evaded it by going abroad.

Among the other singularities associated with crime, not the least peculiar are instances in which people have become enriched by its agency. Such instances are exceedingly rare; but Col. Chesterton relates two as having come under his cognizance:

"A considerable sensation had been excited in several noble families by the discovery that a favorite nurse, named Dora Fenn, was found to have been a systematic depredator. She was a stout, dark, handsome woman, apparently about thirty-five years of age, who had long been esteemed a valued nurse to ladies of distinction in their confinement, or when suffering from sickness. Not only had she been largely trusted, but held in the highest favor; and happy was that lady deemed to be, who could secure the services of Dora Fenn.

"A deplorable accident had prostrated the lady of a noble viscount, who was tended during her illness by the incomparable nurse. All had progressed favorably, and Fenn, no longer needed, had returned to her own home, when her ladyship's watch, and a most valuable order, set in brilliant, appertaining to his lordship, were missed. Those losses created intense consternation, for the reports of the day computed the value of the order at 600 guineas. The case was confided to the scrutiny of Mr. Goddard, of the public office, Great Marlborough street, who subsequently became chief of a county constabulary.

"He was a man of very superior address, and of marked intelligence; and in the progress of the case, nothing satisfactory having been elicited, he learned that Dora Fenn had been an inmate of his lordship's house. At the proposition that her abode should be visited, acute distress was manifested by the family. She could never be suspected—she was too dear and good a creature! Goddard, however, insisted, and, armed with the necessary warrant, he repaired to her house, accompanied by his lordship, who benignantly desired to soften the seeming affront.

"When Fenn appeared, many kind apologies were offered, and the sad necessity blandly explained; but no sooner had the nature of the visit transpired, than the countenance of the woman, and her insolent refusal to permit a search, convinced Goddard of the soundness of the step he had counselled. Proceeding, in spite of opposition, to execute his mission, he discovered the watch and appendages, but the order was not to be found. The apprehension of Fenn of course ensued, and, after an introductory examination, she was remanded to my custody. There, overwhelmed with despair at the exposure of her treachery, she was largely visited by members of the aristocracy, who now began to account for the mysterious disappearance of various valuables from their own residences while the petted nurse was there.

"A committal to Newgate, trial, conviction, and a sentence to *death* ensued, but still the order, so much prized, was not forthcoming. At that period, the execution of the highest penalty of the law was by no means unusual, and Dora Fenn's life was far from safe. In that emergency, the late Mr. Wontner, then governor of Newgate, exercised a tact and judgment which were crowned with success. Summoning Fenn to his office, he told her to listen to him, and profit by his advice. Her life, he assured her, was in danger, but the restoration of the missing order (which she, undoubtedly, had stolen) might save it. He furnished her with paper, pen, and ink, and said: 'Write to whomsoever you please;—your letter shall not be read; but direct that the order be inclosed to me in a parcel forthwith, and we will see if we cannot preserve your life.' These particulars I learned from Mr. Wontner himself, and, moreover, the following day the order was in his hands.

"Dora Fenn was transported for life, and became acquainted with, in Australia, and married, a man of enormous wealth, who, as a convict, had been assigned to that colony for life, at a time when expatriation simply constituted the punishment of transportation. The wealth of that individual, acquired by grazing and trading in wool, was recorded in that most interesting document, the Transportation Committee's Report. The late Sir William Molesworth had presided over that inquiry, and had largely been assisted by the late Sir Robert Peel and other eminent men. One of the most gifted writers of the present day, to whom I lent that report, declared to me, that no romance had ever excited in his mind a deeper interest than had been awakened by the perusal of that report. It is fraught with stirring incidents.

"Here, then, we see that two convicts—the man referred to, and Dora Fenn—became enriched through the agency of crime! Rare and exceptional cases, doubtless, are these, but not the less remarkable and astounding."

Upon one occasion H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland visited Cold Bath Fields. There was at that time within its walls a

somewhat remarkable man, who had been incarcerated at the instance of the Duke of Cumberland himself; and his royal highness detailed to Col. Chesterton the full particulars of the case, which before he had merely gathered from the police reports:

"The individual in question was known by the name of Captain Ashe. He was a man of high stature, possessed a military carriage, was well educated, and could assume the most winning manners. He was about fifty years of age. His daughters, most elegant young women, who visited him once during his imprisonment, so sorrowfully described to me the fatal errors of his life, that there was no doubt he had forsaken the path of honor, in which he was gifted to shine, under the vain hope of advancing his interests by chicanery and inventive rascality.

"He owed his imprisonment to the following circumstances:—Captain Ashe had written what purported to be the Life of H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland, and so soon as he had completed the MS., he opened a correspondence with the duke upon the subject. He informed H.R.H. of the contemplated publication, affected to deplore the poverty which impelled him to the task, professed to repudiate any ill will towards the duke, and concluded by offering to suppress the work altogether upon condition that H.R.H. should pay him £1000. Moreover, he simulated great regard for candor and fidelity, and averred that the incidents had all been collated from the most authentic sources, and such as the public would not fail to accept as trustworthy.

"In such an emergency, the Duke of Cumberland displayed considerable tact and ingenuity. He became aware that he had to deal with a scoundrel and a libeller, and he proved more than a match for his wily traducer. In his reply, H.R.H. expressed his regret that a measure so hostile to his peace should be contemplated, and evinced a desire to arrest the publication of a work calculated to inflame the public mind against him. Still, he deemed it only just, before he sacrificed so large a sum as £1000, that he should have the opportunity to peruse the MS., and thus be in a situation to judge how far he might be disposed to go to insure its suppression.

"Captain Ashe allowed himself to be caught in the trap thus set for him, and, with a simplicity scarcely to be looked for in a designing trickster, forwarded the MS. to the duke. H.R.H. lost no time in perusing it, and found it, as he declared to me, a tissue of the most scandalous falsehoods and malignant inventions; and, under proper legal advice, he resolved to retain the libel in his own possession.

"When Captain Ashe wrote to demand the restitution of his MS., or the immediate payment of the £1000, he was informed that the duke would neither restore the MS. nor pay the money, and that H.R.H. referred him to an

action of trover, as the sole medium through which the work would be restored. Thereupon Captain Ashe became furious, and wrote to declare that, unless the MS. should be forthwith returned, he would waylay the Duke of Cumberland and shoot him through the head. A warrant was instantly procured; Captain Ashe was apprehended and conveyed to Bow-street, and, after a formal recital of the preceding facts, Captain Ashe was committed to my custody, in default of finding bail to keep the peace for the period of six months.

"Up to within a few days of the termination of his imprisonment, he was prodigal of smiles and complacency. It seemed scarcely possible for him adequately to display his sense of obligation for my courtesy towards him, while he bespattered the prison and its management with superlative encomiums; but no sooner had his prospective stay dwindled into a few short days, than his outward demeanor changed, and some artful scheme seemed to occupy his mind. The light of his countenance became obscured, and a rigid and repulsive stateliness appeared to interdict any approach to by-gone civility.

"I was not slow to divine that some subtle machination was in embryo, and I was led by a knowledge of the knave's antecedents to anticipate the very plot which was so soon to be revealed. Not many days had elapsed after the release of Captain Ashe, ere a messenger was the bearer of a letter to me, the purport of which was as follows:

"Captain Ashe informed me he was in immediate want of *five pounds*, which, he doubted not, I would instantly send him. He thought it right, at the same time, to acquaint me that, during his six months' residence in Cold Bath Fields prison, he had noted many things which he thought it highly desirable the world should know. He was quite sure the public mind would be gravely affected by these disclosures, which would tend seriously to injure the character of the establishment. He had already committed his observations to paper, and the whole narrative was quite ready to go to press.

"This was exactly the attempt at extortion, which a very ordinary exercise of sagacity had enabled me to foresee, and which I had secretly resolved promptly to defy. I happened to be standing not far from the outer gate when this note was delivered to me; and, having perused it, I lost not one moment in penning the following reply:

"The Governor of Cold Bath Fields House of Correction has learned, with much satisfaction, that the matter connected with that prison, which Captain Ashe has prepared for the public, is quite ready for the press; and the governor recommends its *immediate* publication. He has no doubt it will prove highly curious and entertaining; and he thinks it most desirable that *not a moment* should be lost in giving it circulation."

"I failed to transmit the five pounds, and I heard no more of Captain Ashe, until some few months afterwards—and then I learned that the



wretched man, and all his fraudulent schemes, were forever buried in the grave."

We have before had occasion to refer to an instance of a baffled attempt at escape; but some effectual escapes did take place during the twenty-five and a half years' governorship of Col. Chesterton. These amounted to six, out of a population numbering 230,000, or thereabouts, and, of that number, two only escaped re-capture. Such escapes were generally attended with circumstances in which both skill, nerve, and ingenuity, contributed to success. Witness, for example, the last instance on record:

"The last escape which I have to record, was also effected by an utterer of base coin, who had the additional reputation of being an accomplished coiner. It happened in the summer of 1854, in a detached radiating building of considerable magnitude, designated the misdemeanor or prison, which had likewise, injudiciously, been made to abut upon the eastern portion of the outer wall. There, one of our active and able magistrates had most usefully discovered a means of adding considerably to our sleeping cells. Numbers of arched cavities, corresponding with the cells above, formed an extended basement, analogous to ordinary cellarage. Completely buried from view by consolidated earth of considerable depth and extent, whose superficies formed an airing yard for the inmates, it was only necessary to remove the earth, cut away part of the brick-work up to the crown of each arch, insert the ordinary semi-circular cell window and a door, and you obtained as many cells on this ground floor as in each of three several tiers above it. At the extremity of the yard nearest to the outer wall was a succession of arches, (the necessity of which was best known to the architect,) and, in order to comprehend the full extent of the feat I am about to relate, it is essential to understand the nature of the scene of action.

"A considerable number of imprisoned navigators picked up the ground and filled the barrows, and a long line of prisoners, under escort, wheeled away the earth through an aperture in the outer brick-work, capable of being closed at will by a strong door, furnished with one of Chubb's stoutest mortice locks. During the intervals for meals, the tools and short ladders, etc., were deposited under the arches, (open from within,) the strong door was locked, and the key removed by the warden, and thus a safe barrier appeared to oppose exterior egress. On this occasion, a depth of ten or twelve feet had been cleared away, and the work was progressing inwards, when two o'clock in the afternoon found some ninety prisoners silently seated at dinner, under the supervision of three officers.

"No sooner had grace been said, than up sud-

denly jumped the utterer, and, simulating intense pain, writhed and grimaced most effectively, and then rushed, as if impelled by dire necessity, out of the door. His retirement was watched up to a certain point, where he was unsuspectingly left. Watching for a few moments, he darted along the yard, jumped down the hollowed space, and was forthwith within the arches. There, seizing a pickaxe, he severed the door from the lock, (the arches completely subduing the reverberation, so that not a sound was heard without,) he grasped the longest ladder, and, putting it against the outer wall, mounted, and thence dropping into the Bagnigge Wells Road, ran with speed, and successfully effected his retreat.

"When, within a few minutes, we became aware of our loss, we were stupefied at the boldness of the design, and the rapidity of its execution. Moreover, there stood the ladder, to all appearance much too short to have availed, and it was a question, whether the attempt of any other man would not have resulted in a heavy fall, and serious injury. The fugitive must, therefore, have displayed boldness and steady nerve; and, altogether, the combination of invention and adroitness entitled the man to success, if ever success could legitimately be desired to crown such an enterprise.

"He was too notorious in the circles of fraud to be safe from recapture; and I heard of him in various ways, from time to time. To elude the description we had caused to be published in the *Hue and Cry*, he shaved off his whiskers, assumed a wig, and must have lain comparatively still for some time. A man, who professed to know all his family, called upon me, and first sounding me as to the probable reward for his apprehension, ended by assuring me he would restore him shortly to my custody. However, the pertinacious culpability of the fugitive himself insured his own restitution to prison. He was again apprehended on a charge of uttering base coin, was committed to the Central Criminal Court, there again convicted, sentenced to a long term of imprisonment, and returned to my charge in due course. So completely, however, had he metamorphosed his countenance, that he had been some days in the prison before he was recognized. At first, he stoutly denied his own identity, but at length, found it prudent to admit the fact."

Criminals of almost every degree universally profess innocence, sometimes upon the most irrational grounds. Col. Chesterton details some amusing instances of impudent denials of guilt, and requests for favorable consideration, on grounds so supremely absurd as to proclaim at once a feeble intelligence and weak discernment. Instances of real innocence or of erroneous conviction are, however, excessively rare indeed; Col. Chesterton only relates one case; it is a romance in itself, and, as

might be anticipated, the Colonel, being so accustomed to being habitually misled and cheated, he listened to the story at first with incredulity:

"The following history is that of a really beautiful young woman, and its perusal is calculated to awaken a combination of pain and pleasure. It is, indeed, sad to reflect that a misapprehension of suspicious circumstances, without the means at hand of correct elucidation, should have wrongfully consigned a young creature, not more than twenty-two years of age, to the lingering application of penal discipline for a whole year. Yet, there is a melancholy satisfaction in reflecting that much good resulted to that unhappy girl, from the genuine charity which impels an active Christian spirit to dive into the abodes of wretchedness, and to seek the redemption even of the imprisoned outcast.

"When I affirm that C. M. was really beautiful, I deal in no exaggeration; for the judge who tried her—the late Common-Serjeant Mirehouse—quite scandalized her prosecutrix, and some lady friends who accompanied her to the court, by the apology he addressed to the jury for not transporting the trembling girl at the bar—'Gentlemen, we cannot afford to send such beauty from the country.' Her sentence, consequently, became imprisonment, with hard labor, for one year.

"C. M. was in the service of Mrs. N., as lady's maid to her daughter, who was at that time receiving the addresses of Captain J., of the R. N. Miss N. testified her regard for her lover, by working or decorating cambric handkerchiefs, and other such light presents, which she most injudiciously transmitted, with occasional *billets-doux*, by the hands of her pretty maid, who on such occasions carried them to the captain's lodgings. In time, the captain appears to have overstepped the bounds of prudence and propriety, and most reprehensibly to have cultivated such terms with his charming messenger as to lead him to present, and her to accept, a few of the small offerings which Miss N. had designed for him alone.

"C. M. always emphatically insisted upon the perfect innocence of her little flirtation with Captain J., but there is quite sufficient in its outward aspect to justify reproof. However, pending his engagement with Miss N., Captain J. accepted the command of a frigate, and sailed to the coast of North America. He had not been long away, when, on some luckless occasion, Miss N., in the absence of her maid, went to the room of the latter in search of something hastily required, and not finding what she sought, raised the lid of a box belonging to C. M., and, to her dismay, beheld, in the possession of her maid, several of the pretty presents, worked by her own fair fingers for her lover. She ran to her mother with indignant haste, imparted to her the startling fact, and not a little aroused the fierce anger of that matron. Retribution was instantly decided upon, a police constable was called in, and, on her return, C. M.

was handed over to him to undergo all the preliminary forms of law, and in due course to be arraigned at the bar of criminal justice. All this was accomplished, and the wretched girl—who could only plead, in her defence, the free gift of Captain J., without a scintilla of proof to justify her assertion—was, as I have shown, convicted, sentenced, and immured, without a voice being raised in his behalf.

"There was a modest suavity in her deportment, which disposed every one in her favor, and although she spoke to me in fervid terms of her innocence, yet that plea, so incessantly made, and so little to be relied upon, met with no greater credence from her. We treated C. M. with gentle forbearance and unceasing kindness, and she repaid us by exemplary behavior and unwearied industry.

"Through some channel, the fate of the poor girl reached the ears of Captain J., absent and on duty in America; and in the agony of his remorse, he wrote to an aged baronet, Sir F. O., implored of him to see her redressed, and fully confirmed the truth of her averment. In that letter, which was brought to me by the baronet, Captain J. used every expressive term to denote his grief and self-reproach, and affirmed that he could not rest day or night from dwelling on the wrongs of that unhappy girl. The baronet, however, was one of those unimpassioned old gentlemen, who could not comprehend the captain's anguish; he, therefore, assumed a jocular tone, and expressed himself very drily, and as he doubtless imagined, sagely, on the casual relation between a gentleman and a pretty girl. He saw C. M. coldly, asked her a few unmeaning questions, and departed, murmuring aphorisms, which resolved themselves into very common-place philosophy. Indeed, I regarded his careless demeanor, under such circumstances, as neither delicate nor generous.

"The declaration of the girl herself, supported now by the testimony of Captain J., necessarily wrought a strong impression upon my mind, and I began to regard her with deep sympathy. Still, nothing could be effected in her behalf, since in cases of conviction founded upon sworn evidence, mere epistolary explanations could avail little. Thus, months rolled on, and the poor girl's fulfilment of her sentence seemed inevitable. Again, however, did Captain J. strive to interest a friend in her behalf, and Captain K. (who happened to be also a personal friend of my own) brought me a letter to peruse, couched in terms more strongly descriptive of the agony with which he reflected on the girl's unmerited fate. A consultation, however, between Captain K. and myself resulted in the conviction that we were powerless to serve her.

"In process of time, the term of sentence lapsed, and C. M. was discharged, with such assistance as lay within the compass of the funds at our disposal, but still, such aid was necessarily limited. Not many days after her discharge, I was informed that a lady desired to see me, and a person entered the office so deeply veiled

that it was impossible to discern her features. The stranger, however, upraised her veil, and there stood C. M., genteelly attired, her hair disposed in ringlets, and her fine features seen to an advantage which the prison costume had little favored.

"With tears she besought my advice and assistance, described her lack of friends, relatives, or pecuniary resources, and avowed her anxious desire to be saved from the ruin that seemed to menace her. Moved by her earnest solicitation, I recommended her to fly for counsel and assistance to a Samaritan lady, whom she had known as a prison visitor. I furnished her with the address, to which she forthwith repaired, and finding there a willing ear and Christian sympathy, C. M. entered an asylum exactly suited to her condition, under the auspices of that kind patroness, from whence she was soon transferred to a family, to whose members the history of her severe afflictions had been confided.

"The last accounts of her were all that could be wished, most creditable to her character, and hopeful as to her future welfare. Whether Captain J. was ever able to indemnify her for the sufferings which his thoughtless levity had entailed upon her, I could never learn, although I casually heard, that the incidents of that catastrophe severed his engagement with Miss N. Here, at least, was one case of genuine innocence, out of the many thousands falsely alleged."

Unfounded claims to gentility are not at all uncommon in prisoners. A so-called Honorable Mr. Talbot—a professed swindler—plumed himself upon being a classical scholar, yet he had never heard of Ovid or Virgil! One old beggar woman insisted upon being better than Col. C. himself. "I am a gentlewoman!" she would aver. "My father wasn't governor of a jail, he was governor of the West Indies!" Some of these cases were evidently cases of mental aberration. One real old gentlewoman—very rich into the bargain—was incarcerated for shoplifting, and the newspapers having circulated reports of her wealth, eccentricities, and misfortunes, there came for her an offer of marriage from a *baronet*. "With the letter in my hand," Col. C. relates, "I sought out Mrs. Collins, and presenting it to her, said, smilingly, 'There, Mrs. Collins, is an offer of marriage for you.' 'For me, sir!' she exclaimed, with her usual strong Irish accent; and seizing the letter, read a few lines, and muttering some contemptuous words, she indignantly cast it into the fire, seemingly enraged at the temerity of the writer." Col. Chesterton knew the baronet in question—he was immersed in pecuniary embarrassments.

A "beautiful burglar" sounds like a strange antithesis; yet it appears that there are such to be met with in real life as well as in fiction:

"A. B.—y was a young creature, little more than eighteen years of age, who had yet twice been convicted of burglary at dead of night, and was then undergoing a sentence of one year's imprisonment for that very unfeminine offence. No one who saw her could fail to award her the meed of beauty. Short of stature, but critically proportioned, she was distinguished by a *petite tournure* of faultless symmetry. With a profusion of raven hair, brilliant eyes of jet, teeth of polished whiteness, her small expressive features were arched by brows which imparted an air of intellectuality to the whole countenance. Her deportment indicated gentleness, and she moved with the grace of a sylph. Amongst the many thousands of her sex, who, during twenty-five years, have been under my control, A. B. stands recorded in my memory as preëminent beyond every other in outward beauty."

We must conclude our gatherings from these curious and most interesting, as well as suggestive Revelations of Prison Life, with a remarkable case of combined impudence and plausibility:

"I betook myself one morning, according to custom, to the reception ward, where stood arrayed for my inspection the incomers of the previous day. Amongst the crowd, varying from time to time with the circumstances of their apprehension, would occasionally be seen an assemblage of persons of all outward appearances—smart, decent, and dirty. On this morning, however, the throng was unusually unseemly, and served more effectually to set off the unwonted contrast of a tall young man of the most fashionable exterior. Much surprised to observe a person elegantly attired, and bearing the outward aspect of a gentleman, I eagerly inquired into the cause of his imprisonment, and was answered with a shrug of the shoulders, and a heavy sigh: 'A strange mistake. I am accused of picking the pocket of an officer of the Guards, at a bazaar. My name is Hawkesbury; I am the son of a major in the army, and am connected with some of the best families in England.' I could only recommend an appeal to the Secretary of State, and affirmed that such an error (if error it should prove) might be speedily rectified.

"During the forenoon, while I was occupied in my office, I was suddenly apprised that a gentleman desired to see me, when in walked a man of medium age, elegantly attired, and appearing to labor under excessive emotion. He held his handkerchief to his eyes, and appeared scarcely able to support himself, owing to the extremity of his agitation. I was moved by such well-simulated affliction, and employed the language

of kind persuasiveness to restore composure, and, apparently, with effect. In a short time the stranger proceeded to inform me he was Major Hawkesbury, and that his unfortunate son was then my prisoner.

"He dilated upon the fatal mistake, proclaimed his close connection with a distinguished baronet, enlarged upon his elevated kindred and social ties, and all with such a specious assumption of truthfulness, that I was completely imposed upon, and verily confided in the entire statement. He shrank from any appeal to the Secretary of State: 'The family name must not be allowed to transpire in connection with such a stigma upon it; the whole matter must be kept secret; and he had only to implore my clemency towards his son. With my promise that I would watch over the health and safety of the young man, the *soi-disant* wretched father departed, leaving me in the firm belief that he was such as he had described himself to be.

"Hawkesbury's deportment was meek and submissive. He duly fulfilled his sentence of six weeks, and left the prison with health apparently unimpaired.

"Upwards of two years had rolled by, when the same daily routine took me to the reception ward, and there my wondering eyes once more beheld the elegant 'Hawkesworth,' who on this occasion had assumed a slight change of name. Again he pleaded some strange mistake, reiterated his claims to high lineage, and derided the supposition that such an one as he could, as alleged, have picked a pocket at the Italian Opera. However, he urged these pleas in vain; his calling was now clearly defined, and I assured him he would not dupe me a second time. He had received the maximum sentence of three calendar months, and I warned him to prepare to pass his days on the tread-wheel.

"At mid-day I was in my office, engaged in conversation with a country magistrate, when, suddenly, the most thundering knock the outer gate had ever experienced, startled the whole building from its propriety. The gate quickly opened, there entered with affected dignity a fashionably-dressed stranger, who, in the loudest tone of voice, demanded if the governor were within. The gate-warder, cap in hand, bowed with the most deferential respect, and conducted the magnate to my office, where the magistrate and myself were lost in wonder as to who the mysterious stranger could be. No sooner did the intruder catch sight of me, than, rushing

with eagerness towards me, he seized my hand, and testified the utmost joy at seeing me. I could not recall his person to my memory, and told him so, when, with a manner which denoted the practised actor, he said two years had elapsed since we last had met, and a strain of flowery compliment connected with his last visit suddenly infused a suspicion as to his present errand. 'Surely,' I exclaimed, 'you are not come to importune me for that man Hawkesworth?' That, he confessed, was the object of his visit, when I indignantly reproved his freedom in taking me by the hand, and quite suited my manner to my tone. 'Not shake you by the hand, sir—why not? I often shake the hand of Sir Robert Peel,' and while thus speaking, he seemed to swell with importance, and frown with offended dignity. 'My name,' he continued, 'is Howard. I am a Royal Academician. I live at Cloudesley Terrace, Hammersmith,' and he ran on in a strain of boastful pretension, which I thus interrupted: 'Why, sir, you quite forget yourself; when I last saw you, you professed to be a major in the army!' 'By no means,' he replied. 'I said the young man's father was a major!'

"With every fresh allegation on my part, his assurance increased, and the whole scene was one combining a cool hardihood and unblushing effrontery that none but a designing, yet clever cheat, could sustain. Inviting the magistrate to visit him at Cloudesley Terrace, he bowed stiffly to me, and promptly withdrew.

"I instantly dispatched an officer, thoroughly acquainted with Hammersmith, to make the requisite inquiries, and was by no means surprised to learn that there was no such place as Cloudesley Terrace there, nor was Mr. Howard, R.A., known in that neighborhood.

"The same two scoundrels were subsequently apprehended for picking pockets at the Yacht Ball, at Cowes, and were committed for trial. Their acquaintance with legal forms and special technicalities enabled them, by writ of *habeas*, to be brought before a judge at chambers, and there, by misrepresentation, they became admitted to bail. Although the bail was heavy, the danger of transportation was imminent, so they deemed it the safer course to forfeit their sureties, and decamp to America. They were the best dressed and most polished thieves with whom I ever came in contact, while their fictitious assumptions, and daily counterfeit personifications, endowed them with an easy tact and pliability worthy of the stage."



From the Westminster Review.

## RALPH WALDO EMERSON ON THE ENGLISH.\*

ENGLISHMEN have a particular pleasure in hearing and reading criticisms on their own country. They are perfectly impervious to the shafts of ridicule or the revilings of abuse, and can enjoy a joke at their own expense as heartily as if a neighbor were the sufferer. Nothing delights a cockney more than to see the traditional Englishman of the French theatre, padded to do justice to the national fat, rollicking on the stage in a green cutaway, offering to sell his wife to all comers, and confining his conversation to the disconnected but suggestive expressions "Goddem" and "Rosbif." But perhaps this equanimity is itself a provoking trait in the national character, and may be one of the chief causes of the irritation with which most foreigners speak of Englishmen. Certainly there are very few works on England by foreigners which treat the subject either fairly or with any degree of vigor and originality. Lesser men cannot overcome their chagrin at the indifference displayed by the criticised to the critic; greater men fear they should not do justice to a nation so insular and peculiar. It is, therefore, a welcome novelty that within the last twelve months the England of the present day should have been the subject of publications from the pen of two writers so different, yet each so *piquant* and so able, as M. Montalembert and Mr. Emerson. Englishmen cannot complain of any want of courtesy, or any deficiency of insight, on the part of either author; but, glad as we are to see the admiration bestowed on England by a distinguished Frenchman, we are still more pleased with the friendly and honest tribute of an American. It is nearer our hearts to be well understood by America than by any other country. A kindred blood, too, runs in the veins of the critic, and teaches him to appreciate those of whom he writes in a

manner impossible, perhaps, to a foreigner. Mr. Emerson has given us a book from which we may learn many things; much about ourselves, about what we have, and about what we have not; and, still more, from which we may learn that the nobleness of spirit which gives praise as well as blame where it is due, may be relied on as existing across the Atlantic.

Mr. Emerson came to England, in 1847, to give a course of lectures at the request of the managers of the Union of Mechanics' Institutes. As he remarks, this invitation not only secured him an indemnity for his travelling expenses, but gave him a ready introduction into the society of many important towns. He opens his commentaries by the remark made so often by Americans, that "England is a garden." "The fields," he says, "appear to have been finished with a pencil instead of a plough." No sentence could have better introduced us to what was coming, and prepared us for what we had to expect. We might be sure it was an inhabitant of a new and a vast continent who could speak with such exaggeration; as we might also be sure that the phrase could only belong to a lover of elaborate epigrams. It is the characteristic of Mr. Emerson's writing, that it consists of thousands of such sentences—short, pointed, yet conceived on a large scale. Johnson tells Boswell that he had once read a long passage from "Thomson's Seasons," omitting every other line, that his hearers never found it out, and thought the passage exceedingly fine. Mr. Emerson seems to have cut out every other line of his observations, and to have distilled the spirit of his remarks into the smallest compass, in order to season them more highly. Reading his book is like eating potted meat; it is very good, very creditable to the cook, and a little of it goes a long way, but it is not exactly the genuine beef. We have got to add something, to add bulk and proportions, before we arrive at what Mr. Emerson really

\* *English Traits*. By R. W. EMERSON. London 1856.

thought. How many little leaps the mind makes before it springs from saying "England is highly cultivated," to saying "England is finished with a pencil instead of a plough." But these leaps remain unnoticed by the author, and we only have the result on which he ultimately lit. The manner and the matter of a book cannot be disjoined; the expression and the thought go together. An epigrammatic writer is necessarily an artificial one, and we must be on our guard against his art. As we proceed in Mr. Emerson's book, we come upon many passages where we may conveniently call to mind this opening remark, and may say of his highly-cultivated little sentences, what he says of the plots of English soil, that "they are finished with a pencil rather than with a plough."

Mr. Emerson's cardinal point of view is that England is the mistress of the present, as America is the mistress of the future. "It is observed," he says, "that the English interest us a little less within a few years; and hence the impression that the British power has culminated, is in solstice, or already declining." Perhaps the consolation derived from this thought may have something to do with his breadth of statement when speaking of the actual influence which England exerts, and the position she holds in the modern world. "The culture of the day, the thoughts and aims of men, are English thoughts and aims." "The Russian in his snows," continues our epigrammatist, "is aiming to be English. The Turk and Chinese are making awkward efforts to be English." And this universality of influence makes it hard to judge of England, for the critic is not independent; his thoughts are insensibly colored by all that is English. "England has inoculated all nations with her civilization, intelligence, and tastes; and to resist the tyranny and prepossession of the British element, a serious man must aid himself by comparing with it the civilization of the farthest East and West, the old Greek, the Oriental, and much more the ideal standard." We presume that we are to gather from the sentence, that the civilization of the farthest West will be the same with the ideal standard. We hope it may prove so; and, as Mr. Emerson tells us that the civilization of America is yet in futurity, it is impossible to say how nearly it may reach perfection when it comes. Spade-husbandry, we are told by agriculturists, answers admir-

ably where the scope of operations is limited, definite, and ascertainable; and so Mr. Emerson is particularly successful in the way he treats an obvious and familiar truth. He digs about it, and dresses it; he manures it with a rich deposit of illustration and anecdote; he works with inconceivable labor, and in the end certainly produces a much finer fruit than we are accustomed to get. That England derives great advantages from its geographical position, which makes it the centre of trade, and that the variety of its produce and the evenness of its climate give ample room for all kinds of industry, is one of those recognized facts with which we are made well acquainted almost before we begin to wear trousers. But the truism is too true to remain unnoticed; and Mr. Emerson has to point out what every one knows. The way in which he does it, is as good a piece of spade-husbandry as is to be found in any modern writer. We seem to have heard every sentence before, and yet to find every sentence new. We know it all, and yet we like to read it. It could not have been done better. A little story or happy allusion is put at convenient intervals to light us like a gas-lamp, along a way which the author fears we might find somewhat dreary. The description of the climate is brightened up by a saying of Charles II., that it invited men abroad more days in the year, and more hours in the day, than that of any other country. To the London fog is allotted the epigram of an anonymous wit, who said of the English atmosphere, that "in a fine day it was like looking up a chimney; in a foul day like looking down one." Sir John Herschel is quoted as saying that London is the centre of the terrene globe; and the advantages of the Thames are illustrated by a saying of a Lord Mayor, who, when James I. declared his purpose of punishing London by removing his court, replied that "in removing his royal presence from his lieges, they hoped he would leave them the Thames." All this is done with great skill, and is the fruit, we may be sure, of much labor and patience. Were it done with moderate success, we should be content to take it in its turn, and then forget it by the time we began the next chapter. But Mr. Emerson's success is so great, that we can afford to dwell on his description, and may peruse with equal pleasure and amusement the production of his pains-taking art.

After he is once established in England, Mr. Emerson begins to speculate whether race is in any great degree the cause of all that Englishmen have done. Speculations on race seem generally intended only to provoke contradiction, and the first application we make of any general rule turns out to be an exception. Mr. Emerson tells us that the low organizations are simplest: "a mere mouth, a jelly, or a straight worm." As the scale mounts, the organizations become complex. "The best nations are those most widely related." We may enjoy the pleasure of contradicting this, if we please. The Greeks, Arabs, and Jews, were of a simple race; they were, to use the physiological language, mere "mouths and jellies." The Byzantine Greeks were mongrels; so were the Egyptians of the Delta under the Romans; so are the modern Mexicans. We confess that, looking at these instances, the jellies seem to us to have the best of it. But Mr. Emerson is far from any pedantic advocacy of a theory. He owns that the fact is worth more than any reasons that can be given for it. The Englishman, who is, as Defoe said, "the mud of all races," is better than any of the parts from which he is derived. Perhaps the only great advantage which we can with certainty attribute to the mixture of races from which the English spring, is the great variety of talent and character to be found among them. There is a greater play of individuality here, a greater diversity, and a greater persistence in diversity, than in any nation under the sun.

As we have got among the "mouths and jellies," we may observe here as well as anywhere else, that the rudiments of physiology seem a very dangerous acquisition for the lovers of the spade-husbandry kind of writing. They suggest an infinity of false analogies. The great facts of Nature, slowly worked out by science, are marvellous and unexpected. They strike the imagination, and dwell in the memory. They haunt the man of poetical temperament, and the inventive and laborious writer thinks that surely he can work them in somehow. Mr. Emerson has a mind exactly fitted to be caught and betrayed by them. We need not go far to seek for instances. The pages in which the jelly theory of races is discussed, supply us with two examples that may stand for a hundred others. "It need not puzzle us," we are told, "that Malay and Pagan, Celt and Roman, Saxon and Tartar,

should mix, when we see the rudiments of tiger and baboon in our human form." We should like to know who could possibly doubt that Celt and Roman would mix. If it is meant by mixing that the offspring of the two races has a union of qualities better than the qualities belonging to either of the parent stocks, what light could be thrown on this doubtful fact by knowing that the structure of certain mammalia is, up to a particular point, the same? Again we read: "Perhaps the ocean serves as a galvanic battery to distribute acids at one pole, and alkalies at the other. So England tends to accumulate her liberals in America, and her conservatives in London." If Mr. Emerson had not been deluded by his reminiscences of electricity, we may be sure he would never have penned this sentence. The complete separation in space produced by the intervening Atlantic, is one of the many causes why America is independent of England, and her freedom unfettered by the traditions of the old country. But as to the galvanic battery, and the acids and alkalies, we know that India is separated by twice the distance of sea, and that still the English mind does not undergo any great chemical change during the voyage to Calcutta.

In Mr. Emerson's book, however, there is much more to admire than to find fault with, and we must hasten to do justice to its great merits. Sometimes these consist in remarks, new and instructive, which we may be glad to take into our thoughts and weigh them carefully and well. But more generally English readers will find the prominent merit to be the fertility, the liveliness, and acuteness of observation with which topics, long familiar to them, are handled. Such a merit can only be appreciated by those who read the book itself; but a specimen may give some indication of it, and we will therefore give a quotation from this same chapter on "race," which we think is a fair sample of Mr. Emerson's manner of writing:

"The English have more constitutional energy than any other people. They think, with Henri Quatre, that manly exercises are the foundation of that elevation of mind which gives one nature ascendant over another; or, with the Arabs, that the days spent in the chase are not counted in the length of life. They box, run, shoot, ride, row, and sail from pole to pole. They eat, and drink, and live jolly in the open air, putting a bar of solid sleep between day and day. They

walk and ride as fast as they can, their head bent forward, as if urged on some pressing affair. The French say that Englishmen in the street always walk straight before them like mad dogs. Men and women walk with infatuation. As soon as he can handle a gun, hunting is the fine art of every Englishman of condition. They are the most voracious people of prey that ever existed. Every season turns out the aristocracy into the country, to shoot and fish. The more vigorous run out of the island to Europe, to America, to Asia, to Africa, and Australia, to hunt with fury by gun, by trap, by harpoon, by lasso, with dog, with horse, with elephant, or with dromedary, all the game that is in nature. These men have written the game-books of all countries, as Hawker, Scrope, Murray, Herbert, Maxwell, Cumming, and a host of travellers. The people at home are addicted to boxing, running, leaping, and rowing matches.

"I suppose the dogs and horses must be thanked for the fact, that the men have muscles almost as tough and supple as their own. If in every efficient man there is first a fine animal, in the English race it is of the best breed, a wealthy, juicy, broad-chested creature, steeped in ale and good cheer, and a little overloaded by his flesh. Men of animal nature rely, like animals, on their instincts. The Englishman associates well with dogs and horses. His attachment to the horse arises from the courage and address required to manage it. The horse finds out who is afraid of it, and does not disguise its opinion. Their young boiling clerks and lusty collegians like the company of horses better than the company of professors. I suppose the horses are better company for them. The horse has more uses than Buffon noted. If you go into the streets every driver in 'bus or dray is a bully; and, if I wanted a good troop of soldiers, I should recruit among the stables. Add a certain degree of refinement to the vivacity of these riders, and you obtain the precise quality which makes the men and women of polite society formidable."

A chapter follows on "ability," on the qualities, that is, which have enabled England to attain its present pitch of greatness. Mr. Emerson dwells on the logical turn of the English mind, on its love of utility, its patience, its capacity for sustaining artificial systems, its trustfulness. "There is a necessity," he says, "for the English to be logical. They would hardly greet the good that did not logically fall, as if it excluded their own merits or shook their understandings. And yet they do not love a syllogism merely for its own sake. They have a supreme eye to facts, and are 'locked and bolted to results.'" They have the high logic of never confounding the major and minor proposition, keeping their eye

on their aim in all the complicity and delay incident to the several series of means they employ. And yet no nation has as keen a sense of the means to be employed. "They are impious in their scepticism of theory, and in high departments they are cramped and sterile. But the unconditional surrender to facts, and the choice of means to reach their ends, are as admirable as with ants and bees." And Mr. Emerson paints the success of this happy instinct in the strongest colors. He tells us that the English apply themselves to agriculture, to draining, to resisting encroachments of sea, wind, travelling sands, cold and wet subsoil; to fishery, to manufacture of indispensable staples, salts, plumbago, leathers, wool, glass, pottery, and bricks, and by their steady combinations they succeed. And as a proof of what they can do, he boldly adds, "A manufacturer sits down to dinner in a suit of clothes which was wool on a sheep's back at sunrise." Certainly there is no finishing off with a plough about this, but it is touched in with the most finely-pointed pencil.

In the same way Mr. Emerson goes through the consideration of the other qualities on which he thinks it worth while to expatiate. He bids us notice how patient the English are. "They have no running for luck and no immoderate speed." "Private persons exhibit in scientific and antiquarian researches the same pertinacity as the nation showed in the coalitions in which it yoked Europe against the empire of Bonaparte." And then our careful purveyor dishes up his well-selected instances, and reminds us how Sir John Herschel expatriated himself for years at the Cape of Good Hope, finished his inventory of the southern heaven, came home, and redacted it in eight years more; how the Admiralty, sending out expedition after expedition, have at last solved the problem of the North-west passage; how, lastly, Lord Elgin, having spent five years in discovering the marbles of Athens, and then hearing that the ship conveying them to England had struck and gone to the bottom, had them all fished up by divers. Throughout England and Englishmen, Mr. Emerson sees the presence of energy, as one proof of which he notices the "highly artificial construction of the whole fabric." The soil itself is artificial; Chat Moss and the fens of Lincolnshire have been recovered



by art from the wastefulness of nature. The cattle are of an artificial breed; the climate is made milder by the enormous consumption of coal. The models of designers are brought from Southern Europe. The law is a network of fictions. The Universities galvanize dead languages into a semblance of life; and so forth, the author heaping up a hundred ingenious instances, and occasionally falling into such pitfalls of spade-husbandry as telling us that "the crimes are fictitious, as smuggling, poaching, nonconformity, heresy, and treason."

Chapters follow on the manners and character of the English, written with a good-humored recognition of all that is great in us, and a good-humored ridicule of all that is absurd. "I find the Englishman," says Mr. Emerson, "to be him of all men who stands firmest in his shoes. The one thing the English value is pluck." He observes "that this is no country for faint-hearted people; that the vigor of the people appears in their incuriosity and stony neglect each of every other." "I know not where any personal eccentricity is so freely allowed, and no man gives himself any concern with it. An Englishman walks in a pouring rain, swinging his closed umbrella like a walking-stick; wears a wig, or a shawl, or a saddle, or stands on his head, and no remark is made." Mr. Emerson is an honest and fearless man, and seems untroubled with that fear of his own countrymen which besets most Americans; for he adds, "It was an odd proof of this impressive energy that in my lectures I hesitated to read, and threw out for its impertinence, many a disparaging phrase which I had been accustomed to spin about poor, thin, unable mortals." In a new country like America, where national vanity is so much stronger than national pride, it requires true courage to say openly that views of humanity, based on what was to be seen at home, had to be corrected when acquaintance with a foreign country showed the speaker what manhood could be.

"Domesticity," he continues, "is the taproot which enables the nation 'to branch wide and high.' The motive and end of their trade is to guard the independence and privacy of their homes. They love all that is old, of long-standing, traditionary. They keep their old customs, costumes, and pomps. Their leases run for a hundred and a thousand years.

Every Englishman is an embryonic chancellor. His instinct is to search for a precedent; and then the severest decorum rules the court and the cottage." Mr. Emerson introduces a story to illustrate this. "When Thalberg, the pianist, was one evening performing before the Queen at Windsor, in a private party, the Queen accompanied him with her voice. The circumstance took fire, and all England shuddered from sea to sea. (Has not the finishing pencil been at work here?) The indecorum was never repeated." "A sea-shell," he says, "should be the crest of England; not only because it represents a power built on the waves, but also the hard finish of the men." "The Englishman," he tells us, "is finished like a cowry or a murex. After the spire and the spines are formed, or with the formation, a juice exudes, and a hard enamel varnishes every part."

We can but proceed in this way, and give a slight hint of the manner in which this industrious artist builds up his many-storied house on the frame-work of a familiar fact. It was not possible he should omit to notice the English reputation for truth. Their practical power, he says, rests on their reputation for truth. "English veracity seems to result on a sounder animal structure, as if they could afford it." Even Lord Chesterfield, with his French breeding, when he came to define a gentleman, declared that truth made his distinction. The Duke of Wellington told the French General, Kellermann, that he might rely on the parole of an English officer. Their love of truth, and the knowledge that this love is shared by those around them, makes them confide in each other. Madame de Staël says that the English irritated Napoleon mainly because they found out how to unite success with honesty. They have a horror of adventurers in or out of Parliament. The ruling terror of Englishmen in these days is a terror of humbug. They like a man committed to his objects. They hate the French as frivolous, they hate the Irish as aimless, they hate the Germans as professors. Mr. Emerson notices as a lamentable falling-off in their plain-spoken love of truth, and courage in saying the truth to the whole world, that last year such great honors were paid to the Emperor Louis Napoleon. He is sure that no Englishman whom he had the happiness to know consented, when the

aristocracy of London cringed like a Neapolitan rabble before a successful thief. We think that something might be said in their own defence, even by those who were not preserved by an introduction to Mr. Emerson from a proneness to flatter. We have nothing to say in behalf of the silly pratings about the blessings of despotism which disgraced a portion of the English press a few months ago. This was one of the eccentricities to be found among a free people, who do not care which side they take in a question which for them is a purely speculative one. But the French alliance was a real, and a noble and honorable wish on the part of England. Louis Napoleon came to reap the benefit of this feeling. It is impossible to cheer an abstract proposition; but when they saw the Emperor, Englishmen cheered, because they were desirous to show their hearty assent to the doctrine that the Western nations ought to unite to defend the liberty of Europe.

Mr. Emerson has some good remarks and some good anecdotes respecting the traits of taciturnity, stolidity, self-sufficiency, and imperturbable assertion of superiority so often noticed in the English character. Perhaps the best of these is a story of an English lady on the Rhine, who, hearing a German speaking of her party as foreigners, exclaimed, "No, we are not foreigners—we are English; it is you that are foreigners." Nor is it unamusing what he says is told of a good Sir John, that he heard a case stated by counsel, and made up his mind; then the counsel for the other side taking their turn to speak, he found himself so unsettled and perplexed, that he exclaimed, "So help me God, I will never listen to evidence again." We regret to say that this portion of the book, excellent as it is, bears very evident traces of the over-digging which is more or less visible throughout. We read, for instance: "They tell you daily in London the story of the Frenchman and Englishman who quarrelled, and at last were persuaded to fight in the dark; when the Englishman, not wishing really to hit his adversary, fired up the chimney, and brought down the Frenchman." They tell this daily in London! What a curious piece of statistics, and what a patient and persevering city we must live in. Never did a Yankee Triptolemus drive his plough so fiercely.

Let us turn from this exaggeration to give a quotation, which, although it has got a prize-potato or two in it, shall show Mr. Emerson in a fairer light:

"Of that constitutional force, which yields the supplies of the day, they have the more than enough, the excess which creates courage on fortitude, genius in poetry, invention in mechanics, enterprise in trade, magnificence in wealth, splendor in ceremonies, petulance and projects in youth. The young men have a rude health which runs into peccant humors. They drink brandy like water, can not expend their quantities of waste strength on riding, hunting, swimming, and fencing, and run into absurd frolics with the gravity of the Eumenides. They stoutly carry into every nook and corner of the earth their turbulent sense; leaving no lie uncontradicted; no pretension unexamined. They chew hashheesh; cut themselves with poisoned creases; swing their hammock in the boughs of the Bohon Upas; taste every poison; buy every secret; at Naples they put St. Januarius' blood in an alembic; they saw a hole into the head of the 'winking Virgin,' to know why she winks; measure with an English foot-rule every cell of the Inquisition, every Turkish caaba, every holy of holies; translate and send to Bentley the arcanum bribed and bullied away from shuddering Brahmins; and measure their own strength by the terror they cause. These travellers are of every class, the best and the worst; and it may easily happen that those of rudest behavior are taken notice of and remembered. The Saxon melancholy in the vulgar rich and poor appears as gushes of ill-humor, which every check exasperates into sarcasm and vituperation. There are multitudes of rude young English who have the self-sufficiency and bluntness of their nation, and who, with their disdain of the rest of mankind, and with this indigestion and choler, have made the English traveller a proverb for uncomfortable and offensive manners. It was no bad description of the Briton generically, which was said two hundred years ago of one particular Oxford scholar: 'He was a very bold man, uttered anything that came into his mind, not only among his companions, but in public coffee-houses, and would often speak his mind of particular persons then accidentally present, without examining the company he was in; for which he was often reprimanded, and several times threatened to be kicked and beaten.'"

Hitherto we have had to follow Mr. Emerson through observations on what is personal to individuals; we now come to the portion of his book which treats of our social system, and of the present state of English thought; and here, the notice he takes of what he thinks to be the defects and evils under which we labor, is the most interesting part of his discussion of

the several facts. We care more to know what an intelligent foreigner thinks to be the drawbacks of England's immense wealth, the changes operating on the condition of the aristocracy, or the shortcomings of English religion and philosophy, than to read descriptions, however well written, of how rich, and noble, and good we are. There are things a foreigner can say, which are not thought to come well from a native; and when he says them, even if we do not agree with him, we are inclined to ponder over them and remember them.

So we will pass lightly over the lively picture which Mr. Emerson paints of English wealth, and of our love for our idol. "There is no country," he tells us, "in which so absolute a homage is paid to wealth. In America, there is a touch of shame when a man exhibits the evidences of large property, as if, after all, it needed an apology." We are glad to hear this, though we confess we had thought otherwise. But we know too well what mammon worship is here, not to rejoice that another nation is more free from it. Looked at on its good side, the love of wealth is, he says, seen as the determination to be solvent. "Solvency is in the ideas and mechanism of an Englishman." Words can hardly express what the wealth of England is. "The creation of wealth in England in the last ninety years, is a main fact in modern history." The wealth of London determines prices all over the globe; and the proudest result of this creation has been the great and refined forces it has put at the disposal of the private citizen. "In the social world, an Englishman to-day has the best lot. He is a king in a plain coat."

But we do not, as indeed we know pretty well, get the advantages of wealth quite without alloy. First of all, Mr. Emerson points out that the machine unman the user. "The robust rural Saxon degenerates in the mills to the Leicester stockinger, and to the imbecile Manchester spinner." And then, in a change of industry, "whole towns are sacrificed like ant-hills, and society is admonished of the mischief of the division of labor." To which sad facts, for we cannot refuse to see much truth in this statement, we can only answer, that the inventive ingenuity of man makes some poor compensation, even to its victims, for the evils it works; and that the mere facility of locomotion,

if nothing else, is a weapon of defence in the hands of the artisan suffering under the introduction of new machinery. For the mental enervation which continual contact with machinery is so apt to cause, we see no remedy, except that it is every day more recognized as good economy not to grind men down too hard, and that whenever a change in our social habits shall give the artisan an interest in the profits and a share in the management, the springs of hope will lend elasticity even to a mind that lives among the spindles.

"Then, again," continues Mr. Emerson, "come in new calamities. England is aghast at the disclosure of frauds in the manufacture of every fabric, and every article of consumption. This, too, is the reaction of machinery, but of the larger machinery of commerce. 'Tis not, I suppose, want of probity so much as the tyranny of trade, which necessitates a perpetual competition of underselling, and that, again, a perpetual deterioration of the fabric." In this we think Mr. Emerson looks too exclusively to the seller: part of the fault lies on the buyer. Rich people—persons educated enough to know that a cheap bargain is a dear bargain—do not suffer much from this deterioration. But as in England each class likes to copy and rival that above it, the poorer purchasers are pleased with having in name what the richer have. They must have white bread; so they buy alum and potatoes. The kitchen-maid sees her mistress in a new silk dress; so, to be even with her, she also buys a flimsy, dead-looking material, also called silk, which comes to pieces in the first shower. Time, experience, cessation of the novelty, good instruction, will, perhaps, some day teach the poor to be a little wiser.

"England," Mr. Emerson continues, "does not rule her wealth. She is simply a good England; but no divinity, or wise instructed soul." She must be held responsible for the despotism of expense. Her success strengthens the hands of base wealth. "Who," exclaims Mr. Emerson, "can propose to youth poverty and wisdom, where mean gain has arrived at the conquest of letters and arts?" We scarcely know what to say to this; it is so very true. "Not the aims of a manly life, but the means of meeting a certain ponderous expense, is that which is to be considered by a youth in England emerging from his

minority." Every Englishman knows to his sorrow, that Mr. Emerson is right. Other men's wealth hangs like a millstone round our neck. Whether time will see the burthen removed so long as our national prosperity endures, is more than we can presume to say.

To the merits and services of the English aristocracy, Mr. Emerson renders a justice much to the honor of an American and a democrat. The following passage will show the spirit in which he writes:

"The English nobles are high-spirited, active, educated men, born to wealth and power, who have run through every country, and kept in every country the best company, have seen every secret of art and nature, and, when men of any ability or ambition, have been consulted in the conduct of every important action. You cannot wield great agencies without lending yourself to them, and when it happens that the spirit of the earl meets his rank and duties, we have the best examples of behavior. Power of any kind readily appears in the manners; and beneficent power, *le talent de bien faire*, gives a majesty which cannot be concealed or resisted.

"These people seem to gain as much as they lose by their position. They survey society, as from the top of St. Paul's, and, if they never hear plain truth from men, they see the best of everything, in every kind, and they see things so grouped and amassed as to infer easily the sum and genius, instead of tedious particularities. Their good behavior deserves all its fame, and they have that simplicity, and that air of repose, which are the finest ornament of greatness.

"The upper classes have only birth, say the people here, and not thoughts. Yes, but they have manners, and it is wonderful how much talent runs into manners—nowhere and never so much as in England. They have the sense of superiority, the absence of all the ambitious effort which disgusts in the aspiring classes, a pure tone of thought and feeling, and the power to command, among their other luxuries, the presence of the most accomplished men in their festive meetings.

"Loyalty is in the English a sub-religion. They wear the laws as ornaments, and walk by their faith in their painted May-Fair, as if among the forms of gods. The economist of 1855 who asks, Of what use are the Lords? may learn of Franklin to ask, of what use is a baby? They have been a social church proper to inspire sentiments mutually honoring the lover and the loved. Politeness is the ritual of society, as prayers are of the Church—a school of manners, and a gentle blessing to the age in which it grew. It is a romance adorning English life with a larger horizon; a midway heaven, fulfilling to their sense their fairy tales and poetry. This, just as far as the breeding of the nobleman, really made him brave, handsome, accomplished, and great-hearted."

"Of course there is," says Mr. Emerson, "another side to all the gorgeous show which the nobility make." Since their warrior days were over, they have "grown fat and wanton." Pepys, Selwyn, and Moore, have left behind them, at very different times of English history, materials to let us know what are the vices of an aristocracy. Scandal-mongers of the present day have also their store of anecdotes. Here, however, we think Mr. Emerson wrong in connecting, in any especial manner, with an aristocracy, faults to be found in every sort of men whom the possession of accumulated wealth places in idleness. Young Americans, making the grand tour, have even a worse character for debauchery than young lords. The charge of a certain hardness and exclusiveness, and absence of power to recognize any claims but those of birth and wealth, is, perhaps, more justly made. "When Julia Crisp and Mario sang at the house of the Duke of Wellington, and other grandees, a cord was stretched between the singer and the company. A man of art, who is also one of the celebrities of wealth and fashion, confessed to his friend, that he could not enter their houses without being made to feel that they were great lords and he a low plebeian." And, whatever the vices or the virtues of the aristocracy, Mr. Emerson thinks their days are numbered, and that the change has begun which must, in the end, sweep them away. We suppose it is so; but, at any rate, the change will operate very slowly: the loyalty of the English to their aristocracy is so great, the desire to have a counterpoise to the tyranny of mere wealth is so strong, the perception of the advantage of refinement in manners is so keen. Still, it is very possible that a wilful blindness and selfishness may hasten a catastrophe otherwise remote. The disasters of the last war, and the extreme difficulty thrown in the way of merit by an aristocratical system, have made men think differently from what they used to think; and still more, perhaps, the short-sighted jealousy, which induced, during the last session, the Peers to propose to sacrifice the public and the suitors in the courts of law, in order to retain a fictitious and empty dignity for the Upper House, has given rise to a feeling, which, although it might soon yield to a manifestation of a liberal and conscientious anxiety for the public welfare, may, if it



finds fresh fuel, be easily fanned into a flame.

The chapter on "Religion" is, perhaps, the best in the book. It has some admirable passages both of observation and criticism. It does not, indeed, do justice to the Established Church; but the Established Church has so many mouths to sing its praises, that we have much more to gain from seeing the manner in which its great deficiencies strike a foreigner, than from hearing what its friends can say for it. Mr. Emerson begins by pointing out, that no national church can now, as it did once, embrace the whole life and thought of a nation; the Established Church has become an institution, with all the drawbacks as well as the advantages incident to a fixed type of thought.

"No people, at the present day, can be explained by their national religion. They do not feel responsible for it; it lies far outside of them. Their loyalty to truth, and their labor and expenditure, rest on real foundations, and not on a national church. And English life, it is evident, does not grow out of the Athanasian creed, or the Articles, or the Eucharist. It is with religion as with marriage. A youth marries in haste; afterwards, when his mind is opened to the reason of the conduct of life, he is asked what he thinks of the institution of marriage, and of the right relations of the sexes? 'I should have much to say,' he might reply, 'if the question were open, but I have a wife and children, and all question is closed for me.' In the barbarous days of a nation some *cultus* is formed or imported; altars are built, tithes are paid, priests ordained. The education and expenditure of the country take that direction, and when wealth, refinement, great men, and ties to the world supervene, its prudent men say, Why fight against Fate, or lift these absurdities, which are now mountainous? Better find some niche or crevice in this mountain of stone, which religious ages have quarried and carved, wherein to bestow yourself, than attempt anything ridiculously and dangerously above your strength, like removing it."

Standing in front of Dundee Church, Mr. Emerson tells us, that he reflected on the noble work which the Church has done in Great Britain. "There has been great power of sentiment at work in this island, of which these buildings are the proofs." The English Church has, he perceives, many certificates to show of humble, effective service, in humanizing the people, in cheering and refining man, feeding, healing, and educating. It has the seal of martyrs and confessors: the noblest

books, a sublime architecture, a ritual marked by the same secular merits; nothing cheap or purchaseable. He relates how, attending divine service at York Minster, he was struck by the manner in which the Church, since the Bible has been read in the vernacular tongue, has acted as the "tutor and university of the people." "It was strange to hear the pretty pastoral of the betrothal of Rebecca and Isaac in the morning of the world, read with circumstantiality in York Minster to the decorous English audience, just fresh from the *Times* newspaper and their wine, and listening with all the devotion of national pride."

Nor does Mr. Emerson fail to point out that the English Church is dear to Englishmen. "The national temperament deeply enjoys the unbroken order and tradition of its Church, the liturgy, ceremony, architecture; the sober grace, the good company, the connection with the throne and with history which adorn it!" But then, he sees, what so many Englishmen see with grief and regret, that what is so fair should be limited in its efficiency, —that a Church, preëminently framed to suit an aristocracy, has to accept all the narrowness of range which this adaptation involves. We cannot but see he is holding up a true maxim, when he says:

"The religion of England is part of good breeding. When you see on the continent the well-dressed Englishman come into his ambassador's chapel, and put his face, for silent prayer, into his smooth-brushed hat, one cannot help feeling how much national pride prays with him, and the religion of a gentleman. So far is he from attaching any meaning to the words, that he believes himself to have done almost the generous thing, and that it is very condescending in him to pray to God. A great duke said, on the occasion of a victory, in the House of Lords, that he thought the Almighty God had not been well used by them, and that it would become their magnanimity, after so great successes, to take order that a proper acknowledgment be made. It is the church of the gentry; but it is not the church of the poor. The operatives do not own it; and gentlemen lately testified in the House of Commons that, in their lives, they never saw a poor man in a ragged coat inside a church."

And the belief in the Church as an institution, and the determination to support it as a political safeguard of the upper classes, so thoroughly color the thoughts and language of educated laymen in this country, as to justify Mr. Emerson in saying, shortly afterwards:

"The English, in common, perhaps, with Christendom in the nineteenth century, do not respect power, but only performance—value ideas only for an economical result. Wellington esteems a saint only so far as he can be an army chaplain:—'Mr. Briscole, by his admirable conduct and good sense, got the better of Methodism, which had appeared among the soldiers, and once among the officers.' They value a philosopher as they value an apothecary who brings bark or a drench; and inspiration is only some blowpipe, or a finer mechanical aid.

"I suspect that there is in an Englishman's brain a valve that can be closed at pleasure, as an engineer shuts off steam. The most sensible and well-informed men possess the power of thinking, just so far as the bishop, in religious matters, and as the chancellor of the exchequer in politics. They talk with courage and logic, and show you magnificent results, but the same men who have brought free trade or geology to their present standing, look grave and lofty, and shut down their valve, as soon as the conversation approaches the English Church. After that, you talk with a box-turtle."

And we may do well to consider how much truth there is in the following denunciation:

"But you must pay for conformity. All goes well as long as you run with conformists. But you, who are honest men in other particulars, know that there is alive, somewhere, a man whose honesty reaches to this point also, that he shall not kneel to false gods, and, on the day when you meet him, you sink into the class of counterfeiters. Besides, this succumbing has great penalties. If you take in a lie, you must take in all that belongs to it. England accepts this ornamented national church, and it glazes the eyes, bloats the flesh, gives the voice a stertorous clang, and clouds the understanding of the receivers."

And although his habitual exaggeration is beginning to carry him away, we must allow that Mr. Emerson is telling us a stern truth, when he says:

"Nature, to be sure, had her remedy. Religious persons are driven out of the Established Church into sects which instantly rise to credit, and hold the Establishment in check. Nature has sharper remedies also. The English, abhorring change in all things, abhorring it most in matters of religion, cling to the last rag of form, and are dreadfully given to cant. The English, (and I wish it were confined to them; but 'tis a taint in the Anglo-Saxon blood in both hemispheres,) the English and the Americans cant beyond all other nations. The French relinquish all that industry to them. What is so odious as the polite bows to God in our books and newspapers? The popular press is flagi-

tious in the exact measure of its sanctimony, and the religion of the day is a theatrical Sinai, where the thunders are supplied by the property-man. The fanaticism and hypocrisy create satire. *Punch* finds an inexhaustible material. Dickens writes novels on Exeter-Hall humanity. Thackeray exposes the heartless high life. Nature revenges herself more summarily by the heathenism of the lower classes. Lord Shaftesbury calls the poor thieves together, and reads sermons to them, and they call it 'gas.' George Borrow summons the Gipsies to hear his discourse on the Hebrews in Egypt, and reads to them the Apostles' Creed in Rommany. 'When I concluded,' he says, 'I looked around me. The features of the assembly were twisted, and the eyes of all turned upon me with a frightful squint; not an individual present but squinted; the genteel Pepin, the good-humored Chicharona, the Cosdami—all squinted; the Gipsy jockey squinted worst of all.'

From all this Mr. Emerson draws the conclusion that the Church is much to be pitied. And, having come to this conclusion, he puts it, as his wont is, strongly and vehemently. "She has nothing left," he tells us, "but possession. If a bishop meets an intelligent gentleman, and reads fatal interrogations in his eye, he has no resource but to take wine with him." In another part of the chapter he says: "The English Church, undermined by German criticism, has nothing left but tradition, and was led logically back to Romanism. But that was an element which only hot heads could breathe; in view of the educated class, generally, it was not a fact to front the sun; and the alienation of such men from the Church became complete." Now, if Mr. Emerson had staid in England as many years as he staid months, he would have seen that the English Church is a greater puzzle than he thought it. It offers a broad mark for ridicule, and the shaft can scarcely go by it, with its Articles contradicting its Liturgy, its sham Convocation, its grand spiritual language about homely terrestrial facts, as when the Chapter prays to be guided in its choice of a bishop; and then, as Mr. Emerson reverently expresses it, invariably finds "that the dictates of the Holy Ghost agree with the recommendations of the Queen." It seems wonderful that honest and learned men should bear to belong to such a Church, and yet the fact remains that they do. Mr. Emerson is quite wrong when he says that the alienation of educated men from the Church is complete.

All Englishmen know to the contrary. There are to be found, not only among the laity, but among the clergy, men who have received as high an education, as liberal, deep, and various a training, as any men whatever, who are perfectly familiar with all that is valuable in German criticism, who know all that the most modern science has to teach them, who inspire all those who know them with a conviction that they would eat bread and drink water rather than speak or act a lie, and who yet adhere zealously to the Church of England. It is true that there are not many such men: the mass of the clergymen of the Church of England are as careless about truth, for its own sake, as any body of men in the world; but there are some such men, and they require to be accounted for. Every day, too, the Church is acquiring new strength; she builds new churches; she has set on foot at least one half of the new schools built in the last twenty years; she perfects the system of her clerical discipline. We cannot but recognize these facts as qualifying Emerson's saying, "The spirit that dwelt in this Church has glided away to animate other activities; and they who come to the old shrines, find apes and players rustling the old garments."

The lamentable indifference to truth which infects the higher English clergy, and their advocates among the laity, is a great penalty paid by them and by all of us for the aristocratical and institutional character of the Church. The tone of good society, and the fear of social consequences, eat into the heart of theology. But after all is said that can be said on this score, we must not speak as if the truth which the most zealous honesty could search out were easy to anticipate. If by the simple process of learning a little German, clergymen were sure to ascertain Christianity to be a mere delusion, fit at once to be consigned to the old clothes bag, we should quite agree in all that Mr. Emerson says. But, however strange, it is no less true that many who have gone through all that speculation has to offer, come very frequently to a conclusion, that in Christianity they have a satisfaction for the deepest wants of the human mind. Of course, their Christianity is something very different to that into which the traditions of the gentlemanly Anglican have got stereotyped. We can easily imagine that the longing to

be practical, not to be cut off from benefiting and living with their own generation, haunts their minds, and makes them say to themselves, "If we wish to enforce these perennial truths, which we believe will outlast the present form of Christianity—if we wish to bring them home to the men of this present age, and to do some work before we die—how can we do it better than by working through the English Church, which is so indeterminate in doctrine, and yet has so excellent a machinery for communicating between the teachers and the taught? Those who do not feel that desire for what is practical, who are content to let others work while they think, stand aloof from any such compliance, and say that it is only their business to proclaim what they hold to be true, and to let the world go its own way. We will not decide whether there is greater nobility and honesty in one course or the other. We see men whom, in other respects, we should think equally noble and honest, impelled in one or the other direction, rather by the presence or absence of a constitutional love of action than by anything else. But quietly to ignore the whole possibility of men of the sincerest thought being found in the English Church, is a piece of superficial assumption, excusable only in a foreigner who makes a hasty visit to this country.

Mr. Emerson next proceeds to speak of our literature, and complains that the modern English, unlike their ancestors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, shrink from generalization. He quotes the sentence of Bacon as applicable to them: "They do not look abroad with universality, or they draw only a bucketful at the fountain of the First Philosophy for their occasion, and do not go to the spring-head." "They are," Mr. Emerson continues, "with difficulty ideal; they are the most conditioned men, as if, having the best conditions, they could not bring themselves to forfeit them." We feel that there is much truth in this. "The Germans generalize; the English cannot interpret the German mind." We know that German philosophy is not welcomed in England, mainly because so very few Englishmen are formed by nature to understand it. Every now and then we come across a man who seems to have a sense of the *prima philosophia*, which Bacon called the "dry light, scorching and offending most

men's watery natures." But generally we acknowledge Englishmen to be, as compared with Germans, deficient in the widest philosophical power. Mr. Emerson looks for this as the only source of literary excellence, and finding it wanting in Englishmen, passes over their literature as a brilliant failure. He acknowledges it to have all the minor merits consistent with the absence of this highest excellence. "There is no end to the graces and amenities, wit, sensibility, and erudition of the learned class." But the artificial succor, he continues, which marks all English performance, appears in letters also; and he fears the same fault lies in their science. "English science puts humanity to the door; it wants the conviction which is the test of genius." "It stands in strong contrast with that of the Germans, those same Greeks who love analogy, and by means of their height of view preserve their enthusiasm and think for Europe."

Far be it from any Englishman of the present day to deny that the English literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had a native boldness and force, a width of grasp and a depth of feeling which is only rarely rivalled in our own times. We should also be the first to acknowledge how far more truthful the tone of German thought is, how much more it attempts to embrace than what we are accustomed to in England. But then, if we acknowledge this, let us say something on the other side. Bacon and the men of his day lived in an age which cannot come twice to a nation—the age between the times of darkness, (if we please to speak of darkness only by the standard of the intellect,) of faith and love, and the times which now are, when reverence has died away, and facts are all in all. In that twilight great things were done in statesmanship, in literature, in science, and in art. But the greatness that was then visible was a greatness that contained the seeds of its own decay. The English mind did not, as Mr. Emerson seems to think, degenerate when it embraced the system of Locke; it merely followed the inevitable road on which it had entered. We cannot in these days think grandly, because we wish, above all things, to think clearly. Certainly the love of clearness and of intelligible results has in a curious manner made us suspicious of truth which we cannot instantly formularize, and we own that

we are in a great measure preserved from an overwhelming poverty and narrowness of thought by the deep draughts we can drink from the abundant wells of German literature. But our anxiety to have practical demonstrable truths at least keeps us from a hundred delusions which, wearing the mask of sublimity, are infinitely more corrupting in their hollowness and imbecility, than a life-long study of Paley and Bentham. We can, at any rate, say that the English do not cast away their time on vague spiritual analogies, schemes of grandiloquent transcendentalism, and the inanities of spirit-rapping. We wish we could be more sure what is the point of view from which Mr. Emerson criticises us. To estimate the value of fault-finding, we must know the standard of excellence by which performance is judged. Mr. Emerson does not tell us exactly what his standard is, but we can make some guess at it when we see on what persons he bestows his praise. Most English readers will be surprised to hear that the only exception Mr. Emerson can find to the want of greatness in modern English writers, is to be discovered in the works of an author whose very name ninety-nine in a hundred will hear for the first time. Those who are acquainted with it will know it as the name of the translator of several works of Swedenborg, and the author of a book bearing the mysterious title, "The Human Body, and its Connection with Man." The following is the description of the one only writer who has been found faithful by Mr. Emerson in the fallen hierarchy of English literature:

"Wilkinson, the editor of Swedenborg, the annotator of Fourier, and the champion of Hahnemann, has brought to metaphysics and to physiology a native vigor, with a catholic perception of relations, equal to the highest attempts, and a rhetoric like the armory of the invincible knights of old. There is in the action of his mind a long Atlantic roll not known except in deepest waters, and only lacking what ought to accompany such powers, a manifest centrality. If his mind does not rest in immovable biases, perhaps the orbit is larger, and the return is not yet: but a master should inspire a confidence that he will adhere to his convictions, and give his present studies always the same high place."

We need not linger any further over a book of which we have already noticed the leading features. With all its faults of exaggeration and indefinite aim, it is a



book we most heartily welcome, glad to read ourselves in a picture drawn by a skilful artist, and still more glad to have so much friendliness and generosity displayed towards us by an American. It is a book which will, we feel sure, do good

on both sides of the Atlantic, and tend to promote that cordial understanding between all sections of the Anglo-Saxon race on which, in these days of despotism and confusion, the welfare of mankind so largely depends.

From Notes and Queries.

## IMPOSSIBILITIES OF HISTORY.

I AM not aware that the fact of Cranmer's holding his right hand in the flames till it was consumed, has been questioned. Fox says:

"He stretched forth his right hand into the flames, and there held it so steadfast that all the people might see it burnt to a coal before his body was touched."—P. 927, ed. Milner, London, 1837, 8vo.

Or, as the passage is given in the last edition:

"And when the wood was kindled, and the fire began to burn near him, he put his right hand into the flame, which he held so steadfast and immovable (saying that once with the same hand he wiped his face), that all men might see his hand burned before his body was touched." *Acts and Monuments*, ed. 1839, vol viii., p. 90.

Burnet is more circumstantial:

"When he came to the stake he prayed, and then addressed himself: and being tied to it, as the fire was kindling, he stretched forth his right hand towards the flame, never moving it, save that once he wiped his face with it, till it was burnt away, which was consumed before the fire reached his body. He expressed no disorder from the pain he was in; sometimes saying, 'That unworthy hand;' and of crying out, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.' He was soon after quite burnt."—*Hist. of the Reformation*, vol. iii., p. 429, ed. 1825.

Hume says:

"He stretched out his hand, and, without betraying, either by his countenance or motions, the least sign of weakness, or even feeling, he held it in the flames till it was entirely consumed."—*Hume*, vol. iv., p. 476.

It is probable that Hume believed this, for while Burnet states positively as a fact, though only inferentially as a miracle, that "the heart was found entire and unconsumed among the ashes," Hume says, "It was pretended that his heart," &c.

I am not about to discuss the character of Cranmer: a timid man might have been roused under such circumstances into attempting to do what it is said he did. The laws of physiology and combustion show that he could not have gone beyond the attempt. If a furnace were so constructed, that a man might hold his hand in the flame without burning his body, the shock to the nervous system would deprive him of all command over muscular action before the skin could be "entirely consumed." If the hand were chained over the fire, the shock would produce death.

In this case the fire was unconfined. Whoever has seen the effect of flame in the open air, must know that the vast quantity sufficient entirely to consume a human hand, must have destroyed the life of its owner; though from a peculiar disposition of the wood, the vital parts might have been protected.

The entire story is utterly impossible. May we, guided by the words "as the fire was kindling," believe that he *then* thrust his right hand into the flame—a practice I believe not unusual with our martyrs, and peculiarly suitable to him—and class the "holding it till consumed" with the whole and unconsumed heart?

I may observe that in the accounts of martyrdoms little investigation was made as to what was possible. Burnet, describing Hooper's execution, says, "One of his hands fell off before he died, with the other he continued to knock on his breast some time after. This, I have high medical authority for saying, could not be.

---

From the Westminster Review.

## EDINBURGH FIFTY YEARS AGO.\*

Was there ever in this world such a city to live in as Edinburgh?

"And I forgot the clouded Forth,  
The gloom that saddens heaven and earth,  
The bitter east, the misty summer,  
And gray metropolis of the North."

We are sorry that this was all that Mr. Tennyson's experience of it enabled him to say about it. The east winds do bite there fearfully, and blow a dust of unparalleled pungency in your eyes as you cross the North Bridge; but with that single exception, unless you choose to add an incidental perfume that may not be pleasant in some streets, and the prevailing Calvinism of the whole place, what a city! Gray! why it is gray, or gray and gold, or gray and gold and blue, or gray and gold and blue and green, or gray and gold and blue and green and purple, according as the heaven pleases and you choose your ground! But take it gray, (and gray, if properly appreciated, is a fine sombre color,) where is there such another gray city? The noble irregular ridge of the old town, with its main street of lofty antique houses rising gradually from Holyrood up to the craggy

castle; the chasm between the old and new towns, showing its grassy slopes by day, and glittering supernaturally with lamps at night; the new town itself, like a second city spilt out of the old, fairly built of stone, and stretching downwards over new heights and hollows, with gardens intermixed, till it reaches the flats of the Forth! Then Calton Hill in the midst, Arthur's Seat looking over all, like a lion grimly keeping guard, the wooded Corstorphines lying soft on one side, and the larger Pentlands looming quiet in the distance! Let the sky be as gray and heavy as the absence of the sun can make it, and where have natural situation and the hand of man combined to exhibit such a mass of the city picturesque? And only let the sun strike out, and lo! a burst of new glories in and around. The sky blue as sapphire overhead; the waters of the Forth clear to the broad sea; the hills and the fields of Fife distinctly visible from every northern street and window; still more distant peaks on either horizon; and as day goes down, the gables and pinnacles of the old houses blazing and glancing with the setting sun! It is such a city that no one, however familiar with it, can walk out in its streets for but five minutes at any hour of the day or night, or in any state of the weather, without a new pleasure through the eye alone.

\* *Memorials of His Time.* By HENRY COCKBURN.  
Edinburgh: A. & C. Black. 1856.

Add to this the historical associations. Remember that this is the city of ancient Scottish royalty; that there is not a close or alley in the old town, and hardly a street in the new, that has not memories of the great or the quaint attached to it; that the many generations of old Scottish life that have passed through it have left every stone of it, as it were, rich with legend. To the English poet all this might be indifferent; but hear the Scottish poets:

"Edina! Scotia's darling seat!  
All hail thy palaces and towers!"

is the salutation of Burns, brought from his native Ayrshire, for the first time to behold the Scottish capital. "Mine own romantic town!" is the outburst of Scott, in that famous passage, where, after describing Edinburgh as seen by Marmion from the Braids, he makes even the Englishman beside himself with rapture at the sight:

"Fitz-Eustace' heart felt closely pent;  
As if to give his rapture vent,  
The spur he to his charger lent,  
And raised his bridle hand,  
And, making demi-volte in air,  
Cried, 'Where's the coward that would not  
dare.  
To fight for such a land?'"

This is sixteenth century feeling; and probably Richter's words, used by way of apostrophe to *his* native place, would more properly express a Scotchman's feeling of the present day towards the city so enthusiastically celebrated in the past: "City of my dwelling," he says, "to which I would belong on this side the grave!"

Fifty or sixty years ago, this city had the advantage of having only about eighty thousand people in it. For all comfortable, and for most good social purposes, that is about the extreme size to which a city should go. The size of London is preposterous. There can be no intimacy, no unity of interest in such a vast place. Ezekiel might be preaching in Smithfield, Camberwell might be swallowed up by an earthquake, and the people of St. John's Wood might know nothing of it till they saw it announced in the newspapers next morning. There can be no corporate life in London; since the days of the Gordon Riots it has never all been agitated simultaneously. We have an

illustration in ancient Athens of what a town of moderate size could be and produce under very favorable conditions. That such a cluster of men as Pericles, Socrates, Æschylus, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Plato, Alcibiades, Xenophon, and others—men of that class which we only expect to see now far distributed over space and time, *nantes rari in gurgite vasto*—should have been all seen swimming contemporaneously or nearly so in such a little bit of a pond as Athens was, and that this affluence in great men should have been kept up by so small a population for several generations, seems almost miraculous. The peculiar fineness of the Hellenic nerve may have had something to do with it; but the compactness of the place—the circumstance of so many finely-endowed fellows being all thrown together precisely in such numbers as to have a daily sense of mutual companionship and competition—this also must have had its effect. In Modern Athens the conditions of its ancient namesake are not *all* reproduced. To say nothing of any difference that there may be in point of original susceptibility between the modern and the ancient Athenian, Modern Athens is unfortunately not a separate state, with separate interests and a separate power of legislation. There are no walls round the Edinburgh territory; nor have the Edinburgh people the privilege of making wars and concluding treaties with the rest of Great Britain, nor of meeting periodically on the Castle Esplanade to pass laws in popular assembly, and hear consummate speeches, beginning, "O men of Edinburgh!" But with many such differences, there are some similarities. Everybody knows or may know everybody else; everybody meets everybody else in the street two or three times every day; the whole town is within such a convenient compass that even to go from extremity to extremity there is no necessity for taking a cab unless it rains. It is a city capable of being simultaneously and similarly affected in all its parts; an idea administered to one knot of citizens is as good as administered to the whole community; a joke made on the Mound at noon ripples gradually to the suburbs, and into the surrounding country, before it is evening. Such is even the case now, when the population is 160,000; it was still better fifty or sixty years ago, when the population was

only 80,000, and that population was more shut in within itself by the absence of telegraphs and railroads.

Moreover, the eighty thousand people who were in Edinburgh fifty or sixty years ago, were people of a rather peculiar and yet rather superior mixture of sorts. There never has been any trade or manufacture to speak of in Edinburgh, nor much of the wealth or bustle that arises from trade and manufacture. For the roar of mills and factories, and for a society ranging correspondingly from the great millionaire uppermost to crowds of operatives below, all toiling in the pursuit of wealth, one must go to Glasgow. In Edinburgh, the standard of the highest income is much lower, and the standard of the lowest is perhaps higher, than in Glasgow; nor is wealth of so much relative importance in the social estimate. According to a rough, but still tolerably exhaustive classification, the society of Edinburgh, fifty or sixty years ago, as well as now, consisted of an upper stratum of lawyers and resident gentry, college professors and clergy, reposing on, but by no means separated from, a community of shopkeepers and artisans sufficient for the wants of the place. Let us glance successively at these various ingredients of Edinburgh society, adding a few particulars respecting each.

(1) *Lawyers and Resident Gentry.*—These two classes may be taken together as to a certain extent identical. From the time of the Union, such of the old nobility of Scotland as had till then remained in their native country, occupying for a certain part of the year the homely but picturesque residences of their ancestors in the old town of Edinburgh, had gradually migrated southwards, leaving but a few residuary families of their order to keep up their memory in the ancient capital of Holyrood and St. Giles. In the room of this ancient nobility, and, indeed, absorbing into it such families of the order as had remained, there had sprung up—as might have been expected from the fact that Edinburgh, though it had parted with its court and legislature, was still the seat of supreme Scottish judicature—a new aristocracy of lawyers. The lawyers—consisting, first of all, of the judges, with their incomes of several thousands a year; then of the barristers, older and younger, in practice or out of practice; and then of the numerous body

of writers to the *Signet*, or law-agents—are now, and for the last century or more have been, the leading element in Edinburgh society. From the expense attending education for the profession, the members of it were generally scions of Scottish families of some rank and substance; and, indeed, it was not unusual for Scottish lairds or their sons to become nominally members of the Scottish bar, even when they did not intend to practise. The fact of the substitution of the legal profession for the old Scottish aristocracy, in the chief place in Edinburgh society, is typified by the circumstance that the so-called Parliament House, which is on the site of the ancient hall, where the Estates of the kingdom sat when the nation made its own laws, is now the seat of the Scottish law-courts, and the daily resort of the interpreters of the laws. Any day yet, while the Courts are in session, the Parliament House, with its long oaken ante-room, where hundreds of barristers in their wigs and gowns, accompanied by writers in plainer costume, are incessantly pacing up and down, and its smaller inner chambers, where the judges on the bench, in their crimson robes, are trying cases—is the most characteristic sight in Edinburgh. There is nothing like it in Lincoln's Inn. Even now the general hour of breakfast in Edinburgh is determined by the time when the courts open in the morning; and dispersed through their homes, or at dinner parties, in the evening, it is the members of the legal profession that lead the social talk. Fifty or sixty years ago it was the same, with the addition that then the lawyers were perhaps more numerous in proportion to the rest of the community, and were more connected by birth and marriage with the Scottish nobility and lairds.

(2) *The Professorial and Academical Element.*—As Edinburgh is a university town, as its University has always been celebrated, and as, owing to the comparative cheapness of living and education in Edinburgh, many families, after a residence in England or the colonies, have been attracted thither for the sake of the education of their sons, or, without going there themselves, have sent their sons there to be educated, the business of education has always been carried on there on an extensive scale. The teachers of the public and other schools have always formed a considerable and respectable



class; while to the professors of the University as the heads of the teaching class, partly from the inherent dignity of their office, partly from the traditional and accidental dignity conferred by the reputation of some of their body, and partly from the superiority of their emoluments, there has always been accorded a degree of social consideration not attached to the same function anywhere out of Scotland. The reputation of the medical school of Edinburgh, in particular, conferred high distinction on its medical professors; and, as these professors were generally also at the head of the medical practice of the city, the medical element, and, with it, the scientific element, in old Edinburgh society, were, to a considerable extent, bound up with the professorial. There were also, however, professors of law, professors of the classical languages, professors of philosophy, and professors of general literature; and all, simply as professors, took precedence of perhaps every other class of the society of the city, except the judges, and other high legal officials. This holds good in Edinburgh to the present day.

(3) *The Clerical Element.*—In all the Scottish cities, the clergy exercise great influence, and occupy a high rank in society. This arises partly from the same causes which give the clergy influence in other parts of Britain, partly from the peculiar degree to which the Scotch, as a people, are possessed by their Calvinistic religion. In Edinburgh, owing to the perpetuation there of relics of that old Scottish aristocracy which never was completely brought into subjection to Presbytery, even when allied with it, and also owing to the presence in society of a distinct intellectual element in the lawyers, the clergy had not, perhaps, relatively, the same weight as in other towns. Still they were powerful; at the very least, a negative respect was paid to them by the preservation throughout the place of an external Presbyterian decorum and strictness; and in all houses "the minister" was treated with distinction. Add to this that there generally were, among the Edinburgh clergy, men possessing claims to respect in addition to those belonging to their profession. Some, even in that age of "Moderatism," were remarkable for their eloquence and zeal as preachers and pastors; others had literary pretensions; and others were professors in the University

as well as parish clergymen. More, indeed, than now, the professorial and the clerical elements were at one time associated in Edinburgh. Perhaps, however, that which gave the greatest dignity to the clerical or ecclesiastical element in Edinburgh was the annual meeting, in that city, every May, of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. In the history of Scottish society, since the Union, there is, perhaps, no one fact of greater importance than the regular and uninterrupted succession of these annual assemblies in Edinburgh on the affairs of the National Church. Let an Englishman fancy that, during the last century and a half, there had been no Parliament in England, no meetings of the House of Lords or the House of Commons, but that regularly during that period there had been annual convocations of representatives of the whole English clergy, together with such leading members of the laity as churchwardens and the like, from every English parish, and that these convocations had sat ten days in every year, discussing all public matters in any way bearing on the Church, and making laws affecting the entire ecclesiastical organization of the country, both in its spiritual and its secular provisions—and he will have an idea of the extent to which the national history of Scotland since its union with England is bound up in the records of its General Assemblies. The General Assembly, in fact, from the year 1707 to the disruption of the Scottish Church in 1843, was, to some extent, a veritable Parliament, in which, though the secular Parliament had been abolished, the united people of Scotland still saw their nationality preserved and represented. All through the year the separate clergymen in the thousand parishes, or so, into which Scotland was divided, managed their own parochial affairs with the assistance of select laymen called elders; these clergymen, again, with some of their elders, held frequent district meetings, called Presbyteries, in order to regulate, by deliberation and voting, the Church affairs of their districts; there were still larger meetings, periodically held, called Synods; but the grand rendezvous of all, the supreme court of appeal and ecclesiastical legislation, was the annual Assembly in Edinburgh. The time of its meeting was one of bustle and excitement. Black coats swarmed in the streets; the Assem-

bly was opened with military pomp and circumstance by a Lord Commissioner, as representative of the Crown; this Commissioner sat on a throne during the meetings, and held levees and dinner parties at Holyrood all through the ten days; the clergy, with the lay representatives, some of whom were usually noblemen or baronets, deliberated and debated during these ten days, under a moderator of their own choosing, settling all matters, in parliamentary form, by a majority of votes; and in many cases—as in trials of clergymen for ecclesiastical misconduct—barristers were called in to plead professionally, as they did in the secular law-courts. As was natural in a deliberative assembly almost all the members of which were of the speaking class, and the leaders of which were the ablest men of that class, the speaking was of a very high order—far higher, indeed, than is usual in the British Parliament; while, at the same time, there was ample opportunity for the exercise of business talent and all the tact and skill of party leadership. Much of the general politics of Scotland took necessarily the form of church politics; and, indeed, the connections between church politics and state politics, were pretty close. The vast majority of the clergy were Dundasites in general politics, and bent on giving church questions a turn in the same direction; while the small minority of “Evangelicals,” as they were called, corresponded to the proscribed Liberals in secular politics. The leading men of both parties were to be found in or near Edinburgh.

(4) *Shopkeepers and Artisans.*—These, as we have said, were by no means separated by any social barrier from the preceding classes, but were connected with them by family relationships, and often also by intelligence and education. Booksellers and printers formed a considerable item in this class.

In a population of such dimensions, composed as we have described, there was necessarily a good deal of leisure; and leisure leads to sociability. Edinburgh fifty years ago, was one of the most sociable towns in the world. By that time “society,” in the conventional sense, had, with a few lingering exceptions, shifted itself out of the old town into the new, or into the suburbs; and with this change there had been a considerable change of manners. Much of the formality, and at the

same time much of the coarseness, of an older stage of Scottish life, had been civilized away—the absurd etiquette of the old dancing-assemblies, for example, and the more monstrous excesses of hard drinking. But the convivial spirit, and many of the old convivial forms, remained. Dinner parties were frequent; and the custom of “toasts” and “sentiments” by the guests over their wine, was still in fashion. Lord Cockburn’s description of these dinner parties of his youth, is one of the best passages in his book. But it is on the supper parties that he dwells with most evident affection. There were various kinds of supper parties: the oyster-supper at taverns, the bachelor supper in lodgings, and the real domestic supper, to which both sexes were invited; which last Lord Cockburn vaunts as a peculiar convivial institution of Edinburgh, worthy of general adoption. In short, in every form and way, from the set dinner party, with its immense consumption of claret, in the houses of the more wealthy and aristocratic, to the homely tea parties of gentlewomen of moderate means, living in the suburbs of the old town, or in *flats* in the new town, and the roystering suppers of young men, where the defects of cooking were made up by the good humor and the whiskey punch, people were in the habit of incessantly meeting together. Lord Cockburn mentions, as illustrative of these sociable habits of Edinburgh, continued to a somewhat later period, the fact that from the time of his marriage, in 1811, he had not spent above one evening on the average in every month, alone, and in his own house; that is, without either being out as a guest, or having friends with him at home. Even Sydney Smith, though not native and to the manner born, and, with his English tastes, more fastidious in his ideas of the requisites of conviviality, retained to the last a pleasant recollection of these Edinburgh hospitalities, as experienced by him during his stay in Edinburgh, from 1797 to 1802. “When shall I see Scotland again?” he says in one of his letters. “Never shall I forget the happy days passed there, amidst odious smells, barbarous sounds, bad suppers, excellent hearts, and most enlightened and cultivated understandings.”

Sydney Smith’s allusion to “the enlightened and cultivated understandings,” whom he found living in the midst of such unsavory physical conditions, suggests the

mention of what was, all in all, the most characteristic feature of Edinburgh society fifty or sixty years ago—its intellectualism. Composed in so large a degree of learned professions, it was inevitable that there should be more of intellectual taste than usual in the community, more of a habit of discussion, more play and variety in the choice of topics. What mattered it that many of the most intellectual men and women gave expression to their ideas in broad Scotch? Ideas may be expressed in broad Scotch, and still be the ideas of cultivated minds: at all events, it was so then in Edinburgh, where many excellent lawyers, professors, and medical men kept up the broad Scotch in their ordinary conversation, though the majority had gone over to the English in all save accent, and some were sedulous in practising Anglicism even in that. But, whether the dialect was English or Scotch, there was a great deal of substantial talk. The society was as intellectual in its way as the best contemporary society in London; with the addition that in Edinburgh, the intellectual part of society was larger in proportion to the size of the whole. True, Sydney Smith, with all his appreciation of the excellence of the conversation that used then to be going on in Edinburgh, had several complaints against it—as that it ran too much to that species of jocosity, perfectly torturing to an Englishman, which the Scotch themselves called *wut*; and also that it ran too much to disputation and dialectics. “Their only idea of wit,” says Sydney, speaking of the Scotch, “or rather of that inferior variety of the electric talent which prevails occasionally in the north, and which, under the name of *wut*, is so infinitely distressing to people of good taste, is laughing immoderately at stated intervals.” And again: “They are so imbued with metaphysics, that they even make love metaphysically: I overheard a young lady of my acquaintance, at a dance in Edinburgh, exclaim, in a sudden pause of the music: ‘What you say, my lord, is very true of love in the abstract, but’—here the fiddlers began fiddling furiously, and the rest was lost.” This is somewhat unfair. *Wut*, in its way, is a good as *wit*, and a great deal heartier. As practised in the north, it corresponds more with what is properly humor. It consists of a general openness to the humorous view of things; a general disposition to call each other Tam and Sandy; a

general readiness to tell and to hear anecdotes and stories, the fun of which lies in the whole series of conceptions (often too local) which they call up, rather than in any sudden flash or quip at the close. At all events, the Scotch like their *wut*, and find it far more satisfying for convivial purposes than English *wit*. As for the dialectics, there is, perhaps, too much of that. Even Emerson, on his visit to Edinburgh a few years ago, found too much of it. It arises, doubtless, in part, from the great predominance of the lawyers in society. But *wut* and dialectics, after all, make a very good mixture; and dashed as this mixture is and always has been in Edinburgh with higher ingredients, there has been no town, for the last century, of greater deipnosophistic capabilities, all things included. One element which Englishmen who do not know Edinburgh always fancy must be wanting in it, never has been wanting. Calvinistic and Presbyterian as are the forms of the place, still as are all the pianos, and deserted as are the streets on Sundays, there is no want of intellectual freedom within doors. Whether from the presence of the lawyers, and the relics of the old Scotch baronage and baronetage, as a rival element to the clergy, or from this in conjunction with other causes, there has always been in Edinburgh, a freer undercurrent of speculative opinion, a tougher traditional scepticism, a greater latitude of jocosity at things clerical and Presbyterian, than in other Scottish towns. From the early part of the eighteenth century, when Allan Ramsay, Dr. Pitcairn, and others, did battle with the clergy in behalf of theatrical entertainments and other forms of the festive, there had never been wanting a strong anti-clerical and even free-thinking clique in Edinburgh society; and towards the end of the century, when David Hume and Hugo Arnot were alive, no city in Britain sheltered such a quantity of cosy infidelity. Of hundreds of stories illustrative of this, take one of the mildest. Pitcairn, going about the streets one Sunday, was obliged, by a sudden pelt of rain, to take refuge in a place he was not often in—a church. The audience was scanty; and he sat down in a pew where there was only another sitter besides—a quiet, grave-looking countryman, listening to the sermon with a face of the utmost composure. The preacher was very emphatic; so much so, that at one passage, he began

to shed tears copiously, and to use his handkerchief. Interested in this as a physiological fact, for which he could not in the circumstances see any sufficient cause, Pitcairn turned to the countryman, and asked in a whisper, "What the deevil gars the man greet?" "Faith," said the man, slowly turning round, "ye wad, maybe, greet yoursel', if ye was up there, and had as little to say." Pitcairn was the type of the avowed infidel, of which class there were not a few, whose esoteric talk when they met together, was of an out-and-out kind; but the countryman was the type of a still more numerous class, who kept up exterior conformity, but tested all shrewdly enough by a pretty tough internal humanity. Indeed, at the close of the last, and the beginning of the present century, a kind of sturdy scepticism, quite distinct from what would be called infidelity, was common throughout the educated classes in Edinburgh. Old gentlemen who went duly to church, kept their families in great awe, and preserved much etiquette in their habits towards each other, were by no means strait-laced in their beliefs or in their talk; and it was not till a later period, when a more fervid religious spirit possessed the Scottish clergy themselves, and flamed forth in more zealous expositions of peculiar Calvinistic doctrine from the pulpit than had been customary in the days of Robertson and Blair, that evangelical orthodoxy obtained in Edinburgh its present intimate alliance with social respectability. Moreover, even those who were then indubitably orthodox and pious, even according to the strictest sense, were pious after a freer fashion, and with a far greater liberty of rhetoric than would now be allowable consistently with the same character. There is no point on which Lord Cockburn lays more stress than on this. "There is no contrast," he says, "between those old days and the present, that strikes me so strongly as that suggested by the differences in religious observances, not so much by the world in general, as by deeply religious people. I knew the habits of the religious very well, partly through the piety of my mother and her friends, the strict religious education of her children, and our connection with some of the most distinguished of our devout clergymen. I could mention many practices of our old pious, which would horrify modern zealots. The principles and feelings of the persons commonly called

evangelical, were the same then that they are now; the external acts by which these feelings and principles were formerly expressed, were materially different." Among the differences, Lord Cockburn mentions in particular the much laxer style, as it would now be called, in which Sunday was observed by the pious, and even by the pious among the clergy. There seems also to have been more freedom of speech, in the direction of what would now be called profane allusion, among the admittedly pious. One of the gems of Lord Cockburn's book is his portrait of the venerable old lady, the clergyman's widow, sitting neatly dressed in her high-backed leather chair, with her grandchildren round her; and, when one of her granddaughters, in reading the newspaper to her, stumbled on a paragraph to the effect that the reputation of a certain fair one at court had suffered from some indiscreet talk of the Prince of Wales, starting up, and saying with an indignant shake of her shrivelled fist—"The dawmed villain! does he kiss and tell?" There were not a few old ladies of this stamp in Edinburgh fifty years ago; some of whom survived far into the present century, too old to part with their peculiarities, even to please the clergy. "Ye speak, sir, as if the Bible had just come oot," said one such old lady who lingered long in Edinburgh, to a young clergyman who was instructing her on some point of Christian practice on which she was disposed to differ from him. The continuation in the society of Edinburgh of a considerable number of such free-speaking gentlewomen of the old Scottish school, and of as many of the other sex using a still rougher rhetoric, imparted a flavor of picturesque originality to the convivial conversation of the place, which has now been smoothed away. Presided over by such seniors, the young educated men of the time did not stint themselves in the choice or the range of their convivial topics. They discussed everything under the sun, and pretty freely. Who has not heard of the Speculative Society of Edinburgh, founded in 1764, in connection with the University; and which, kept up from that time to this by the successive generations of students, "has," in the words of Lord Cockburn, "trained more young men to public spirit, talent, and liberal thought, than all the other private institutions in Scotland"? Sixty years ago this society was in all its



glory, discussing, week after week, as its minutes inform us, such topics as these:—"Ought any permanent support to be provided for the poor?" "Ought there to be an established religion?" "Was the execution of Charles I. justifiable?" "Should the slave-trade be abolished?" "Has the belief in a future state been of advantage to mankind, or is it ever likely to be so?" "Is it for the interest of Britain to maintain what is called the balance of Europe?" Here surely was scepticism enough to keep thought alive; and that such questions, discussed not only in the Speculative, but in other minor associations of the same sort, and carried, doubtless, also, with other more scientific topics, into private society, should have been ventilated at all in Edinburgh at that day, shows that, even under the Dundas despotism, there was no lack of intellectual freedom.

It is but a continuation of what we have been saying, to remark that, fifty or sixty years ago, Edinburgh had already an established reputation as a literary metropolis. The rise of the literary reputation of Edinburgh, may date, for all except antiquarian purposes, from the time when Allan Ramsay set up his circulating library, in the High-street, and supplied the lieges furtively with novels, plays, and song books, including his own poems. This was about the year 1725, when his countryman, Thomson, was just publishing in London the first portion of his "Seasons." Thomson himself, and his contemporaries or immediate successors, Mallet, Smollett, Armstrong, Mickle, Macpherson, and Falconer, all rank in the list of early literary Scots, but they were *Scoti extra Scotiam agentes*, and had, most of them, but an incidental connection with Edinburgh. The poets Blair and Beattie, the philosopher Reid, and the theologian and critic Dr. George Campbell, were not only literary Scots, but literary Scots whose lives were spent on their own side of the Tweed; but, with the exception of Blair, none of them were natives of Edinburgh, and even Blair did not live there. After Ramsay, in short, the early literary fame of Edinburgh is associated with the names of a cluster of men, who, born in different parts of Scotland, had, from various chances, taken up their abode in Edinburgh, and resided there, more or less permanently, during the latter half of the eighteenth century. The most prominent men of this

cluster were—David Hume, (1711-1776,) known as a philosophical writer since the year 1738, and who, though he spent a good many years of his literary life in England and France, was for the last twenty, and these the most busy years of it, a resident in Edinburgh; his senior and survivor, Henry Home, Lord Kames, (1696-1782,) one of the judges of the court of sessions, still remembered for the contrast between the coarse Scotch facetiousness of his manners as a man and his philosophic fineness as a writer; the learned and eccentric Burnet, Lord Monboddo, (1714-1799,) also a judge of session, at whose Attic suppers in the old town all the talent and beauty of Edinburgh were for many years regularly assembled; the pompous but sensible Dr. Hugh Blair, (1718-1799,) professor of Belles Lettres in the University, and one of the clergymen of the city; his more celebrated colleague, Dr. Robertson, the historian, (1722-1793,) principal of the University, and also one of the city clergymen; the minor historical writers and antiquarians—Tytler, of Woodhouselee, (1711-1792,) Dr. Henry, (1718-1790,) Lord Hailes, (1726-1792,) Dr. Adam Ferguson, (1724-1816,) and Dr. Gilbert Stuart, (1742-1786;) the poet, John Home, author of the tragedy of "Douglas," (1722-1808,) once the Rev. Mr. Home, but long bereft of that title, and known since 1779 as a retired man of letters in Edinburgh; the illustrious Adam Smith, (1723-1790,) settled in Edinburgh during the last twenty years of his life in the post of commissioner of customs; the hardly less illustrious Dugald Stewart, (1753-1828,) elected professor of mathematics in the University as early as 1774, and thence transferred in 1785 to the chair of moral philosophy, where he completed his fame; and lastly, not to overburden the list, the novelist and essayist, Henry Mackenzie, (1745-1831,) an acknowledged literary celebrity ever since 1771, when he had written the "Man of Feeling." In a class by himself, unless we choose to associate him with the Creeches, Smellies, and other "wuts" of a lower grade, whose acquaintance Burns made in his leisure hours during his visit to Edinburgh in 1786, we may mention Burns's immediate predecessor as a poet in the Scottish dialect, the unfortunate Robert Ferguson, (1751-1774.) He was a native of Edinburgh, and his brief life was squandered in its taverns.

It was in virtue of the residence in it, during the latter half of the eighteenth century, of this cluster of men—a tolerably brilliant cluster, it will be admitted—that the Scottish capital first assumed that position of literary rivalry with London, which the fame of Scott, and Jeffrey, and Wilson enabled it to sustain for thirty or forty years longer, and which it has not yet wholly given up. And here we may be permitted a remark, parenthetically, on a subject interesting to Scotchmen. One of the most frequent questions with them is, whether Edinburgh will continue to maintain its fame as a literary capital, or whether in literature, as in everything else, the tendency is to absolute centralization in London. There is a little fact, involved in the list of names we have given, of some pertinence in relation to this inquiry. Let the list be examined, and it will be found that hardly one of the men mentioned in it as having begun the literary fame of Edinburgh, was *professionally* a man of letters. They were all either lawyers, or clergymen, or University professors, or retired gentlemen who had posts and pensions. Even poor Fergusson, the poet, made his living as copying-clerk to a lawyer. In this respect, even at that date, the literary society of Edinburgh contrasts with that of London. Johnson, Goldsmith, and most of their set were writers by profession; and it was chiefly by such professional writers that the literary reputation of London was then supported. Nay, whenever a Scotchman of that time was led by circumstances to adopt literature as a profession, it will be observed that, almost as a matter of course, he migrated into England, and attached himself to the skirts of the literary world of London. There was there a literary *market*, whereas in Edinburgh there were merely so many resident citizens, who were at the same time authors. Thomson, Mallet, Smollett, Macpherson, and many other Scots of less note connected professionally with the British literature of the last century, betook themselves to London as their proper field. Hence a difference between the literary society of Edinburgh and that of London, not indicated in the mere fact that the one city was the Scottish and the other the English capital. The literary society of Edinburgh did consist chiefly of authors of Scottish birth, but there might have been Englishmen in it without essentially changing its

character; and, on the other hand, the literary society of London included Scotchmen and Irishmen as well as Englishmen. The difference, therefore, was not so much that the one society consisted of Scottish and the other of English elements. It was rather that the one consisted of men independently resident in the place, as lawyers, clergymen, and the like, and employing their leisure in literature, while the other consisted, to a far greater extent, of authors by profession. This difference is alluded to by one of the old Edinburgh set itself, as serving to account for what he considered the greater geniality and cordiality of the habits of that set in their intercourse with each other, when compared with the contemporary habits of London literary society, under the dogmatic presidency of Johnson. "Free and cordial communication of sentiments, the natural play of good humor," says Henry Mackenzie, in his memoir of his friend John Home, "prevailed among the circle of men whom I have described. It was very different from that display of learning, that prize-fighting of wit, which distinguished a literary circle of our sister country, of which we have some authentic and curious records." And the reason, he thinks, lay in the different constitution of the two societies. "The literary circle of London was a sort of sect, a *caste* separate from the ordinary professions and habits of common life. They were *traders* in talent and learning, and brought, like other traders, samples of their goods into company, with a jealousy of competition which prevented their enjoying, as much as otherwise they might, any excellence in their competitors." There is some truth in this, though perhaps too strongly stated; and even at the present day the remark is not quite inapplicable, as describing a certain difference which the Edinburgh "wuts" think they see between their own convivial habits at home, and those of the "wits" they meet in London. A more important bearing of the fact under notice, however, is its bearing on the centralization question. If from the first, and at the very time when the literary reputation of Edinburgh was at its height, Edinburgh was not a centre of *professional* literature, then (notwithstanding that the subsequent establishment of a few high-class periodicals in the city has generated in it something of the professional literary element) it is hardly likely that it can long resist

the tendency which threatens to centralize the whole professional literature of the country in London. If, indeed, in literature as in other kinds of production, the manufacture might be carried on at a distance from the market, the tendency *might* be resisted; in other words, authors might live in Edinburgh with the advantage of its quiet and economy, and still the publishing machinery might be in London. In literature, however, less than in most trades, is such an arrangement possible. But let not Edinburgh despair! Unless there is also an irresistible law (which, surely, there is not) that all our good literature shall ultimately be the work of men pursuing literature as a professional craft, and sold, soul and body, to the inkstand, Edinburgh may see all its publishing offices closed, or shifted to Paternoster-row, and still be, in one sense, a literary metropolis. Only let it still have, as hitherto, a sufficient number of intellectual men in its resident population, distributed through its judgeships, professorships, and official appointments, or in some way or other permanently connected with it, and there is no fear but that books of all sorts and sizes will continue to burst from it at proper intervals, of a kind all the more valuable, perhaps, that they will not have been made to order. Scott spoke in the spirit of some such theory when he maintained that every man ought to be either a laird or a lawyer before being an author.

To return to our more immediate subject: It will enable us more distinctly to conceive the state of Edinburgh society fifty or sixty years ago, if we enumerate the more important of the individual men, old and young, who then figured in it. In doing so, it will be necessary to fix on some one year, at which to take our census. For various reasons, the year 1802 may be selected. It was the first year of the short peace, or "armed truce," which intervened between the two wars with France; it was the first year, also, of that short and perplexing interregnum in home affairs, when Addington was minister, and Pitt and Dundas were out of office.

Few of the intellectual chiefs of the former generation were now alive. David Hume and the poet Ferguson had been dead more than a quarter of a century; Kames and Gilbert Stuart for nearly twenty years. Dr. Henry, Adam Smith, the famous physician Cullen, Blacklock,

Lord Hailes, the elder Tytler of Woodhouselee, and Robertson the historian, had been removed more recently, and were still remembered. Fresher still was the local recollection of Lord Monboddo, Dr. Hugh Blair, and the chemist Black, whose death had occurred in 1799—and of such minor celebrities as the Rev. Dr. Macknight, and Dr. Carlyle, of Inveresk. Of nearly all these men Lord Cockburn could remember something—either as having known them domestically in his boyhood, or as having watched them taking their daily walk in the "Meadows;" and it was one of the gratifications of his after life to think that, while privileged to live into the splendors of a new age, he had been born early enough to see the departing skirts of the old. Some remnants of the old age, however, did survive as connecting links between it and the new. Home, the author of "Douglas," was yet alive in 1802, an infirm veteran of eighty, with flashes of his former fire in him, and vivid recollections of the Highland Rebellion, and still, in a moderate way, capable of his claret. Another survivor was Dr. Adam Ferguson, two years the junior of Home, but with fourteen years of life still before him, nursing himself on farinaceous food, milk, and water, but with his house hospitably open to guests. Henry Mackenzie, the "Man of Feeling," as he was called, but as shrewd a man of the world as there was in Edinburgh, was another of the veterans, fifty-seven years old, but destined to reach the age of eighty-six. Then there was Dugald Stewart, verging on his fiftieth year, and with his philosophic reputation still on the increase. To these survivors in the world of philosophy and letters, add, as notables in the department of science, Robison the professor of natural philosophy, and Playfair the professor of mathematics; and, as the ablest remaining specimens of the old Edinburgh clergy, Dr. John Erskine and Sir Henry Moncreiff.

Passing into the miscellaneous society amid which these men moved, and which they linked intellectually with the past, we may distribute their Edinburgh contemporaries of the year 1802 into three categories: (1) *The Old Worthies*.—This category includes a considerable number of surviving citizens, belonging, by their age, habits, and costume, to the same past generation as the distinguished men above named; and many of them, indeed, older

than the younger celebrities of that list—such as Robison, Playfair, and Dugald Stewart. Most conspicuous among them were the old dons of the Parliament House, of some of whom Lord Cockburn gives such graphic portraits. The awful Braxfield was dead; but his successor on the bench, Lord Eskgrove, was keeping the Parliament House in a roar with the daily rumor of his last absurdities. Of the rest of the fifteen judges, the most remarkable for their talents and their character, were the Lord President Hays Campbell, Lord Glenlee, Lord Hermand, Lord Meadowbank the first, and Lord Cullen. After Eskey, Hermand was the oddity of the bench. At the bar, the witty Harry Erskine and Charles Hay, afterwards Lord Newton, might be ranked among the older men. Coëvals of these dons of the Parliament House, in other ranks of society, were such men as Andrew Dalziel, the professor of Greek, and Dr. Finlayson, the professor of logic, in the University; the simple-hearted Dr. Adam, rector of the High School; the Rev. Dr. Struthers, a distinguished preacher of the Secession Church; and the veteran bookseller, Creech. (2) *The Middle-aged Men*.—Taking this class to include all who, while old enough to have obtained some standing in life, were still not past their maturity, we may enumerate in it such leading members of the bar as the Lord Advocate, Robert Dundas of Arniston, Robert Blair, Charles Hope, Adam Gillies, John Clerk of Eldin, David Cathcart, and David Boyle, all of whom subsequently rose to the Bench; Malcolm Laing, then also an advocate, but subsequently known better as an antiquarian and historian; James Gibson, writer to the Signet, afterwards Sir James Gibson Craig; the Presbyterian clergyman Dr. John Inglis, and the Rev. Archibald Alison of the Scotch Episcopal Church; in the medical profession, Dr. Andrew Duncan, Dr. James Gregory, and Dr. John Bell; and among miscellaneous residents, Nasmyth the portrait painter, and George Thomson, the correspondent of Burns. (3) *The Young Fellows*.—Here also, the bar had the preponderance. Reckoning among the juniors at the bar all who had been called subsequently to 1790, the list includes such names as John Macfarlan, Archibald Fletcher, Walter Scott, William Erskine, Thomas Thomson, George Cranstoun, George Joseph Bell, James Gra-

hame, James Moncreiff, Francis Jeffrey, Francis Horner, J. A. Murray, John Richardson, Henry Cockburn, and Henry Brougham. Of this group of young advocates, all afterwards locally eminent, some had already revealed the qualities which were to make them known far beyond the precincts of the Parliament House. Brougham was about the youngest of them, being then only in his twenty-third year, but he was the recognized dare-devil of the whole set, the most vehement of the orators of the Speculative, and the terror of Old Eskey on the southern circuit. "That man Broom or Brougham," said the Justice, "is the torment of my life." Older than Brougham by a year, Horner was already a leader among his associates, by the solid strength and integrity of his character. Jeffrey was in his twenty-ninth year, a married young barrister, waiting for briefs. Scott, then also married and and past his thirtieth year, was more comfortably settled in life; he was Sheriff of Selkirkshire, had some practice at the bar, and had already some literary reputation, as a translator of German poetry, a writer of Scotch ballads, and editor of the *Border Minstrelsy*. But the bar did not monopolize all the young talents. Among the hopes of the medical profession were John Allen, John Thomson, and Thomas Brown, the future metaphysician; Leyden, the poet and linguist, was then one of the stars of the place; and, greater still, Thomas Campbell, whose "Pleasures of Hope" had been for three years before the world, was for the time a welcome resident. Nor was a sprinkling of English residents wanting to exchange ideas with so many fervid young Scots, and banter them about their prejudices. Had not the cultured and philosophic Lord Webb Seymour chosen Edinburgh as a place of permanent residence? and was not Sydney Smith living there on his memorable visit? Finally, if any of all these young fellows wanted to have his portrait painted, to whom would he go but to Raeburn? and if he wanted any information about books which old Creech, or Miller, or Bell and Bradfute could not give him, from whom was he so likely to get it as from the rising and ambitious young bookseller, Archibald Constable?

Looking down in fancy on the sea of eighty thousand heads, which in the year 1802 constituted the population of Edinburgh—some gray with age, many wigged



and powdered, and many more wearing the brown or light locks of natural youth—it is on the above-named sixty or seventy that the instructed eye now rests as the most conspicuous in the crowd. But the instructed eye sees something more than the mere mass of heads, with here and there one of the conspicuous sixty. It sees the mass swaying to and fro, here solid and stagnant, there discomposed and in motion, and the conspicuous heads unequally distributed amid the wavering parts. In other words, the society of Edinburgh at that time, like every other society before or since, presented the phenomenon of a society divided into two parties—the party of rest or conservation, and the party of change or progress. The main fact in the history of Edinburgh as a community at that time was, that an incessant house-to-house battle was going on in it between old Scottish Toryism and a new and vigorous Whiggism. Numerically the Tories were immensely in the majority, and the Whigs were but in small proportion. But it is not by the numerical measure in such cases that History judges or portions out her interest. The portion which is largest may be the lump, and that which is smallest the leaven. So it was most peculiarly in Edinburgh in the second year of this century. To any one surveying the society of Edinburgh then, with something of that knowledge beforehand which we now possess, two facts would have seemed very significant—first, that, though the numerical majority were on the Tory side, most of the conspicuous heads were on the Whig side; and secondly, and still more obviously, that, of these conspicuous heads, the Whigs possessed nearly all the young ones. If, for example, of the veterans whom we have mentioned, Toryism could claim a full half, including the potent old chiefs of the Parliament House, yet even of these a goodly few, such as Erskine, and Dugald Stewart, and Playfair, and old Dr. Adam, and Sir Henry Moncreiff, were Whigs; if among the middle-aged, Toryism was equally strong, yet here also Whiggism could count its representatives in Gillies and Clerk of Eldin, and Malcolm Laing, and the resolute James Gibson; and, lastly, if still, after surveying these two classes, there should seem to be any doubt which political party predominated intellectually, it was only necessary to descend among the young and adolescent to

see that among them, at least, Whiggism had most recruits. Of the younger men of Edinburgh then entering life, who afterwards rose to be something in the world's eye, Scott alone, remarks Lord Cockburn, was unmistakably a Tory. The exception is certainly a weighty one; but this is a case in which we cannot take one Scott as an offset against a few Jeffreys, and Horners, and Sydney Smiths, with Brougham, and Allen, and Thomas Brown, and Tom Campbell to boot.

We do not now associate Whiggism with any ideas of heroism. Whiggism now means nothing more than being respectable, having no enthusiasm, being a little less deferential to the Church than Tories are expected to be, and having the best chance of all vacant places. But half a century ago it was otherwise. Whiggism all over Britain, but especially Scotch Whiggism, required some courage, some spirit of sacrifice, in its adherents. The actual creed of the Scotch Whigs was moderate enough. It consisted in believing that there were a great many abuses in the Scotch political and administrative system which might be remedied, that the people had too little power and the lairds too much, that the Revolution in France had not been unmitigated madness, that at any rate the fear of its influence in this country had been monstrously exaggerated, and that, on the whole, the policy of Fox and his associates was a policy to be supported in preference to that of his rival, Pitt. The creed, we say, was moderate; and, besides, it was undoubtedly true. What made it heroism to hold it was the personal consequences which it involved—exclusion from all share in public patronage, and even, to a great extent, from popular confidence and favor; with no prospect either (for who could tell when George III. would die, or how his son might act when he came to the throne?) that this state of things would soon be changed for the better. That, in such circumstances, so many men in Scotland, and especially so many men of the legal profession, should have maintained the obnoxious creed, and maintained it with such tenacity and mutual fidelity in spite of all temptation, is a fact of which Scotland may be proud. As a body, the Scotch Whigs of fifty years ago seem to have been as courageous and pure-minded a set of men as there were in the kingdom. Theirs, in the most literal sense, was "the

substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Most creditable of all, perhaps, was the persevering Whiggism of so many of the younger men. Beating their heels idly in a particular corner of the Parliament House, where no agents came to them with briefs, and whiling away the rest of their time with essays and debates in the Speculative, ambitious dreams in secret, convivial meetings at each other's lodgings, and eternal jokes about Eskey, these light-hearted young Whig lawyers had not even that sense of social consequence to support them which their seniors, on the same side of politics, could not but feel as an inspiration. They formed a little band by themselves, cherishing their Whiggism for its own sake, and not even visited by much countenance from their Whig seniors. And yet upon them, to a greater extent than either they or their seniors were aware, depended the future history of Scotland.

The moving force in Scottish society at that time was consciously possessed by the Whigs. Though by far the smaller party numerically, taking all Scotland into account, they could not but feel that they must eventually win the day. The great want of the party hitherto had been some voice or organ, some public means of proclaiming in common the views which they individually entertained, of propagating these views in new quarters, and of exhibiting them again and again in contrast with those of their opponents. No such means of utterance existed, or indeed seemed to be thought of. The senior Edinburgh Whigs had been in the habit of dining together on Fox's birthday, on which occasions constables were stationed at the doors to take down the names of the guests as they entered; they also occasionally fought their opponents on a temporary local question. This, however, was all; and Scotch Whiggism, though existing as a social element, had no organization and no flag. The year 1802—the country having then a breathing-time of peace, and Pitt and Dundas being out of office—was a time when it began to seem possible to supply this want. "Events," says Lord Cockburn, "were bringing people into somewhat better humor. Somewhat less was said about Jacobinism, though still too much; and sedition had gone out. Napoleon's obvious progress towards military despotism opened the eyes of those who used to see nothing but

liberty in the French Revolution. Instead of Jacobinism, Invasion became the word." In short, though the old habits and all the old abuses still remained, the state of the public mind was such that it became more easy to establish a means for publicly attacking them, and advocating reform.

Where was the expected demonstration to come from, and what form was it to take? Where in Scotland was the standard of Scottish Whiggism to be first raised, and who was to step forth as the standard-bearer? There *was* a man who, had he lived till then, might have been called on to take this part, or might have taken it himself without being called upon to do so. In all Scotland, at the very time, some six or eight years before, when it was most dangerous to be a Whig—when to be too zealous a Whig, unless one were powerfully connected, meant to run a risk of trial for sedition—there had not been a more daring Whig than the poet Burns. True, he was a Whig, as he was everything else, after a broad, uncovenanted fashion of his own, which did not keep faith with any of the current definitions of what Whiggism ought to be; but, for all that, he was, and he called himself, a Scotch Whig. "Go on, sir," he writes from Dumfries, in the end of 1792, to the Whig, or rather Whig-Radical editor of the short-lived *Edinburgh Gazetteer*, to which he had become a subscriber; "go on, and lay bare, with undaunted heart and steady hand, that horrid mass of corruption called politics and statecraft. Dare to draw in their native colors those 'calm-thinking villains whom no faith can fire,' whatever be the shibboleth of their pretended party." This is Whiggism, and something more; but the following song, written at the same time, or not long after, shows that, all in all, as matters then stood, it pleased him to be known as a Whig:

"Here's a health to them that's awa,  
Here's a health to them that's awa;  
And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,  
May never guid luck be their fa'!  
It's guid to be merry and wise,  
It's guid to be honest and true,  
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,  
And bide by the buff and the blue.

"Here's a health to them that's awa,  
Here's a health to them that's awa;  
Here's a health to Charlie, the chief o' the  
clan,  
Although that his band be sma'!

May liberty meet wi' success!  
 May prudence protect her frae evil!  
 May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,  
 And wander their way to the devil.

"Here's a health to them that's awa,  
 Here's a health to them that's awa;  
 Here's a health to Tammie, the Norland laddie,  
 That lives at the lug o' the law!  
 Here's freedom to him that wad read,  
 Here's freedom to him that wad write!  
 There's nane ever feared that the truth should  
 be heard,  
 But them wham the truth would indict."

Had Burns lived, who knows to what his politics might have led him? In 1802, he would have been still only in his forty-fourth year; and what fate more likely for him, had destiny added these six years to his life, than that, deprived of his gaugership, or throwing it up, he should have left Dumfries for Edinburgh, and associating himself there with the many who would have welcomed him, and with whom, whatever their rank, there was no fear that his relations would have ever been other than those of perfect equality, he should have lived publicly by his pen, as the editor, mayhap, of a Whig newspaper? And if so, who can doubt that prose also would have become easy to him; that he would have been a power among the Scottish Whigs, and that his influence would have been felt by them and the nation? Ah! and living on through all their struggles, he would still have been but seventy-three years of age at the passing of the Reform Bill; and, in gratitude to him as a veteran Whig and ex-editor who had done so much, might not his fellow-citizens at last have returned him to Parliament as the senior colleague of young Macaulay? This career, however, was not to be his! He died in 1796, a broken-down exciseman, in Dumfries; he was to be remembered only as the Scottish bard, cut off in his black-haired prime.

The standard which Burns might have raised, was raised by the young Whigs of Edinburgh. It was in Jeffrey's humble domicile, in an upper story in one of the houses of Buccleugh-place, that, on one memorable day of the year 1802, Sydney Smith first started the idea of a new periodical of literature and politics, to be published quarterly, and kept up by contributions from the teeming minds of the Speculative. No sooner said than done:

Constable at once undertook the publication; and, on the 10th of October, 1802, the first number of the "*Edinburgh Review*" saw the light. For the first number or two the editorship was a joint-stock work of Smith, Jeffrey, Horner, Brougham, and a few others, Smith officiating in chief; but, Smith returning to London soon afterwards, the management devolved exclusively on Jeffrey.

The establishment of the "*Edinburgh Review*," as all the world knows, was the beginning of a new era in the history, not only of Scottish, but also of British politics. For a while, indeed, it was rather as a power in the general thought and literature of the country, than as a direct force in politics, that the new organ made itself felt. For its success in the latter function, the time was not very propitious. War was again declared against France, (1803;) the Addington ministry came to an end, (1804;) Pitt and Dundas returned to office, the latter with his new title of Lord Melville; the Scottish Tories, seeing their favorite once more in power, settled back solidly into their old allegiance; the island, from one end to the other, Tories and Whigs included, was in a ferment of volunteering and drilling; hourly in dread of a French invasion, people were in no mood to listen to Whig distinctions and proposals; and a Whig admiral, in winning for his country the glory, willingly bequeathed to a Tory government the usufruct, of the battle of Trafalgar. Still, an influence of disaffection to Tory rule was at work, and in due time there came a change. The death of Pitt, (January, 1806,) at the very time when his government was tottering under the blow given to it by the proceedings instituted against his friend and colleague, Lord Melville, on a charge of embezzlement, acted with shattering effect on all established party arrangements; and equally to their own surprise and that of the country, the Whigs, for the first time within the memory of all except the very old, found themselves in office. The fact of a Whig ministry was startling enough, even had there been no acts to correspond. But, during the thirteen months of the Fox and Grenville ministry, (Jan., 1806, to March, 1807,) there were acts to correspond. As places fell vacant, Whigs were appointed to them; an attempt was made to open negotiations for peace with Napoleon; measures of domestic reform were intro-

duced into Parliament; and, more significant of Whig domination than all besides, Melville's fall as a minister was followed up by his impeachment and public trial. To the Scotch Tories it was as if chaos had come again. Could they have foreseen that the crisis was to be so short, and that when, weakened by the death of Fox, the Whigs had once more resumed their accustomed place as a minority in opposition, another quarter of a century of uninterrupted Tory administration for Britain and of a modified Dundas rule in Scotland was to intervene before they should again rise into power, it is possible that the consternation would have been less. But this at the time could hardly have been anticipated. The accession of the Whigs to power, and their retention of it during a whole year, were like a rude awakening to men who had been asleep; and from that moment Toryism had disturbed dreams.

In no city of the empire was the crisis of 1806 felt more powerfully than in Edinburgh. As was natural, the mere lapse of time, independently of the special events that had been happening, had produced some changes. Of the seniors, both of the Whig and of the Tory party, whom we enumerated as alive in the year 1802, some had been removed by death; and those who in 1802 had occupied the position of juniors, found themselves promoted, in consequence, to higher places in their respective parties, and to a more active concern in whatever was going on. Among the Tories of the Parliament House, the most active heads were Dundas of Arniston, now Lord Chief Baron; Hope, now Lord Justice Clerk, in the place of old Eskgrove; and Blair, afterwards Lord President; but among the younger men who acted with them, there was no one whose name stood higher, or whose Toryism was more enthusiastic, than Scott. During the four years which had elapsed since 1802, his literary reputation had been gradually rising; and the recent publication of his "Lay of the Last Minstrel" had given him a rank among the most popular poets of his age, and taught his countrymen, for the first time, the true nature and measure of his genius. His literary celebrity had not been without its effect on his worldly circumstances; for, besides retaining his sheriffship, he was now settled for life in the clerkship of the Court of Session.

Very similar to the position which Scott thus held among the Edinburgh Tories, was the position which Jeffrey held among the Edinburgh Whigs. The active heads of the Whig party in the Parliament House were such seniors as Harry Erskine, John Clerk of Eldin, and Adam Gillies. On the accession of the Whigs to office, Erskine had been restored to his old place as Lord Advocate, Clerk had been made Solicitor-General, and Hay, another of the older set of Whig lawyers, had been raised to the bench. But, under these men, Jeffrey was now a person of far more consequence than he had been in 1802. Then he was only a rising junior of that set of independent young Whigs whom their elders were disposed rather to slight than to encourage; but his rapidly increasing distinction at the bar, not to speak of the distinction accruing to him from the fame of the "*Review*," had broken down the reserve of his seniors, and compelled them to yield him his due. Had Horner and Brougham remained in Edinburgh, they and Jeffrey together might have formed a kind of triumvirate, dividing among them the increased consideration which was now accorded to the younger portion of the Whig bar. But Horner and Brougham, as well as Allen and others of the little band of 1802, had by this time left Edinburgh for the wider field of London, keeping up their connection with Edinburgh chiefly by correspondence and by contributions to the "*Review*;" and, as Cockburn and Murray had not yet attained such a standing at the bar as Jeffrey, there was no doubt as to his individual supremacy among the younger resident Whigs.

Scott and Jeffrey—these names represent, therefore, the heartiest Toryism of Scotland, and its most hopeful and opinionative Whiggism, as they stood related to each other in Edinburgh society in the year 1806. Remembering this, and keeping the well-known portraits of the two men, as they then were, before us, we can read, with a new sense of its significance, a little anecdote recorded for us by Lockhart:

"Scott's Tory feelings appear to have been kept in a very excited state during the whole of the short reign of the Whigs. He then, for the first time, mingled keenly in the details of county politics; canvassed electors; harangued meetings; and, in a word, made himself conspicuous as a leading instrument of his party. But he



was, in truth, earnest and serious in his belief that the new rulers of the country were disposed to abolish many of its most valuable institutions; and he regarded with special jealousy certain schemes of innovation with respect to the courts of law and the administration of justice, which were set on foot by the crown-officers for Scotland. At a debate of the Faculty of Advocates on some of these propositions, he made a speech much longer than he had ever before delivered in that assembly; and several who heard it have assured me that it had a flow and energy of eloquence for which those who knew him best were quite unprepared. When the meeting broke up, he walked across the Mound, on his way to Castle-street, between Mr. Jeffrey and another of his reforming friends, who complimented him on the rhetorical powers he had been displaying, and would willingly have treated the subject-matter of the discussion playfully. But his feelings had been moved to an extent far beyond their apprehension. He exclaimed, 'No, no—'tis no laughing matter; little by little, whatever your wishes may be, you will destroy and undermine, until nothing of what makes Scotland Scotland shall remain.' And, so saying, he turned round to conceal his agitation—but not until Mr. Jeffrey saw tears gushing down his cheek—resting his head until he recovered himself, on the wall of the Mound."

Edinburgh fifty years ago, is painted for us in that incident. Of the two men seen in it, standing together on the Mound under the tall clump of old houses, which still on that spot arrests the eye of the visitor, the stalwart fair-haired one, resting his head on the wall to conceal his tears, is the genius of the Scottish past; his less moved companion, of smaller stature, with dark acute features and piercing hazel eyes, is the confident spirit of the Scottish future. There was, indeed, one element of the Scottish future of that day, not represented in Jeffrey, and not logically involved in any existing form of Scotch Whiggism. This was the element of revived Evangelical theology, the effects of which on the national character and national polity of Scotland during the last forty years, have been at once so powerful and so singular. But this was a manifestation of later date, which even the closest observer of 1806 could hardly have anticipated. The tradition existed in Sir Henry Moncreiff, but the new development came with Andrew Thomson and Chalmers.

---

From Chambers's Journal.

## SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

### PERSONAL CHARACTER.

THERE is a very interesting variety of the human race which may be distinctively designated the "big-brained." Individuals who belong to this variety, work, not because they have some object to accomplish, but because they cannot help themselves. They are annoyed, rather than otherwise, if asked to take stock, or cast up an account of their gains. Like huge water-wheels, they move slowly and relentlessly, and are never caught flitting about out of their normal beat and pace; you never see them basking on

green banks among flowers, or hear them whistling in the sunshine with their hands in their pockets: if they take any kind of recreation, it is in some dream-land, to which other mortals cannot follow them. Ambition exercises no power over them, and wealth is for them devoid of all charm: if you give them money, they put it into a box by an open window, and dispense it by handfuls to the first comers. They make trusty and faithful servants of their senses, and are never capriciously led by their agency. Nevertheless, they are themselves, in the main, the slaves of a very ruthless tyrant, who rules over their

lives with despotic sway. Large hemispherical nerve-masses, that dwell just behind their foreheads, drive them unceasingly, and deprive them, for the most part, of the chief privileges of freedom. In short, they are, as it were, *brain-ridden*, and have to follow obediently the path that is indicated by the guiding-rein.

The personal character of Sir Isaac Newton possesses a peculiar attractiveness, apart from all consideration of the substantial benefits the illustrious philosopher has bequeathed to mankind, on account of its furnishing one of the purest exemplifications of humanity in its "big-brained" phase. The listener never grows weary of hearing about this large-headed sage and his doings. It is delightful to contemplate him losing his dinner in his "fluxions," and losing himself in his "binomial" maze. It is felt to be somewhat hard to have to give up the dog "Diamond" as a myth, upon the ground that neither purring puss nor sprightly poodle was allowed within the sacred precincts of the thought-hallowed rooms; but the sacrifice is made with a very good grace, so soon as it is understood that new lights are to be reflected upon the personality of the recluse out of the self-same documents that upset the old story. The third edition of the *Principia* was printed during Sir Isaac Newton's lifetime, under the editorship of the talented young Plumian Professor of Astronomy of the day; and the correspondence that passed between the author and the editor on the occasion was carefully preserved in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, to be only recently disinterred. Other valuable letters have also been of late drawn from various sources, and Sir David Brewster has availed himself of all these in the preparation of a work, entitled *Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton*, which, to say the least of it, has the high merit of furnishing many more particulars regarding the philosopher than any sketch that has ever been printed before.

It appears that on Christmas-day, 1642, a weak and puny infant was brought prematurely into the world, in a farmhouse within six miles of Grantham, in Lincolnshire. Great alarm was felt at the time for the life of the frail "Neogilos" by the attendants and friends; but it managed to keep hold of "the stage" upon which it had been thus inauspicious-

ly introduced; and, by dint of crying and sleeping, at length established a claim to have a rôle allotted to it there. At first it did not seem to be altogether clear what the part should be; for its father—who had succeeded to the possession of an estate worth some trifling forty or fifty pounds a year—only a little more than a year before had taken to himself a wife with another farm of fifty pounds a year of her own, and had then died, leaving his widow to do the best she could for the offspring that was about to present itself, upon the produce of the two farms.

The estate on which Isaac Newton was born, although of such small absolute value, possessed the dignity of manorial rights; under the designation of Woolsthorpe, it ranked as a dependent hamlet of the village of Colsterworth. Here, for three years, the widow made the best struggle she could, but at the end of that time seems to have been persuaded to accept the addresses and the hand of the clergyman of a neighboring parish, the Rev. Barnabas Smith, of North Witham. When she left Woolsthorpe for her new abode, the mother of her first husband came to the manor-house, to take charge of its infantile heir. The good old grandmother appears to have been skilled in nurse-craft, for the sickly child, under her judicious management, soon acquired vigor enough to be trusted at the schools of two of the neighboring villages. In these humble academies, the intellect that was to fathom the great physical mystery of the universe, and that was to stretch forth coëqual with its span, took its first lessons in knowledge and wisdom. Scarcely anything is on record regarding this period of Newton's life. He had not then begun to write his own unconscious memoirs, and no one else, excepting perhaps the fond old grandmother, thought enough about him to have anything to note. Fancy, nevertheless, can supply the deficiency, and see the heavy-browed, "big-brained" lad sitting listlessly and dreamily, with pale face, broad shoulders, and deep, speculative eyes, amidst his companions, wondering at life, whilst they were enjoying it, and calmly abiding his time upon the confines of the vast mathematical Charybdis that was to have him in its whirlpools by-and-by.

In the next scene of the drama, Isaac Newton appears in a garret of an old

house at Grantham. There are rough, bold drawings on paper pinned up on the walls; there are antiquated treatises on the mechanical sciences lying in the room; and there are rudely-finished working-models of water-mills and other odd contrivances—one intended to measure time by the dripping of water; and another, an embryo sun-dial, that is to be completed by the holidays, and erected at Woolsthorpe. Newton is now fifteen years old, and has been attending the classes of the grammar-school at Grantham for three years. The revenues of Woolsthorpe and of the maternal farm of Sewsterne, have been laid under contribution, the proceeds being probably augmented by the kindness of the incumbent of North Witham, and the scholar lodges in an apartment, in the upper story, of an apothecary of the town.

In the apothecary's garret at Grantham, an apparition of flesh and blood presents itself, amidst the models and drawings. A certain Mistress Storey, a relative of the master of the house, aged twelve years, and with a very pretty face and comely person of her own, haunts the room. The substantial phantom seems, however, to have no terrors for the future philosopher; on the contrary, its presence appears to have communicated a certain degree of fascination to the humble room, even after the models and drawings had ceased to have any legitimate right there, in consequence of the studious tenant having been recalled home from the grammar-school. A year or two subsequently, when Newton came to Grantham from Woolsthorpe, with an old servant, to transact farming business in the market town, he was often found in the old garret, following old pursuits, when he was presumed to be among the farmers in the corn market, fitting himself for new ones. It would be a curious question, could it be determined, whether the clepsydre and mechanics, or Mistress Storey, exercised the greater influence over the agricultural truant in those young days. However this may have been, there is no doubt which ultimately was the victrix, for the pretty face disappears entirely from the scene. Big-brainedness, when in the highest phase of perfection, tolerates no mistress as a sharer in its reign.

When Newton was fifteen years old, his stepfather, Mr. Smith, died, and his mother

came home to Woolsthorpe with three children, a half-brother and two half-sisters, and he was recalled at once from Grantham school to manage the farm, and be their companion. After a fair trial, it was, however, discovered that there was very little chance of either bullocks or fields attaining to any improvement of condition through his superintendence; and, in accordance with the judicious advice of a maternal uncle, the boy was sent back to Grantham to complete his preparation for the scholarly life of college.

The year 1661 found Newton matriculated as a sizar at Trinity College, Cambridge, but very little is known of his proceedings at this period. He proved to be already an adept in the principles of logic, and was set to read Kepler's book on optics with a class; but the tutor observed that he had thoroughly mastered the treatise by the time his companions had got fairly launched in the preliminary chapters. Paying a chance visit to Stourbridge fair, he purchased an old work on judicial astronomy; unable, however, to understand this without some acquaintance with the processes of mathematical reasoning, he was led to attack Euclid's treatise on the elements of the science. This seemed to him so tedious, on account of the length of the great geometer's demonstrations, that he managed to devise shorter routes to the conclusions for himself. It is a very curious fact, that the future calculator of the planetary perturbations and the future expositor of the geometry of the heavens, had his attention drawn to mathematics while a student in the university that is now the great focus of mathematical light, by the chance acquisition of an old astrological book.

In 1664, Newton was elected a scholar of Trinity College, and in 1665 took his degree of Bachelor of Arts. It appears that he was now deeply absorbed in devising a means for effecting, by broad, comprehensive rules, sundry complex calculations that had hitherto been made only by tedious isolated processes gone through in successive stages. In the summers of 1665 and 1666, the plague visited the banks of the Cam, and the students were all dismissed from the colleges in consequence. The scholar of Trinity went home to Woolsthorpe, and pondered his fluxions under the shadow of his paternal trees. According to tradition, it was during one of these summers, and amidst these shad-

ows, that "gravitation" fell into his apprehension, as an apple fell to the earth from over his head.

These several particulars have been ascertained only by gathering them carefully from a diversity of sources. In the year 1682, however, the curtain is again fairly drawn up, and the person of the sage is once more before the eye: he is now a Master of Arts, the Lucasian Professor of Mathematics, and has been fifteen years a fellow of his college; he dwells in collegiate apartments, just to the north of the great gateway of the college, and has a small piece of garden between his rooms and the outer boundary wall, in which a small building has been erected to serve as a chemical laboratory; he is forty years old, but his hair is prematurely gray; he has sent up the first reflecting telescope ever made to the Royal Society, because he has been pressed by friends to do so, remarking at the same time, "Had the communication not been desired, I might have still let it remain in private, as it hath already done several years;" he has been admitted into the Royal Society with open arms on the part of the fellows, and has communicated to them "the oddest detection hitherto made in the operations of nature," which oddest detection proved to be the unequal bending capacities of different colored lights, when passed through transparent media. A royal patent has been issued to dispense with the necessity of his taking holy orders while holding his mathematical professorship, and he has contributed sundry valuable communications to the Philosophical Transactions, but always under the persuasion of friends, and with the stipulation that his name is not to appear, for "he sees not what there is desirable in public esteem, were he able to acquire and maintain it. It would perhaps increase his acquaintance, which he chiefly studies to decline." Notwithstanding these big-brained idiosyncrasies and instincts, he nevertheless has had to submit to the fate which the world keeps in reserve for its sages: he has been dragged into controversy in spite of himself; and a weary experience he must have had of it, if his own words may be received, for he writes in one of his letters: "Mr. Leibnitz endeavored to engage me, against my will, in new disputes about *occult qualities, universal gravity, the sensorium of God, space, time, vacuum, atoms, the perfection of the world, supra-mundane intelli-*

*gence, and mathematical problems.*" Well, indeed, might the big-brained philosopher, smarting under his dire experience, regret that he had ever allowed the ungracious world to trespass within his calm domains, even by an eye-glance; and well might he write in another place: "I see a man must either resolve to put out nothing new, or become a slave to defend it. . . . I was so persecuted with discussions arising out of my theory of light, that I blamed my own imprudence for parting with so substantial a blessing as my quiet, to run after a shadow."

About this time a poor kinsman, Humphrey Newton, is admitted into the philosopher's rooms upon terms of domestic familiarity, but in what precise capacity no one knows. The occurrence is, however, one of great moment to the world; for the simple dependant contributes some very illustrative allusions to the habits and appearance of his benefactor, which almost enable a daguerreotype picture of his presence to be brought before the imagination. A man of sedate and gentle demeanor, with a meek, languid air, and a face pleasant and comely to look upon, although wearing habitually an expression of profound thought, only now and then enlivened by the flash of a quick, piercing eye, appears at the bidding of the humble and unconscious sketcher. The features of this face are gracious and calm: Master Humphrey, during a long experience, has never once seen them ruffled with a frown, and has *only once* seen them wrinkled with a laugh. The original of the portrait is at this time buried in abstruse speculations, and cannot find any leisure for gadding. He very rarely leaves his chamber, excepting to deliver the mathematical lecture which no one comes to hear, because it is in advance of every one's faculties of apprehension. Occasionally he receives two or three visitors, most probably self-invited, and steals off to find a bottle of wine for their entertainment; but there is very small chance of his returning, either with or without the wine, unless he is reminded to do so by some very decided monition from without. He walks much in his study, thus getting some muscular exercise without the expense of distracted attention and loss of time. He never does anything with his own hands in his little garden, but it is evidently a favorite spot; he cannot bear that a single weed should derange its trimness, and upon a rare occa-



sion it occurs to him that he will take a turn among its fresh green leaves. By the time he has got half-way down, however, he comes to a sudden pause, for a new idea looms upon him from some of its boughs, and he wheels about and runs up stairs, and falls to writing at his desk standing, lest the thought should escape him before it is recorded. He never sits down by his fire, in a comfortable, cozy way, excepting in the very coldest weather of winter-time; he even performs the necessary and unwelcome task of eating his meals on his feet—that is, when he remembers to do so at all. Not uncommonly, he is surprised, hours after the proper time, to learn that his dinner has been untouched; and he hastens to make amends to the neglected meal by cramming in three or four mouthfuls as rapidly as he can. Just as frequently his bed-maker saves him this trouble, and adroitly turns the untasted food into an attendant's perquisite. On public feast-days, it is but seemly that he should dine with his compeers in the hall; so, having been duly admonished of the hour, he saunters down through the quadrangle hall-wards, and some friend meets him on the way, with his hair uncombed, his shoes down at heels, his stockings untied, and, as a completion of his dinner-toilet, with his white surplice hanging from his shoulders. Once, when on a visit to Woolsthorpe, it was his purpose to ride over from Grantham on horseback; and he led his horse by the bridle up a steep hill at the town's end. Arrived at the top of the hill, he turned to mount his steed; but alas! there remained nothing to mount but the bridle which he carried in his hand. The horse, taking unfair advantage of its master's reverie, had gone on before to announce his approach.

It is a curious fact that large brains are light sleepers, and require, on the whole, considerably less sleep than small ones. Newton scarcely ever went to bed until two or three o'clock in the morning—sometimes not until five or six o'clock; then he would sleep for from four to five hours, and after this short repose, arise quite refreshed, and prepared for renewed work. At spring-time, and at the fall of the leaf, he allowed himself a sort of six weeks' holiday; and signalized the period of recreation by sitting up altogether on alternate nights with Master Humphrey, in order that the fire of his chemical laboratory, in which he then worked, might never go out.

#### NEWTON IN ACTIVE LIFE.

It was the habit of Newton, in his Cambridge days, to turn aside from mathematics, and work in his chemical laboratory for six weeks every spring and autumn. During this time, he experimented very assiduously, his kinsman, Humphrey Newton, lending him a hand; but the assistant never could make out exactly what the master was doing. The experimenter's manner was always grave and uncommunicative. There were glass receivers and vessels in the laboratory, but these were scarcely ever touched; the principal business seemed to lie with metals, which were continuously under fusion, the philosopher building and altering his brick furnaces with his own hands. Antimony was in great request. No result appeared ever to come out of the labors. The experimenter had the air of a man who was "aiming at something beyond the reach of human art and industry." There was an old mouldy book in the apartment, entitled *Agricola on the Metals*, into which the persevering operator occasionally looked. Fortunately, there are other sources, more precise than Humphrey Newton's impressions, now available to the curious inquirer, which reveal what the "aim beyond the reach of human art and industry" was. Newton was trying his hand at the transmutation of metals. There are books on alchemy extant, the margins of which are covered with notes in the philosopher's own handwriting; and Sir David Brewster has seen copies of extracts from alchemical works in the same character. In a letter to a Mr. Aston, Newton requests that gentleman to inquire concerning a noted alchemist in Holland, reputed to be in possession of important secrets, and he asks him in general terms to investigate everything that falls in his way during his travels which bears at all upon the processes of transmutation—"the most luciferous and luciferous experiments in philosophy."

Whilst Newton was engaged in his subtle mathematical investigations, and still more subtle "illuminating and gainful" experiments, a visitor arrived at Cambridge, upon what proved to be a very momentous mission. Dr. Halley had been for some time endeavoring to determine the laws of the planetary movements, when it occurred to him to try whether he could ascertain by calculation the pos-

sibility of those movements being represented by elliptical courses. He found, however, that this calculation was too complex for him to effect as he wished, and he therefore went over to Cambridge to consult Newton upon the matter. To his surprise, he found, in conversation, that the philosopher had long since determined a ready means of accomplishing what he desired, but had so little valued his success, that he had dismissed the subject from his thoughts, and could not now even lay his hand upon the notes he had made of his work at the time. Upon the urgent solicitation of Halley, he again entered upon the same train of investigation, and soon reproduced the method in detail: this was in 1684. The result was communicated to the Royal Society, and, under the management of Halley, printed not long afterwards. This communication formed the first instalment of the immortal work now known under the familiar denomination of *The Principia*, more correctly *The Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy*. Halley took care now to keep his illustrious friend at his proper occupation; the laboratory and luciferous experiments were forgotten, and the real luciferous labors were pushed forward unintermittingly. In three years, the doctrines of gravitation were applied to the peculiarities of elliptical movement, and were traced out into all their magic results; and the great code-book of the physical laws of nature was before the world as a completed whole. There can be no doubt that the gratitude of that world for the rich present is in a great measure due to the judicious determination and management whereby Dr. Halley overcame the dislike of the studious recluse to fame and notoriety.

A very beautiful little episode is enacted about this time. The mighty sage is interrupted in the midst of his victorious career against the mysteries of the material universe, by a touchingly human interest. He has left Cambridge for a season, and is at Woolsthorpe, watching by the sick-bed of his mother. She is ill with a malignant fever; her days are numbered; and the still form of her illustrious son bends over the bed by night and by day, administering with its own hands the requisite medicines to the sufferer. The great magician is forgetful of his magic in anxiety for his parent. The big brain, at any rate, cannot preclude the large heart

from taking its proper share also in the destinies of humanity. The philosopher's solicitous care is, however, all in vain—his mother dies of the fever, and is interred at Colsterworth.

The scene about the year 1692 changes altogether, and Newton appears in a perfectly different aspect. He now bitterly proves the accuracy of his own suspicion, that quiet is a greater blessing than notoriety, and finds he has to pay a heavy tax for the right of enlightening the world. Before he can complete his investigations concerning the movements of the moon, he has to ask the astronomer royal, Flamsteed, to furnish him with a new series of observations of the luminary. These observations, however, are not forthcoming so immediately as his impatience leads him to fancy they might be. The German philosopher, Leibnitz, too, imagines that certain discoveries of his own detract from the value of some of Newton's early mathematical labors, and presses his claim in no very patient terms. These and other like annoyances take the recluse, in spite of himself, so far out of the habits and pursuits which are most congenial and suitable to his temperament, that his bodily health fails under the irritation. For two years, he has been seriously ill; the bodily ailments, of course, react upon the mind; the temper, before so suave, is now suspicious and irritable. All at once the sage, so indifferent to temporal renown, has become exacting, and jealous of his own importance. He writes irritable and sometimes incoherent notes to his friends; he is pugnacious with both Flamsteed and Leibnitz. Upon one occasion, he is in the chair as president of the Royal Society, when, upon observing certain unseemly grimaces on the part of Dr. Sloane, he tells him that he is a "tricking fellow, a villain, and a rascal." There can be no doubt that the close and incessant labor which Newton encountered when he undertook to unravel the seemingly tangled skein of the lunar movements, has been too hard a task, even for his gigantic intellect, and that his mind has been somewhat unbinged by the mental effort. He has himself remarked, upon more than one occasion, that his head never ached except when he was studying the complicated conditions of the lunar movements. He writes to Locke, in extenuation of some impatient expression he has used towards him: "When I wrote

to you, I had not slept an hour a night for a fortnight together, and for five days together not a wink." In this there is the clearest evidence that the irritability of the overtaken philosopher is a morbid result, and not a natural trait. His brain, large as it is, has been placed through labor in that exhausted condition in which sleep cannot be enjoyed, and then the sleeplessness has perpetuated and aggravated the irritable condition. Viewed in this light, the irascibility of Newton assumes a very interesting aspect, for it serves to connect the almost superhuman mind of the philosopher with the fates of ordinary humanity. It is more pleasant, after all, to think of the great sage who was able to weigh the stars, and measure their courses, as sharing with common mortals the responsibilities and weaknesses which are inseparable from their organization and state, than it would be to have to contemplate him as of another and higher order of beings. It is agreeable, too, to find that the big brain, tyrant as it is, nevertheless is in a degree dependent for its own uninterrupted rule upon the integrity of the economy with which it is associated. The weakness of Newton dignifies mankind, but his faultless perfection would have been a reproach to the human race.

In a very unpretending and admirable article in a recent number of the *Edinburgh Review*, occasion has been taken to allude to the question of the temper of Sir Isaac Newton. The conclusion at which the writer arrives, after a consideration of the evidence that has been advanced on opposite sides, by prejudiced antagonists and indiscreet friends, is, that the philosopher possessed that negative kind of imperturbability which arose from intense absorption in his pursuits and insensibility to things around him; but that whatever tended to arouse him from this absorption, and to take him out of himself, also awakened a sort of resistance and resentment. He was imperturbable when there was nothing to perturb him; but once thrown off from his balance, he had little self-control, and became irritable, and could be even intemperate. It was really a natural sensitiveness of mind—a quality commonly present in the finest natures—which was exaggerated into irritability by hard work and ill health, and which then led to the quarrel with Flamsteed, to the jealousy and suspicion of

Leibnitz, to the undignified scene at the Royal Society, and to other passages of a like kind. The mind which had fathomed the mysteries of external nature, proved to be unable to understand or master itself. Under this irritability, Newton unquestionably possessed the noblest qualities: he was forgiving, courageous, transparently honest, and incorruptibly pure. As a matter of course, he was generous—such a man could not be mean or narrow in his sympathies. His idea of the intrinsic value of money was just what might have been anticipated in one who had so thorough an acquaintance with the real coin of nature's treasury. Hearing, upon one occasion, that a mathematician had an ingenious book ready for the press, which could not be printed from want of means, he forthwith offered a bag of money to defray the expense. His notion of a doctor's fee was a handful of gold taken from his coat-pocket; and when the famous surgeon, Cheselden, once remonstrated with him for remunerating his professional services after this fashion, he rejoined laughingly: "Why, doctor, what if I do give you more than your fee?"

The last scene of this interesting life-drama has now to be glanced at. The rooms in Trinity College and the trim garden are deserted; the professorship and fellowship at Cambridge have been resigned, and the philosopher, full of years and of honors, is residing in a town-house, presided over by a graceful housekeeper, Catherine Barton, the child of one of his half-sisters, who has been educated at his own cost, and has grown to woman's estate. All the distinguished men of the age flock to the house of the illustrious sage, and are hospitably received and entertained by him, principally through the good management of the clever niece. Newton seems to have recovered his health, and to a great extent his mental equanimity, but he has been drawn considerably out of his life of seclusion and his abstract studies. He is now a public servant in a practical sense, and is filling the important post of mastership to the mint. At the end of the seventeenth century, Charles Montague, afterwards Lord Halifax, was Chancellor of the Exchequer of Great Britain; when he took office, he found the current coin of the realm so depreciated by the dishonest practices of many years, that the worst of results were

feared for commercial interests. The silver coin had been systematically clipped and pared down, by men who made fortunes by the robbery, even from before the reign of Queen Elizabeth. In 1695, it was considered a mere accident whether a shilling, taken as a legal tender, would prove to be worth more or less than fourpence. One hundred pounds in silver money were weighed upon several occasions, and it was found that the weight, which ought to have been four hundred ounces, was only two hundred and forty ounces at Bristol, two hundred and eight ounces in London, and *one hundred and sixteen ounces* at Oxford. Half, or more than half, the metal originally contained in the coin had been pared away.

The government, having very anxiously deliberated upon this state of affairs, resolved that there was no other remedy for it than to call in all the old coin, and issue in the place of it new *milled* coin, which could not be pared at the edges without immediate detection. Arrangements were made for carrying this purpose into effect, and a day was named as the last upon which the light coin should be allowed to circulate. Ten furnaces were built in the garden behind the Treasury, and heaps of mutilated crowns and shillings were every day melted into massy ingots, which were sent off to the mint to be recoined. King William was at this time at the head of an army in the Netherlands, and sent home for £200,000, as absolutely essential for the payment of his troops. The officers at the mint declared that it was impossible, under any circumstances, to turn out more than £15,000 worth of new coin every week. The Chancellor of the Exchequer had known Newton at Cambridge, and had sat with him in parliament for a short interval some time before; and the statesman appealed to the patriotism of the physical philosopher to come to his aid in this great difficulty. Newton responded cordially to the appeal; and accepted the office first of warden, and afterwards of master, to the coining establishment of the realm. He turned aside from his abstruse studies, and threw the energies of his character entirely into the work that he had taken in hand. Very soon there were nineteen mills working together at the Tower, and auxiliary mints were brought into activity in the five principal extra-metropolitan cities of the kingdom.

£120,000 worth a week of silver money was by this means issued to meet the wants of the king and the land; and by the end of the century, the tempest had been victoriously encountered, and the state safely steered through the threatening dangers of the storm.

As might have been anticipated, Lord Halifax became, after this coöperation, the grateful friend of the philosopher. During the early years of the eighteenth century, the distinguished statesman was constantly seen at the little levées of the monarch of science. When he died in 1715, he left his friend's niece a legacy of £5000, and all his jewels, besides having procured for her a crown-grant of the rangership and lodge of Bushy Park. Two years subsequently, Catherine Barton married a gentleman of the county of Hampshire, John Conduitt. The newly-married pair lived with the philosopher in his house in Martin Street, Leicester Square, for four years, the husband helping the master of the mint in his labors; and when, six years subsequently to that, the master laid down his office in the ordinary course of nature, at the advanced age of eighty-four years, his nephew by marriage became his successor.

Newton was knighted by Queen Anne in 1705, for his services to the state, and in recognition of his great attainments. The picture presented of him in his later years possesses a peculiar charm. It is probable that the gentle violence put upon his inclinations, at the instance of his friend Lord Halifax, really lengthened his days, by withdrawing him from the routine of exhausting thought in which he had previously involved himself. His hair was then as white as snow, but this was almost the only sign he bore of the wearing effect of time. He seemed to have entirely recovered from his temporary impairment of vigor. His senses were penetrating and clear, and his intellect still powerful and keen. His extraordinary life had comprised within itself a long series of triumphs and victories; but not the least remarkable of these was the one which he achieved over his natural despot, the big brain, when, having accepted the wardenship of the mint, he wrote to the astronomer royal: "I do not like to be dunned and teased by foreigners about mathematical things, or to be thought by our own people to be trifling away my time about them, when I am



about the king's business." It is very pleasant to think of the discoverer of universal gravitation thus in the end emancipating himself from the thralldom of his

own idiosyncrasies, and coming down from the heavens to go about the "king's business" with the simple earnestness of one led solely by the sense of duty.

---

From the London Review.

### THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH.\*

If we exclude from our view the works of one great master, whose fame may hereafter mark the glorious sunrise of a long bright day of art, but whose pictures at present constitute of themselves a grand and independent school—if we ignore the labors of J. M. W. Turner, shut out the new world which his pencil opened up, and confine our attention to the homely, classical, and orthodox productions of his predecessors, we may say that the art of landscape painting attained its maturity in a sudden and surprising manner. This fact contrasts strongly with the gradual improvement in the branches of history and portraiture. Nearly three hundred years passed away between the revival of painting by the Florentine Cimabue and its perfection under Michael Angelo and Raphael; while, only twenty years after the death of Adam Elzheimer, the founder of landscape painting in Italy, Poussin, Claude, and Salvator Rosa exhibited an excellence which none of their legitimate successors have been able to surpass. In our own country, in like manner, the progress of landscape painting from birth to maturity was singularly rapid; its founders, Richard Wilson and Thomas Gainsborough, displaying a fine appreciation of nature, and a power of depicting her in her common aspects, which have not been excelled by

the most distinguished of their followers. The talents of these two great men were similar; their fortunes were most unlike. The first passed through life poor and neglected, though his declining years were brightened by a gleam of sunshine; admired by the painters of France and Italy, he had no honor in his own country, and saw himself slighted, while artists of far inferior merit succeeded in obtaining the approbation and patronage of the public. The pictures destined to win the admiration of posterity, in his own day could scarcely find a purchaser; his "Ceyx and Alcyone" was painted for a pot of porter and the remains of a Stilton cheese; and he was often compelled to consign his noblest landscapes to the hands of pawnbrokers, in order to procure the means of a scanty subsistence. Gainsborough's career, on the other hand, was, in every respect, far more fortunate, though he perhaps owed his prosperity more to the circumstance of his wife's fortune, and his own skill as a portrait painter, than to the public appreciation of those beautiful and truly English landscapes, which have since made his name illustrious. Gay, talented, kind-hearted, and eccentric, his life furnishes an admirable subject to the biographer; and we are bound to say that Mr. Fulcher has succeeded in producing, out of the materials at his command, a most interesting and instructive narrative. We may add that the value of this little work is greatly enhanced by the appended list of Gainsborough's works, including the

---

\* *Life of Thomas Gainsborough, R. A.* By the late GEORGE WILLIAMS FULCHER. Edited by his Son. London: Longman, Brown, Green, & Longmans. 1856.

names of their possessors—a list that appears to us very carefully and well compiled.

Although nearly seventy years have passed away since Gainsborough was borne to his last resting-place in the churchyard of Kew, no authentic account of his life was published until the appearance of Allan Cunningham's *Lives of the Painters* in 1829, in which, owing to the extent of the general design, it was impossible to devote much space to the history of any one individual; and the graphic sketch there given of the career of the great landscape painter has now been filled up and finished in the work before us. Thomas Gainsborough was born in the town of Sudbury, Suffolk, in the year 1727. His father was a manufacturer, and is described by his descendants as "a fine old man who wore his hair carefully parted, and was remarkable for the whiteness and regularity of his teeth." When in full dress, he always wore a sword, according to the custom of last century, and was an adroit fencer, possessing the fatal facility of using his weapon in either hand. Besides the subject of our notice, there were eight other children, some of whom were equally distinguished for ability and eccentricity. One of them (John, better known in the district as "scheming Jack") began almost everything but finished nothing, frittering away his ingenuity and mechanical skill in elaborate trifling. On one occasion he attempted to fly with a pair of metallic wings of his own construction, and repaired to the top of a summer-house near which a crowd of spectators had assembled to witness his ascent. Waving his pinions awhile to gather air, he leaped from its summit, and, in an instant, dropped into a ditch close by, and was drawn out amidst shouts of laughter, half dead with fright and vexation. Humphrey Gainsborough, another brother, was an exemplary Dissenting Minister settled at Henley-upon-Thames. He, too, possessed great mechanical skill; and Mr. Edgeworth, the father of the distinguished authoress, says of him in his memoirs, that he had "never known a man of more inventive mind." His experiments upon the steam-engine were far in advance of his time: and it is stated by his family and friends that Watt owed to him one of his great and fundamental improvements—that of condensing the steam in a separate vessel.

Gainsborough probably derived his love of art from his mother, a woman of highly cultivated mind, who excelled in flower painting, and zealously encouraged his juvenile attempts at drawing. From his earliest years he was a devoted student in the great school of nature, and afterwards told Thicknesse, his first patron, that "there was not a picturesque clump of trees, nor even a single tree of any beauty, no, nor hedge-row, stem, or post," in or around his native town, which was not from his earliest years treasured in his memory. "At ten years old," says Allan Cunningham, "Gainsborough had made some progress in sketching, and at twelve was a confirmed painter." While at school, (like Velasquez and Salvator,) he was more occupied in drawing faces or landscapes, than in attending to his lessons; and was never so well pleased as when he could obtain a holiday, and set off with his pencil and sketch-book on a long summer-day's ramble through the rich hanging woods which skirted his native town. On one occasion, having been refused a holiday, he presented to his master the usual slip of paper on which were the words, *Give Tom a holiday*, so cleverly imitated from his father's hand-writing, that no suspicion of the forgery was felt, and the desired holiday was at once obtained. The trick was, however, afterwards discovered; and his father, having a most mercantile dread of the fatal facility of imitating a signature, involuntarily exclaimed, "Tom will one day be hanged." When, however, he was informed how the truant school-boy had employed his stolen hours, and his multifarious sketches were laid before him, he changed his mind, and with a father's pride declared, "Tom will be a genius."

In his fifteenth year Gainsborough left Sudbury for London, where he received instructions from Gravelot the engraver, and from Hayman, then esteemed the best historical painter in England. The latter was a man of coarse manners and convivial habits, who preferred pugilism to painting, and is said sometimes to have had an encounter with a sitter previous to taking his portrait. From such a man as Hayman, Gainsborough could learn but little; and after three years of desultory study, he hired rooms in Hatton Garden, and commenced painting landscapes, and portraits of a small size; he also practised, and attained to great excellence in,

modelling from clay figures of cows, dogs, and horses. His early portraits had little to recommend them; and he met with but slight encouragement from the public, which determined him to leave London and return to his native town, after an absence of four years. He now began again to study landscape in the woods and fields, and soon afterwards fell in love with and married Miss Margaret Burr, whose brother was a commercial traveller in the establishment of Gainsborough's father. The romantic circumstances relating to this marriage, which proved so happy for both parties, are thus narrated by Mr. Fulcher:

"The memory of Miss Burr's extraordinary beauty is still preserved in Sudbury; and that a beautiful girl should wish to have her portrait painted by her brother's young friend, naturally followed as cause and effect. The sittings were numerous and protracted, but the likeness was at last finished, and pronounced by competent judges perfect. The young lady expressed her warm admiration of the painter's skill, and, in doing so, gave him the gentlest possible hint, that perhaps in time he might become the possessor of the original. On that hint he spake, and, after a short courtship, was rewarded by her hand, and with it an annuity of £200. Considerable obscurity hung over the source of this income. Gainsborough's daughters told the author's informant, that 'they did not know anything about it; the money was regularly transmitted through a London bank, and placed to Mrs. Gainsborough's private account.' Allan Cunningham, in remarking upon this subject, observes: 'Mrs. Gainsborough was said to be the natural daughter of one of our exiled princes; nor was she, when a wife and a mother, desirous of having this circumstance forgotten. On an occasion of an household festivity, when her husband was high in fame, she vindicated some little ostentation in her dress, by whispering to her niece, 'I have some right to this; for you know, my love, I am a prince's daughter.'"—Pp. 33, 34.

At the time of his marriage, Gainsborough was only in his nineteenth year, and his wife a year younger. Six months afterwards the young couple hired a house in Brook Street, Ipswich, at a yearly rent of £6, where Gainsborough's first commission was from a neighboring squire, who sent for him to repair a hot-house, having mistaken him for a painter and glazier. At Ipswich he remained for several years, making his sketch-book the companion of his walks;

carrying his palette into the open air, painting with the object before him, and noting down with patient assiduity every striking combination of foliage, and every picturesque group of figures, that met his eye. There he also made the acquaintance of Joshua Kirby, the well-known writer on perspective, and of Philip Thicknesse, Lieutenant-Governor of Landguard Fort, who first assisted, and then oppressed, him with his patronage. The inhabitants of Ipswich were more occupied by the concerns of business than by regard for the fine arts; but Gainsborough's facile pencil gradually began to find employment in sketching the parks and mansions of the country gentlemen, and in painting the portraits of their wives and daughters.

Like Salvator Rosa, Gainsborough was passionately fond of music, and performed upon several instruments; but he never suffered these musical recreations to divert him from the steady and assiduous practice of painting; though he would often give extravagant prices for a lute, a violin, or a harp; and, on one occasion, presented Colonel Hamilton, the best amateur violinist of his time, with his beautiful picture of the "Boy at the Stile," in return for his excellent performance. Thirteen years' practice had now done much to improve Gainsborough's style; his portraits were distinguished by breadth and fidelity, and his landscapes showed freedom of execution, skill in coloring, and taste in selection. A larger theatre for the display of his abilities was therefore desirable, and accordingly, in 1760, he removed to Bath, then in the height of its fashionable reputation.

At Bath he hired handsome apartments, and soon became so popular as a portrait painter, that a wit of the day said of him, "Fortune seemed to take up her abode with him—his house became *Gain's-borough*." Business came in so fast, that he was obliged to raise his price for a head from five to eight guineas, and ultimately fixed his scale of charges at forty guineas for a half, and one hundred for a whole, length. He sometimes entirely lost temper at the absurdity and conceit of his sitters. On one occasion, a person of high rank arrived, richly dressed in a laced coat and well-powdered wig. Placing himself in an advantageous situation as to light, he began to arrange his dress and dictate his attitude in a manner so ludicrously elaborate, that Gainsborough muttered,

"This will never do." His lordship, having at length satisfactorily adjusted his person, exclaimed, "Now, sir, I desire you not to overlook the dimple in my chin." "Confound the dimple in your chin," returned the artist; "I shall neither paint the one nor the other." And he absolutely refused to proceed with the picture. While at Bath, he painted the portraits of Garrick, Quin, General Honywood, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Ligonier, Sterne, Richardson, and many other celebrities. Besides these he also painted a good many landscapes, (not, however, among his best performances in that department,) several of which are still to be found in and around Bath. His pictures were annually transmitted to the London exhibitions by Wiltshire, the public carrier, who loved Gainsborough, and admired his works. For this he could never be prevailed upon to accept payment. "No, no," he would say, "I admire painting too much." Gainsborough, however, was not to be outdone in generosity, and presented the carrier with several fine paintings, which are now in the possession of his grandson, John Wiltshire, Esq. The Royal Academy was founded in 1768. Gainsborough was chosen one of the thirty-six original Academicians, and, in compliance with the law that every member should, on his election, present to the institution a specimen of his art, he contributed a painting described as "A Romantic Landscape, with Sheep at a Fountain." To the early exhibitions of the Academy he was an extensive contributor, and many of his pictures attracted a large share of the public admiration. About this time Gainsborough and Thicknesse (whose needless and ostentatious patronage was becoming intolerable to the painter) quarrelled, and, soon after, the former finally left Bath, and established himself in London.

There he prosecuted his career in portrait and landscape with fresh vigor and increasing success, his grace and fidelity in the former rendering him a dangerous rival even to Sir Joshua Reynolds. Thirty years before, he had quitted his modest apartments in Hatton Garden poor and unknown; now, he returned in the zenith of his fame and fortune, and established himself in a noble mansion in Pall Mall, built by Duke Schomberg, for which he paid £300 a year. He obtained the patronage of George III., who had frequently seen and admired the works which he had

sent to the Academy's Exhibitions; and, in 1781, he exhibited whole-length portraits of the King and Queen Charlotte; in the subsequent year, the Prince of Wales; and, in 1783, portraits of the royal family, fifteen in number, but heads only. Peers and commons rapidly followed the example set them by royalty, and commissions for portraits soon flowed in so rapidly, that with all his industry and rapidity of execution, Gainsborough occasionally found himself unable to satisfy the impatience of his sitters. Among other titled sitters the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire honored Gainsborough by employing his pencil; but, in her case, the painter had not his usual success; nature was too much for art.

"The dazzling beauty of the Duchess," (says Allan Cunningham,) "and the sense she entertained of the charms of her looks, and her conversation, took away that readiness of hand, and hasty happiness of touch, which belonged to him in his ordinary moments. The portrait was so little to his satisfaction, that he refused to send it to Chatsworth. Drawing his wet pencil across the mouth, which all who saw it thought exquisitely lovely, he said, 'Her Grace is too hard for me.'" In 1779 he painted his celebrated picture of a son of Mr. Buttall, commonly known as "The Blue Boy," and now in the possession of the Marquis of Westminster. This was done in order to refute the observation made by Sir Joshua Reynolds in one of his discourses, that blue should only be used to support and set off the warmer colors, and was not admissible in the mass into a picture. Of this portrait Hazlitt observes: "There is a spirited glow of youth about the face, and the attitude is striking and elegant—the drapery of blue satin is admirably painted." And another eminent critic remarks, that "The Blue Boy" is remarkable for animation and spirit, and careful, solid painting. In spite, however, of these deserved eulogiums, the difficulty appears rather to have been ably combated than vanquished by Gainsborough; and Sir Joshua was certainly right when he cautioned the artist against the use of pure unbroken blue in large masses.

During fifteen years Gainsborough had contributed to the Exhibitions of the Artists' Society, and the Academy, fifty portraits, and only eleven landscapes. These last stood ranged in long lines from his hall to his painting room; and his sitters,



as they passed, scarcely deigned to honor them with a look. He might have starved but for his portraits. Those noble landscapes, by which he was to live to posterity, were coldly admired or contemptuously passed by. Yet "Nature sat to him in all her attractive attitudes of beauty; his pencil traced, with peculiar and matchless facility, her finest and most delicate lineaments; whether it was the sturdy oak, the twisted eglantine, the mower whetting his scythe, the whistling ploughboy, or the shepherd under the hawthorn in the dale—all came forth equally chaste from his inimitable and fanciful pencil."\* Some there were, however, who perceived the genius and the nature so conspicuous in Gainsborough's landscapes; and among the number, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Lord Oxford, and the facetious Petar Pindar. The last of this distinguished trio, in his satirical "Ode on the Exhibition of 1783," thus counsels the artist not to forsake landscape:

"O Gainsborough! Nature 'plaineth sore,  
That thou hast kicked her out of door,  
Who in her bounteous gifts hath been so free  
To cull such genius out for thee.  
Lo! all thy efforts without her are vain!  
Go, find her, kiss her, and be friends again."

Among the many celebrated and beautiful women who sat to Gainsborough, were Mrs. Sheridan, (once the lovely Miss Linley of Bath,) and Mrs. Siddons, the tragic muse. In 1784 he painted the latter, then "in the prime of her glorious beauty, and in the full blaze of her popularity." "Mrs. Siddons is seated; her face appears rather more than in profile; she wears a black hat and feathers, and a blue and buff striped silk dress—the mixture of the two colors, where the folds throw them in a mass, resembling dark sea water with sunshine on it." (Page 130.) Gainsborough experienced considerable difficulty in delineating her features, the nose especially; and, after repeatedly altering its shape, he exclaimed: "Confound the nose! there is no end to it."

In 1784 Gainsborough quarrelled with the Royal Academy, in consequence of the refusal of the Hanging Committee of those days to break through one of their rules, and hang one of his pictures in a situation capable of adequately showing its effect. This canvas contained the portraits of

the Princess Royal, Princess Augusta, and Princess Elizabeth at full length, and was painted for the Prince of Wales' state-room in Carleton Palace. After this unfortunate dispute Gainsborough never sent any paintings to the Academy; but his conduct in the matter can scarcely be justified, as he must have known the difficulties inseparable from the arrangement of a large number of pictures, and was bound to conform to the laws and regulations of the Institution to which he belonged. To divert his mind from the chagrin occasioned by this occurrence, the painter paid a visit to his native town of Sudbury, where his appearance in a rich suit of drab, with laced ruffles and a cocked hat, created quite a sensation; and a lady, who remembered his visiting at her father's house, described him to Mr. Fulcher as "gay, very gay, and good looking." To about this period may be assigned one of his most charming fancy pictures, "The Mushroom Girl," now in the possession of Mr. Gainsborough Dupont, of Sudbury. A rustic beauty has been gathering mushrooms, and, wearied with her labors, has fallen asleep beneath the shade of a rugged elm. Her head rests upon her arm; a gleam of sunshine, piercing through the leaves of the tree, gives a still more lovely bloom to her cheek. A young peasant stands near, amazed at so much loveliness; and a little terrier looks up as if inclined to bark at the intruder, yet afraid to waken his mistress.

During the summer months Gainsborough had lodgings at Richmond, and spent his days in sketching the picturesque scenery of the neighborhood, and the peasant children he met with in his rambles. An adventure of this time, and its results, are worth transcribing.

"On one occasion he met with a boy named John Hill, on whom nature had bestowed a more than ordinary share of good looks, with an intelligence rarely found in a woodman's cottage. Gainsborough looked at the boy with a painter's eye, and, acting as usual from the impulse of the moment, offered to take him home, and provide for his future welfare. Jack Hill, as Gainsborough always called him, was at once arrayed in his Sunday's best, and sent with the gentleman, laden with as many virtuous precepts as would have filled a copy-book. Mrs. Gainsborough was delighted with the boy, and the young ladies equally rejoiced in such a good-looking addition to their establishment. But whether, like the wild Indian of the prairie, Jack pined for the unrestrained freedom of his native woods, the

\* Thickness.

blackberries and roasted sloes—or, what is more likely, feared chastisement for his many ungrateful doings—after a brief trial he ran away, and, though brought back and forgiven by his kind-hearted master, he wilfully threw away a much better chance than Dick Whittington started with on his romantic journey to the thrice repeated city sovereignty. At Gainsborough's death, his widow kindly procured for Jack an admission into Christ's Hospital. Here we lose sight of the boy; he is, however, immortalized by the painter's pencil; and amongst all Gainsborough's studies of peasant children Jack is distinguished by his personal beauty."—Pp. 132, 138.

The famous picture of "The Woodman in the Storm," which won so much public admiration, and on which George III. bestowed especial commendation, was painted in 1787. It has unfortunately perished, but the composition is preserved by Peter Simon's print, and Mr. Lane's copy of the original sketch. Another fine landscape, of a somewhat earlier period, "The Shepherd's Boy in the Shower," is thus described by Hazlitt: "I remember being once driven by a shower of rain for shelter into a picture-dealer's shop in Oxford street, when there stood on the floor a copy of Gainsborough's 'Shepherd Boy with the Thunderstorm coming on.' What a truth and beauty was there! He stands with his hands clasped, looking up with a mixture of timidity and resignation, eyeing a magpie chattering over his head, while the wind is rustling in the branches. It was like a vision breathed on canvas." Gainsborough, however, in this picture committed the somewhat singular mistake of placing his shepherd boy on the wrong side of the hedge, so that the rain is blowing full upon him; and the mistake has been perpetuated by Earlom in his fine engraving from the picture. Two others of Gainsborough's favorite and later landscapes have been happily characterized by accomplished critics. Of one of them, "The Cottage Door," now in the Grosvenor Gallery, Mr. Britton observes: "The picture may be said to be as strictly poetical as Thomson's *Seasons*; and, like that exquisite poem, is calculated to delight every person who studies it attentively and feelingly. Its late proprietor (Mr. Coppin) justly says, that it possesses all the rich coloring of Rubens; the thinness, yet force and brilliancy, of Vandyke; the

silvery tone of Teniers; the depth and simplicity of Ruysdael; and the apparent finishing of Wynants." Of "The Cottage Girl with her Dog and Pitcher," Mr. Leslie remarks, that "it is unequalled by anything of the kind in the world. I recollect it at the British Gallery, forming part of a very noble collection of pictures, and I could scarcely look or think of anything else in the rooms. This inimitable work is a portrait, and not of a peasant child, but of a young lady, who appears also in his picture of 'The Girl and Pigs,' which Sir Joshua purchased."

The circumstances connected with Gainsborough's death were of a singular and melancholy character; and a year before the event took place, he entertained a firm presentiment of its approach. Sir George Beaumont and Sheridan were among the painter's most valued friends. One day, in the early part of 1787, the three had dined together; Gainsborough had been unusually brilliant and animated, and the meeting had been productive of so much enjoyment, that the three friends agreed that they should again dine together at an early day. They met, but Gainsborough, on the previous occasion so gay and happy, now sat silent and absorbed, with a look of fixed melancholy which no effort of his companions was able to dissipate. At last he rose, took Sheridan by the hand, led him out of the room, and addressed him in the following terms: "Now, don't laugh, but listen. I shall die soon—I know it—I feel it—I have less time to live than my looks infer—but for this I care not. What oppresses my mind is this: I have many acquaintances, and few friends; and as I wish to have one worthy man to accompany me to the grave, I am desirous of bespeaking you. Will you come—ay or no?" Sheridan gave the required promise; on which Gainsborough at once emerged from his cloud, and for the rest of the evening was the soul of the party.

The celebrated trial of Warren Hastings commenced in 1788, and the importance of the event allured Gainsborough from his easel. He was placed with his back to an open window, and suddenly felt something intensely cold touch his neck, accompanied by a sensation of great pain and stiffness. On returning home he mentioned the matter to his wife and niece; and, on looking at his neck, they saw a mark about the size of a shilling,

\* "Fine Arts of the English School."

harder to the touch than the surrounding parts, and which, he said, still felt cold. Medical aid was speedily procured, and the uneasiness felt was declared to arise from a swelling in the glands. Change of air and scene was tried, but in vain; and the symptoms becoming more serious, Gainsborough returned to London, and Mr. Hunter, on a reëxamination, pronounced the disease to be cancer. All human skill was then useless; but the painter beheld the approach of death with composure, and proceeded to arrange his affairs, appointing his wife executrix of his will. Shortly before his death he wrote to Sir Joshua Reynolds, whom he felt he had not always treated with sufficient courtesy, requesting to see him; and their last meeting is thus described by Mr. Fulcher:

"It is a solemn scene, that death-chamber—the two great painters side by side, forgetful of the past, but not unmindful of the future. Gainsborough says that he fears not death; that his regret at losing life is principally the regret of leaving his art, more especially as he now began to see what his deficiencies were, which, he thought, in his last works, were in some measure supplied. The wave of life heaves to and fro. Reynolds bends his dull ear to catch Gainsborough's failing words: 'We are all going to heaven; and Vandyke is of the company.' A few days after, at about two o'clock in the morning of the 2d of August, 1788, in the sixty-second year of his age, Gainsborough died."—Page 147.

On the 9th of the same month, his remains were borne from his house in Pall Mall to their last resting-place in Kew church-yard. His nephew, Mr. Dupont, attended as chief mourner, and the pall was sustained by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir William Chambers, West, Bartolozzi, Paul Sandby, and Mr. Cotes—whilst, saddest of all the mourners, walked Richard Brinsley Sheridan, so singularly invited a year before to be present.

In person, Gainsborough was eminently handsome, of a "fair complexion, regular features, tall and well proportioned;" and, when he wished to please, no one possessed a readier grace, or more attractive manner. He executed several portraits of himself, two of which stood in his gallery at the time of his death, with their faces modestly turned to the wall. Of these, Miss Gainsborough gave one to the Royal Academy, whose members presented her with a vase, designed by West,

"as a token of respect to the abilities of her father." This vase is now in the possession of the painter's great-nephew, the Rev. Gainsborough Gardiner, of Worcester. Like Reynolds, Gainsborough painted standing, in preference to sitting; and his pencils had shafts sometimes six feet in length. He stood as far from his sitter as he did from the picture, in order that the hues might be the same. He was an early riser, commencing painting between nine and ten o'clock, working for four or five hours, and then devoting the rest of the day to visits, music, and domestic enjoyment. He loved to sit by his wife during the evenings, making sketches of whatever occurred to his fancy, most of which were thrown below the table, while those that were more than commonly happy were preserved to be afterwards finished, or expanded into pictures.

In disposition Gainsborough was generous, impulsive, and somewhat irritable. The great defect in his character, says Mr. Fulcher, was a want of that evenness of temper which Reynolds so abundantly possessed.

"A conceited sitter, an ill-dressed dinner, a relative visiting him in a hackney-coach, disturbed his equanimity; yet, when his daughter formed a matrimonial engagement without consulting him, he was calm and collected, unwilling, he says, to 'have the cause of unhappiness lay upon his conscience.' He has been accused of malevolence; but to such a feeling his heart was a stranger. Soon angry, he was soon appeased; and if he was the first to offend, he was the first to atone. Whenever he spoke crossly to his wife, (a remarkably sweet-tempered woman,) he would write a note of repentance, sign it with the name of his favorite dog, 'Fox,' and address it to his Margaret's pet spaniel, 'Tristram.' Fox would take the note in his mouth, and duly deliver it to Tristram. Margaret would then answer, 'My own dear Fox, you are always loving and good, and I am a naughty little female ever to worry you, as I too often do: so we will kiss and say no more about it. Your own affectionate Tris.'"—Page 152.

Gainsborough's facility and rapidity of handling were very remarkable. In his early days he finished highly, but afterwards directed his attention chiefly to the general effect; and many of his works, when viewed closely, present a rough and unfinished appearance. This facility is seen to most advantage in his drawings and sketches, which are spirited and masterly. His friend Jackson says: "I must

have seen at least a thousand, not one of which but what possesses merit, and some in a transcendent degree." They were executed in oil and water colors, chalks, black-lead pencil, sepia, bistre, and Indian ink; indeed, there was scarcely any contrivance for picturesque delineation of which he did not at some period make use. On one of the finest of Gainsborough's drawings—a portrait of Pitt in crayons, purchased by the Earl of Normanton at the sale of Sir Thomas Lawrence's collection—Sir Thomas had written the words, "Unique and inestimable." As a portrait painter, Gainsborough was undoubtedly the most formidable rival of Reynolds; and it is a somewhat curious fact, that the best picture finished by the greatest landscape painter of the age was a portrait—that of the Duke of Norfolk, now in Arundel Castle. His range in portrait was more limited, and his system of *chiaro oscuro* not so striking as that adopted by his great rival; but in purity of expression, and natural, unaffected grace, he has seldom been surpassed; his men are thoroughly gentlemen, and his women entirely ladies; while, in his feeling for the simplicity and charms of infancy, he has not been excelled by Reynolds himself.

In conclusion, it is worthy of remark, that the lives of the two great founders of our present school of landscape painting do not present a greater contrast than their works. These, indeed, bear the divine impress of genius, and evince that fondness for nature, and love of the beautiful, which animated their authors, and so far they resemble; but, in almost all

other respects, they are widely different. Wilson sometimes, indeed, forsook scenes of classic or poetic fame, and delineated subjects from ordinary nature, many of which possess an exquisite charm and freshness; but, in general, his landscapes are productions of the imagination rather than representations of existing reality; "his thoughts were ever dwelling among hills and streams renowned in story and song; and he loved to expatiate on ruined temples, and walk over fields where great deeds had been achieved, and where gods had appeared among men."\* The landscapes of Gainsborough, on the other hand, though not, like those of Wilson, steeped in the glowing sunshine of Italy, were true and exquisite representations of the sylvan scenery of England. He delighted in forest glades and verdant swards, brooks murmuring along their stony channels, and picturesque cottages sheltered by umbrageous trees; and in all a deep pervading human sympathy unites us with the subject: for these delightful scenes are no solitudes, but are all animated by laborers and wayfarers, or by blooming peasant children, full of rustic grace and untamed wildness. It is just this essentially national character which constitutes the deep pervading charm of Gainsborough's landscapes; and though the whole book of nature was not open to this artist, and some of its most illuminated pages neither engaged his sympathy nor inspired his emulation, we trust we shall never cease to prize the pure taste and genuine British feeling which distinguish his delightful works.

FRENCH LITERARY COLLABORATION.—A trial, setting forth the secrets of collaboration, is reported from Paris. This was the contest betwixt M. le Marquis de Prato d'Armesano and Il Conte Pietro Adolfridi Tadini, on grounds like the following: The Marquis, it appears, had contracted with the Count to write five melo-dramas, price £40 each—the count to find the ideas, the Marquis strictly to follow them, and merely (says the official report) "to be responsible for purity of style and the harmony of verse." The work was to bear the Count's name, and two fifths of it—a "Ruy

Blas" and an "Ettore Fieramosca"—were produced, in entire agreement with the conventions. On delivering Nos. 3 and 4—"The Count of Montreuil" and the "Chevalier de Bourbon"—the Marquis resolved to have his share in the glory, and demanded of the *Tribunal de Commerce* to justify him in forcing his name before the public, as the Count's better half. A pleasant case of partnership, truly! The Court declared its incompetence to deal with the matter.

\* A. Cunningham's "Lives of the Painters," vol. i.



From Chambers's Journal.

## DR. KLINDINGER'S CREOLE SERVANT.

MANY years ago, a certain Doctor Hermann Klindinger came to reside in a small town in the south of Italy. With a profound store of practical knowledge, Dr. Klindinger was also known as a man singularly devoted to the pursuits of experimental science; sometimes so manifested as to cause no small amount of apprehension in the minds of the simple race around him. He had been heard to talk mysteriously of some curious secrets he possessed relative to the vital principle; and awful were the pranks he played on the bodies of two malefactors who had been executed for murder in a neighboring district; and which he had, though with some difficulty, obtained from the authorities. The good padre of the little town came at length to remonstrate against proceedings which every one said bore the stamp of diabolical agency, and which threatened to clash so seriously with the pious opinions of his flock.

"Most worthy Dr. Klindinger," said the priest, "your experiments, though doubtless intended for an excellent purpose, are certainly quite opposed to the spirit of religion. It is a dangerous presumption with which men are now-a-days possessed—that of investigating those sacred mysteries of nature which Providence meant should be forever veiled from us in this life. Our Holy Mother, the Church, has always wisely discountenanced any tendency in that direction, as being subversive of true faith and simplicity of heart; and I would suggest to you, signor—who, being a heretic and a stranger, are very likely not aware of the objections which exist here to your scientific experiments—the wisdom of at least confining them within narrower limits." As the padre spoke he gazed curiously at the physician, whose manner, however, betrayed neither annoyance nor alarm at this somewhat authoritative address.

"Very reverend padre," said he, "the experiments you speak of, are, I should im-

agine, not of any reprehensible nature, being calculated to promote the progress of humanity—an end which, it seems to me, is peculiarly within the province of true religion. Since, however, there exists a prejudice against them in the community of which I am a member, it is certainly desirable that they should be concealed as much as possible from public knowledge." The physician spoke these words with perfect courtesy, but accompanied with a sort of mocking, icy smile, which was, however, not perceived by his visitor. He was a man of middle age, whose very pallid face was warmed by no breath of human passion, but seemed informed solely by the clear, cold light of intellect. Opposite to him sat the worthy padre, with the veritable priestly visage which is known all the world over.

The doctor again addressed his visitor: "Perhaps, excellent padre, you would condescend to partake of some refreshment in my house? Although devoted to the interests of science, I do not quite forget the wants of the body; and I can promise to set before you some of the very choicest vintage."

"Thanks, worthy doctor," said the priest; "your hospitality I shall be very happy to accept." The doctor rose, and, walking to the door, was heard to give directions to a domestic on the subject of the proposed refreshment. In a few minutes the door opened, and a young man, dressed in a rich and fanciful costume, entered, bearing in his hand a salver, on which sparkled, like ruby, the rich and generous wine; but it was not on the wine, much as he appreciated its promised qualities, that the eye of Padre Boboli rested—he started up in terror, and a shock passed over his face.

"It is only my Creole servant, Diego," said the doctor. "But my inoffensive attendant seems to produce a strangely unpleasant impression upon the good people of this village; thus it is that I so sel-

dom allow him out of doors. Within, he has but one to terrify, and that is my old housekeeper, Gianetta, whom I can scarcely prevail upon to sit with him in the same room."

"Mother of God!" said the priest, with a shudder. "Surely, signor, there is something more than natural in the aspect of your servant. His look appals me—it is diabolical! O signor, signor! surely here has been your art at work in some way—this man is a horrible *lusus naturæ*!"

"Nay, nay, indeed, Padre Boboli. Poor Diego exists in perfect accordance with the usual laws of humanity, even as you and myself. Pray, look at him again, and you will find on closer inspection that he is really, if anything, a well-looking fellow."

The padre did look, and shrank back again with even greater terror than before. Yet the doctor spoke truly when he called Diego a good-looking fellow—that he certainly was, so far as mere physique went: he was tall, of a figure perfectly symmetrical, and with much of the indolent grace so characteristic of the Creole; his features were regular and delicately chiseled, but his complexion was of a colorless, almost livid hue, made more strikingly conspicuous by a mass of ebony hair and an eye of burning black. But the expression—ay, ay, there it was—the expression of that face was in truth appallingly horrible: it made the heart of poor Father Boboli actually bound and leap up into his throat; it was like no other face he had ever seen, and suggested the idea as of one divided from natural existence by some strange and indefinable barrier. By its means, all the physical perfection before described became transmuted into something a thousand times more repulsive than the presence of absolute ugliness and deformity; and yet in it there was nothing evil—only a terrible discordancy, as it were, with all that was perfect and admirable in the organization. Something great and sacred had been neutralized or profaned—it was impossible to say what; but this belief gradually stole upon the mind, that here had been violated some great law of being—in this human face, ruined and distorted, was apparent the diablerie of art in antagonism with the sanctity of nature. The priest, after a few moments of terrified silence, at length muttered something about taking leave, and moved hurriedly towards the door.

"May I beg, Signor Padre," said the physician, "that you will not depart so soon, and without the refreshment already at hand? If the presence of my servant be repugnant to your reverence, I shall dismiss him forthwith. Diego," he added, "thou mayest now retire; we can dispense with thy attendance."

The Creole looked up with a vacant stare, and, with a sort of crouching obeisance to his master, slowly left the room.

Padre Boboli drew a long breath, and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. "Heaven be thanked," he said, "that this creature has disappeared! I protest, signor, I shall not soon recover the shock of his presence. Forgive my suspicions," said the priest, with a glance as keen as an arrow, "but I do apprehend, Dr. Klindinger, that there is some awful mystery connected with your Creole."

The doctor smiled his icy smile, and with the most unruffled politeness and apparent good-humor, endeavored to dispel the impressions of the alarmed cleric.

"Truly good padre," he said, "you are quite mistaken. My servant, I do confess, is certainly a singular-looking being, but that is explicable on very simple grounds: to say truth, when I first saw him it was as a supposed incurable lunatic. I once visited Porto Rico on some business connected with my profession, and in a barbarously neglected asylum for the insane this man attracted my particular notice. He had been for two years outrageously mad, in consequence of a severe brain fever. I proposed to take him under my care, and was allowed to do so without any opposition. A desire to test the power of my art, I confess, actuated me to this proceeding more than any feelings of benevolence, as it is one of my theories that no lunatic is incurable; and in this instance, my efforts to restore comparative sanity have been successful. Diego, as you see, has become my attendant, and is really a most trustworthy and devoted creature. He is still a *little* amiss in the cranium—there is a jar somewhere; but in time I hope to remove it. To convince you, worthy padre, of his perfect harmlessness, I can assure you he sleeps in a room inside that which I myself occupy."

As the doctor gave this explanation, there was a triumphant mockery in his eye—too dimly visible, however, to strike upon the disturbed perception of Father

Boboli. The priest tried to be satisfied with the story he had heard, but his trouble could not subside instantaneously: to aid, however, in that desirable effect, he applied to his lips the goblet of *Lachrymæ*, handed to him by the physician, and after one or two draughts, became a much more tranquil man. His eye lost its look of overwrought terror, and the ruddy tinge came back to the plump cheek, which before had lost every trace of color.

"Signor Klindinger," he said, "how is it that you fear not to retain this man in your service, considering he may one day break out a more violent lunatic than before? And, truly, notwithstanding your confidence in your art, I should be inclined to predict some such catastrophe; for methinks nothing but smouldering madness could produce an expression like that which I have beheld. The eye," continued the padre, shuddering slightly—"ah! that was indeed terrible. Why, signor, the man might well be taken for a *jettatore*. I felt that glance shoot through my marrow, and congeal my very blood. Would to God, worthy doctor, you were a believer in our holy church—then would it be possible to exercise on this wretched being the healing power of religion. I, signor, possess a reliquary, which has in truth effected wondrous miracles, and this I shall be happy to place at your disposal: even with the drawback of incredulity, I doubt not that it will prove beneficial."

The doctor listened with much apparent deference, and thanking the good padre, professed himself imbued with much respect towards the miraculous relics, although he could not, unfortunately, lay claim to the requisite amount of faith. At this moment, the door opened, and Diego again appeared, and approached, as if for the purpose of making some communication. His eye blazed very bright, and was directed towards the priest with an unpleasant stare. He seemed inclined to speak, but his lips emitted nothing more than a vague, hoarse murmur: his master at once comprehended this rude language, and turning to the terrified priest, informed him that the message of Diego was to convey that he—the padre—was required without. The good man, hurriedly taking leave of his host, started up, and as quickly as possible made his way out of the house. On his disappearance, the doctor indulged in a short sardonic laugh; and with an expression coldly malignant, turning to

Diego, said: "Truly, my domestic, thy precious existence promises to attain to some notoriety. Here am I, even in this remote corner of the globe, taken to task for my grand experiment. Holy church, in the shape of this corpulent padre, will, I fear, cause me no small amount of trouble." As he directed his eye towards the Creole, the features of the man became darkened with a sort of animal rage; but there was blended with it a certain bewildered look, as of one wandering in the delirium of a fever, which was truly pitious to behold. With an uncertain movement, he advanced towards his master, and emitted the same hoarse murmur before described. The physician looked scrutinizingly at his servant, as if coolly observing the symptoms of a patient, and then addressing him said: "Good Diego, go down to old Gianetta, who will doubtless be pleased with her companion. I can now quite dispense with your presence." The Creole moved mechanically to the door, much with the same aspect as a dog which obeys the command of a human creature, whom it feels to be a superior and controlling power.

This Diego was doubtless a singular and fearful puzzle: whatever might be the secret connected with him, it was known to no other than the man of science, who regarded him, apparently, more in the light of a cunning machine than as a being of the same species with himself. It is a fact well ascertained, subsequent to the occurrences here narrated, that Doctor Klindinger had been known to remove suddenly from various places where he had made his abode, in consequence of the attention attracted by this hateful Creole. Half-whispered stories there were of various mysterious doings between master and servant, which made people's blood run somewhat cold, and rendered the presence of the physician excessively odious and repulsive. In this simple Italian village, he had reckoned, it seemed, on being left to follow out his scientific ideas in peace; but he was woefully mistaken. The good folks had eyes, ears, and tongues, and made up for their incapacity to discover the secret of the doctor's art, by an amount of conjecture which, if not of the most acute kind, was at least rich in fancy. Not many weeks had Dr. Klindinger been settled in his new abode, and already had his pursuits been closely watched, and he himself the subject of

general inquiry. The old woman whom he had employed as his housekeeper, after the first day, absolutely refused to sleep in the house. She would not, she said, rest under the same roof with this diavolo Creole. With difficulty did the physician, by ample recompense, induce her to remain even during the day. It was not alone pecuniary consideration, however, which induced the excellent Gianetta to do even so much. Her curiosity was strongly at work; and what with the desire of satisfying it, and the importance of being in a position to do so more easily than her neighbors, the good woman's terror was sufficiently neutralized and kept within due bounds. She had, nevertheless, still need of great powers of endurance, for startling and fearful were the appearances around her. This hideous Diego seemed actually possessed of a devil. He was as mischievous as a baboon, unless under the eyes of his master, and, like that animal, was endowed with singular powers of uncouth mimicry; he also appeared to have some faint perception of the faculty of humor, and in several ways worried and tortured his ancient fellow servant: he would steal behind her back at times, and on suddenly turning round, she would catch him grinning diabolically, as if enjoying her terror; then he stole her cates and preserves, for he was an enormous glutton, with a maw, in fact, which appeared as if it could never be appeased. It was evident, however, with all the pranks of Diego, that he still labored under a sense of restraint and inferiority; he would often crouch in a corner on hearing the voice of his master, and exhibit every symptom of the most abject terror. Even of Gianetta he entertained a sort of apprehension, for she had only to look at him somewhat sternly, when he would sneak off with a subdued and drooping aspect. There were occasions, certainly, when he did indulge in desperate paroxysms of fury, and he was then intolerable to behold. Once that Gianetta had threatened to have him corrected by his master for some piece of thievery, he started up and sprang at her like a tiger, with such a desperate, fiendish look and howl, that the poor dame declared to the doctor that no reward would induce her to remain another hour in the house. In vain the Signor Klindinger promised, for the future, to keep such a watch over the Creole that he would never again venture upon such

measures; in vain he inflicted on the offender the severest corporal punishment—still Gianetta's terror could in nowise be allayed; she would not stay, and departed with her nerves dreadfully shaken, and the mystery she had come to investigate still undiscovered. No other ancient female could be found to replace her; so the doctor, albeit averse to a juvenile domestic, as being likely to promote greater facility of intercourse between his establishment and his curious neighbors, was compelled to accept the proffered services of a certain young damsel named Bianca, whose glowing olive cheek and clear eye indicated a considerable amount of health and spirit. Bianca was a plump and handsome Hebe, and the horrible Creole at first sight of her actually betrayed considerable signs of admiration: he stared and chattered until the poor girl became faint with terror; and it was not until the doctor had subjected him to another course of discipline, that he ceased his disagreeable manifestations.

The occupation of Diego was solely to wait upon his master; this office he performed in much the same manner which one would observe in the movements of a well-trained monkey; his actions seemed to be the result of simple instinct alone, directed into a certain channel by means of the controlling human agency to which he was subject; his attempts at speech were barbarous, resembling the jabber of an idiot; but his master could, after some pains, teach him to pronounce many words and phrases, so as to make himself quite intelligible; yet with such a voice and manner as one could not, after all, suppose were those of a human creature. Sometimes it seemed not less astonishing to hear speech from Diego, than if it were emitted from the mouth of an orang-outang, or even the most inferior species of monkey.

Dr. Klindinger, it was observed, had an antipathy, if not a feeling of positive malignity, towards his unfortunate attendant. Cold as he now was, the man of science bore in his face the traces of intense and violent passions: that icy aspect was evidently the result of a nature once convulsed to its centre, and at length, exhausted of all its fire, arisen from the ruins of the past into the calm cold region of intellectual abstraction. With his mysterious attendant, the doctor was frequently shut up, and loud altercations, as it were, had



been heard between them. Once, the girl Bianca was intrepid enough to steal on tiptoe to the chamber door, and peep within. There she saw a strange sight: the Creole, apparently a corpse, lying back on a couch, and the doctor administering to him some liquor out of a phial. After a short time, the creature revived, and then the girl heard an angry howl, but not certainly proceeding from the lips of Diego; no—it came as if from another corner of the room. And now—was it fancy?—a third, a shadowy presence as it seemed, hovered above the pair. The girl might be mistaken, for she could not see quite distinctly. A creeping sensation of terror at length overcame her, and she was fain to betake herself immediately to the lower apartments.

It was now about midsummer, and as Father Boboli was returning from a distant mission, he had occasion to pass by the secluded residence of Dr. Klindinger. The evening had begun to set in, and the padre was not free from some serious apprehensions as he approached the mysterious premises. There was a large garden adjoining the cottage, dark with tall yews and myrtles, and having a wilderness of rich flowers now trailing around, half wild from neglect. In this garden, the priest heard the unskilful tinkle of a guitar, accompanied by a strange hoarse voice; then a slight rustle, and at length the words "Padre Boboli, Padre Boboli!" pronounced with a chuckling accent. All at once, the head of the Creole was seen to emerge from the shade of the trees, and appear over the slight enclosure of the garden, looking out with a grotesquely horrible grin at the unhappy priest. He seemed mischievously inclined, but at this moment the doctor was heard in a loud voice to summon "Diego." The Creole instantly retreated, and the padre was not slow in hastening in another direction. He had received a serious fright, from the effects of which he actually became ill. In his sick-chamber he requested the attendance of Dr. Klindinger, and was in due time waited upon by the physician.

"Are you aware, Signor Doctor," said the padre, "that my present illness has been actually caused by the sudden and threatening appearance of your Creole last evening? Doctor, doctor! why do you persist in allowing that horrible being to rove at liberty, and thus perhaps endanger the life and reason of many persons? You

will infallibly bring upon yourself the censures of the church and the authority of the law. He should be at once confined in some safe asylum, or evil will undoubtedly come of the affair."

"I protest, reverend padre," said the doctor, "you are unnecessarily alarmed. My servant is incapable of committing any dangerous deed, unless on some serious provocation, or when injudiciously treated. I allow him sometimes to walk in that garden for the necessary air and exercise: it is the only spot he can seek for that purpose, since our worthy villagers would certainly stone him were he seen outside the bounds of my residence. His sudden appearance before you, Signor Padre, was simply a token of recognition, perhaps of reverence; for be it known to you, that this man had been, as I understand, before his unfortunate madness, a devout and zealous Roman Catholic."

"Say you so, indeed?" replied the priest. "Then, of a truth, the poor wretch must have meant to solicit my ghostly ministration in some way. I would he were not so horrible, and I would certainly impart to him all the consolation in my power. As it is, however, I cannot overcome the terror I feel at the sight of him: it is unaccountable, inexplicable," said the puzzled padre.

"It may be," said the doctor, "that after a space Diego will be so far advanced towards perfect sanity, as to lose in some measure this expression, which seems to have so strange an effect upon your reverence. It was produced, I have no doubt, by the poor wretch's gross ill-treatment in that miserable asylum from whence he was rescued by me. It is simply the effect of suffering and terror, reverend padre, and will, in all probability, fade away by degrees out of his countenance."

The padre appeared more composed at this suggestion; and after receiving a prescription at the hands of the physician, allowed him to take his departure homewards.

Some days after the attendance of the physician upon Father Boboli, it was understood in the village that Dr. Klindinger had asked and obtained permission to remove from his present abode to an ancient mansion in the vicinity, for many years unoccupied, and now in some degree a ruin. The flickering light of a torch fell upon the figures of the pale physician and his servant as they entered the gloomy

portal in the stillness of the night. The giant pines and larches moped and mowed to each other with faint whispers of some stranger advent than these old walls had ever witnessed before. Mystery and horror were now within them; so said each leafy tongue to the low winds which stole on hurriedly to hear the story.

The old castello was, in truth, remote and desolate enough to secure the new inmates from all intrusion; thither none of the villagers ever ventured. Year by year had the sculptured lions above the gateway frowned grimly down upon vacancy and silence, and the discolored and fungi-clothed walls were unwarmed by any human breath. In the neglected garden, a white marble fountain sent up its melancholy song to the sky out of the graceful ruins of its beauty; the broken figures of faun and dryad lay on the ground, wreathed with the flowering creepers which overran the crumbling structure. One statue only remained perfect—that of the rural Pan, whose ludicrous deformity contrasted strangely with the sad loneliness of the surrounding scene. In this abode of departed grandeur had the doctor and his servant now resided for many weeks, uninterrupted save by the daily visits of Bianca in her character as superintendent of the household. She, poor damsel, was rather ill at ease, for besides the chilling solitude of the castello, which could not but raise up superstitious fancies in her head, she had also to contend with the disagreeable attentions of Signor Diego. He haunted her footsteps perseveringly, but yet in a timid, sneaking way, as if still fearful of punishment. It was inexpressibly repulsive to her to behold this being, wearing all the outward attributes of humanity, imbued with all the fulness of life, yet wanting, apparently, its highest and most precious element. He would sit for hours in a corner of the room, with his peculiar vacant stare, and muttering from time to time some unintelligible gibberish. There seemed really to be no spiritual link connecting his nature with that of the human family—no mental affinity of any kind. Some fatal but indefinable want was there, which deprived him of any place in the scale of his species. On the brute creation he appeared to have the same repulsive effect; the house-dog shrank from his touch with dismay, as if, by its instinct, it recognized a thing anomalous in creation.

There were moments when Diego knew absolute gaiety. He grew horribly frolicsome, and then his degradation was more painfully apparent: he would dance, and caper, and whoop after a hearty meal—the very realization of the mere human animal. Many of the lower passions were strongly developed in him, and looked out with fearful distinctness from those perfect and chiseled features. He could exhibit a strong degree of envy and jealousy upon occasions of a kind perfectly identical with those passions in the inferior animals. He positively abhorred the sight of a handsome young fellow whom he had seen sometimes rather lovingly caress the fair Bianca outside the latticed window, and who generally contrived to see her once, at least, in every week. He certainly possessed strong acquisitive propensities, for the jingling and sparkling of some gold pieces which he once beheld so wrought upon him, that he instantly darted upon the treasure, and was with much difficulty deprived of it. All these frailties did, like so many rank weeds, flourish luxuriantly in the nature of the unhappy Diego; but they were none which are not indigenous to the material soil of humanity. Sacred is the thought that to this source alone is to be attributed the empire of that evil by which our world is darkened and disfigured—finite in its nature as the corporeal frame from whence it sprang, so must all *evil* one day dissolve and perish, leaving that soul which is incapable of pollution free to seek its native sphere.

Meanwhile, the meditations of Padre Boboli tended not a little in the direction of the old castello, though, sooth to say, it was not within the power of all his curiosity ever to lead him thither. "Ah!" thought the good padre, "could I but gain access for only one hour to the secluded apartment in which this strange doctor, I am informed, pursues his diabolical studies, then might I hope for some ray of light whereby to discover the mystery." But vain was that wish. Dr. Klindinger's was a Bluebeard chamber, into which no being but himself ever dared to enter, and which was always secured in his absence beyond the possibility of access. Had the worthy padre been able to accomplish his wishes, he might certainly have made strange discoveries. Among the multifarious papers of the physician, many speculations might be

seen by which the man of orthodoxy would have been doubtless puzzled. Here were curious thoughts on the nature of matter and spirit, wild and improbable to the last degree. In the fragments of an old journal were these extravagant ideas: "It is hardly possible to suppose that *life* and the soul are not two distinct principles; that life does not exist independently of the soul, and might continue to exist even were it deserted by the spiritual essence—the soul calmly informing the mortal structure, yet infusing not what we call vitality. This last it is which acknowledges the might of the sharp dagger and the subtle poison. Were the connection, then, dissolved between soul and body, it is my aim to demonstrate that I, Arnold von Ebhrenstein, might still, by the grand power of that science whose worshipper I am, maintain the vital principle within that mortal frame."

Other memoranda there were, evidently relating to the early life of the writer—the history of a dreadful wrong, written in words of scorching fire. There had been a tragedy, such as men talk of with pale cheek and faltering tongue: a woman, young and beautiful, the adored of her husband, had been the victim of unlawful passion, even in the first May morn of wedded life. Under the lurid sky of that Indian island, fate had laid upon three persons her iron grasp; there where the gorgeous flower droops and dies from the rich fulness of its own beauty, and the yellow snake coils in the rank luxuriance of the forest. Then came an hour of vengeance and of blood. But wrongs there are for which blood cannot atone, for which men would gladly follow the destroyer into the shadows of eternity. "Yes," said the record, "men say I am avenged; but well can this heart feel that for me it is no atonement—for me, over whose head the vast universe has reeled and crumbled into ruins—whom the passions of the fiery gulf have blasted with their thunder: the flame which before shot through my veins, is now become a subtle, deadly poison. I am cold—cold. Now for my purpose, be thou my hand-maid, great goddess of science!" It rambled on again: "Am I then successful? Most meet, in sooth, is thy condition of being, O man of merciless and brutal passion! Here grovel in the dust at my feet—crawl as a serpent: thou shalt drink to

the dregs of misery and debasement. . . . Come, then, impalpable thing!—come and mourn over thy vile habitation. It is the subtle torture I designed. It may be hellish, be it so—but it is *revenge*. Here it lives and glows, a portion of the fiery tortures of mine own soul. Ah! there is an irresistible fascination, a fatal necessity, full of misery and despair, by which men are hurried on as surely as by the intensest longing of the heart after happiness and rest. Strange it is that the strongest and most ungovernable impulses of humanity, instead of pleasure, involve only pain. . . . Is this the end, then, of those dreams, so pure and lofty in their aim? Now, now alone, wandering through the vast solitudes of space, in that awful self-containment which overleaps forever the bounding-line of mortality."

But out of this chaos of faded and crumpled manuscripts, it would, however, have been rather a difficult task even for the prying eyes of Father Boboli to put together an intelligible or connected story; it would scarcely have done more than to whet his curiosity to a very acute point, and fill his mind with ideas of vague horror. Better far for the worthy padre that his hand should never grasp those evidences of an overwrought and unhappy nature.

It was late one autumn night when Dr. Klindinger retired to his antiquated sleeping-apartment, lit only by a single lamp. Pacing up and down, the physician found himself suddenly standing opposite a huge, half-dimmed mirror, with a curious frame of arabesque devices, where his figure was fully reflected; while, at the same time, it was reproduced upon the opposite wall in dark and gigantic shadow. The sight seemed to call up a disagreeable sensation, for the gazer turned away with a shrinking and uneasy gesture. There *was* something indescribably spectral in the aspect of that triad group—those hollow, flashing eyes, that bloodless cheek and lip, appearing with awful fidelity in the dim and silent mirror, the faint outline on the floor and wall imaging forth more appropriately still this idea of impalpable spirit; so the three figures stood, until there might have well risen up in the mind of the physician a strange confusion of ideas regarding the identity of the elusive and impalpable ego. Then his thoughts wound on and on; and he, the man of intellect and science, who had delved and wandered through all the

intricacies of being, and snatched therefrom secrets dark and dread, now stood vainly and frantically, as of old, seeking for that great *central point* to which the might of mind ever aspires, yet can never, in mortality, hope to attain. But this man, even within the narrow whirling circle of the human, had he not with desperate hand seized upon the operative power of nature, and profanely wrested its prerogatives to his own wrong purposes? The occult and daring investigations of the physician tended not in the direction of that golden track which leads to the knowledge and development of the harmonies of creation, which is the end and aim of a philosophy holy and wise; but rather, for his heavier curse, in that false path of discordancy and opposition, by which the springs of the great machinery are disordered and broken.

After a short space, Dr. Klindinger turned away, and opening a cabinet of inlaid ebony, took from it a little phial filled with a beautiful vermilion liquor, clear and pure as the loveliest rose diamond. He removed the stopper, and an odor so exquisite filled the apartment that it might well seem as if wafted from the bowers of the primal Eden. He poured a few drops into a little cup of crystal water, and entering an inner apartment, approached a couch, upon which lay the motionless figure of the Creole: he lay in a painful and rigid attitude, and it could scarcely be ascertained whether indeed he slept, or was not locked in the clasp of some hideous cataleptic death. The old expression was still on the face, the paleness of which was so intense that one could not but gaze with awe, questioning within himself whether here were not before him the silent and deserted abode of a departed intelligence. The physician stooped over the couch, and gently poured through the half-open lips of its occupant a portion of the red and perfumed liquor. There was an instant movement—the eyes gradually opened, and the frame became instinct with life. The Creole started up with a convulsive movement, and gazed upon the doctor with that look so often described in all its strange and undefinable horror.

"Of a verity," exclaimed the physician, with a hoarse laugh, "why, old Simon Magus could not have done it better, neither could the great Albertus himself. Ah!" he said in lower tones, "they worked

not, after all, as I have done, those princes of the crucible and furnace."

Now another figure appeared in the room, hovering with threatening air over the couch of the Creole. This was a shape dark and shadowy, bearing in every lineament a fearfully exact likeness to the mysterious Diego—a resemblance vivid and distinct indeed, yet with a certain singular dissimilarity. Could it be imagined that the earthly and degraded form of the Creole had actually put on the lucid robe of immortality, leaving behind all the grossness of the mortal frame, then could this strange apparition be easily realized; but there still lay the half-recumbent figure of Diego, looking convulsively upward, and seeming to claim a certain affinity to the shape which hovered above. The physician regarded the dual figures with an expression somewhat approaching to awe, and yet with a mixture of defiance and evil passion impossible to describe. The shadow seemed ever and anon to emit cries of despair; in its lineaments were depicted unutterable misery and pain, yet mingled with a sort of sad and majestic sublimity. "Torment me not!" it was heard to say. "Let the hour of forgiveness come. Thou and I shall meet again!" Gazing down on the horrible aspect of the Creole, it seemed to writhe with agony. Face to face now stood the two, looking fixedly on each other with frenzy nameless and unknown; then the voice sounded no more; the shadowy presence faded into air, and with a sigh of relief the physician walked slowly away.

Some days after this inexplicable scene, as Padre Boboli was walking in his cassock from the church, he saw outside the humble hotel of the village a party of travellers, who seemed seeking for a further mode of conveyance on their journey. Just as the padre was about to accost one of the group, he saw crossing the narrow pathway the tall figure of Dr. Klindinger. As he approached, one of the travellers, a man of noble and distinguished air, started back with a look of amazement and terror, as if he could not trust the evidence of his senses. The doctor, on his part, seemed not less startled; he paused, changed color, and finally walked on with hurried steps. The gentleman approached the priest, and said in a very agitated voice:

"May I beg, Signor Padre, that you will give me some information with regard



to the person whom I have just now seen—that tall man who has so quickly disappeared?”

“Certainly, signor,” said the padre. “That is our resident physician, Dr. Klindinger, a stranger who some time since settled mysteriously in our locality. He is a singular man,” continued the padre, “as you, signor, might easily learn were I to tell you all I know of him.”

“Dr. Klindinger!” said the stranger. “Ah! truly good padre, you are mistaken; that undoubtedly is not—— But,” continued he, “I do not wish to say more on this subject.”

“Truly, signor,” said the reverend father impatiently, “it would be desirable that you should, if possible, give every information in your power relative to the said Dr. Klindinger. There are strange rumors abroad with regard to him and his Creole servant—that diabolical being! And methinks it would be more conducive to the benefit of our rustic community had the said Dr. Klindinger never been seen among us.”

“*Creole servant*, did you say?” questioned the gentleman. “How extraordinary!” He thought for a few moments with evident terror, and then turning to the priest, said: “Good padre, as I and my fellow travellers intend remaining here for the night, I shall, if you condescend to wait upon us, communicate to you all I know of this so-called Dr. Klindinger.”

The priest called at the appointed hour, was received by the stranger, and then a very singular narrative came to be related.

“He, Signor Padre, whom you call Dr. Klindinger, was once known by the name of Arnold von Ebhrenstein, a man famous for his devotedness to the cause of science. Going to one of the West Indian Islands, he there met a young and lovely girl, whom he married, and who was ruined by the base passion of a certain Signor Alonzo de Castro, a Spanish Creole, who had been a discarded lover. A terrible revenge was taken by the frantic husband. Hate seemed to have transformed Arnold von Ebhrenstein into a fiend: he murdered, barbarously murdered this man, and immediately disappeared from the island,

taking with him the body of his enemy.”

“How, signor?” said the priest, with starting eyes; “what do you say? took with him the body of the Creole?”

“Ay, truly, reverend padre, did he; but for what purpose is not understood.”

The countenance of the priest grew deadly pale; he muttered and crossed himself, the very picture of the most extreme and abject fear. “O signor, signor! this is dreadful!”

“Explain, good padre,” said the gentleman.

“Did I not tell you, signor, that the doctor had with him a Creole servant—a horrible, hideous being, who is the plague of every one around him?”

The stranger listened, half curiously, half fearfully, as if with some hidden thought, which, however, assumed no distinct shape. The priest went on:

“Signor, have you seen, ever seen this Creole who was murdered?”

“Yes, good padre; he was a man of remarkable appearance—handsome in an eminent degree.”

That evening the padre contrived, by means of Bianca, to introduce the stranger into the garden of the doctor's residence, where Diego was listlessly wandering up and down. The Creole went on, pacing slowly, then turned round, and revealed fully to the beholders the entire horror of his hideous visage. The stranger uttered a terrible cry, and fell at length totally insensible to the ground. At this moment, attracted by the noise, appeared the pale face of Dr. Klindinger, who beheld with dismay the spectacle before him, whereby he felt convinced the mystery of his life had been, by some strange accident, discovered.

Next morning, the lifeless body of Diego was found carefully disposed upon a couch, bearing no trace of its former frightful expression. Of Dr. Klindinger, notwithstanding the most rigorous search made for him in all directions, no further intelligence could be ever after obtained; but he assuredly left behind him recollections, which could not easily be effaced, of both himself and his Creole servant Diego.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## THE LAST HOUSE IN C— STREET.

I AM not a believer in ghosts in general; I see no good in them. They come—that is, are reported to come—so irrelevantly, purposelessly—so ridiculously, in short—that one's common sense as regards this world, one's supernatural sense of the other, are alike revolted. Then nine out of ten "capital ghost stories" are so easily accounted for; and in the tenth, when all natural explanation fails, one who has discovered the extraordinary difficulty there is in all society in getting hold of that very slippery article called a *fact*, is strongly inclined to shake a dubious head, ejaculating, "Evidence! a question of evidence!"

But my unbelief springs from no dogged or contemptuous scepticism as to the possibility—however great the improbability—of that strange impression upon or communication to, spirit in matter, from spirit wholly immaterialized, which is vulgarly called "a ghost." There is no credulity more blind, no ignorance more childish, than that of the sage who tries to measure "heaven and earth, and the things under the earth," with the small two-foot rule of his own brains. Dare we presume to argue concerning any mystery of the universe, "It is inexplicable, and therefore impossible"?

Premising these opinions, though simply as opinions, I am about to relate what I must confess is to me a thorough ghost story; its external and circumstantial evidence being indisputable, while its psychological causes and results, though not easy of explanation, are still more difficult to be explained away. The ghost, like Hamlet's, was "an honest ghost." From her daughter—an old lady, who, bless her good and gentle memory! has since learned the secrets of all things—I learned this veritable tale.

"My dear," said Mrs. MacArthur to me—it was in the early days of table-moving, when young folk ridiculed and elder folk were shocked at the notion of calling up one's departed ancestors into one's dinner-

table, and learning the wonders of the angelic world by the bobbings of a hat or the twirlings of a plate—"My dear," continued the old lady, "I do not like playing at ghosts."

"Why not? Do you believe in them?"

"A little."

"Did you ever see one?"

"Never. But once I heard—"

She looked serious, as if she hardly liked to speak about it, either from a sense of awe or from fear of ridicule. But no one could have laughed at any illusions of the gentle old lady, who never uttered a harsh or satirical word to a living soul; and this evident awe was rather remarkable in one who had a large stock of common sense, little wonder, and no idealism.

I was rather curious to hear Mrs. MacArthur's ghost story.

"My dear, it was a long time ago—so long that you may fancy I forget and confuse the circumstances. But I do not. Sometimes I think one recollects more clearly things that happened in one's teens—I was eighteen that year—than a great many nearer events. And besides, I had other reasons for remembering vividly everything belonging to this time—for I was in love, you must know."

She looked at me with a mild, deprecating smile, as if hoping my youthfulness would not consider the thing so very impossible or ridiculous. No; I was all interest at once.

"In love with Mr. MacArthur," I said, scarcely as a question, being at that Arcadian time of life when one takes as a natural necessity, and believes as an undoubted truth, that everybody marries his or her first love.

"No, my dear; not with Mr. MacArthur."

I was so astonished, so completely dumb-founded—for I had woven a sort of ideal round my good old friend—that I suffered Mrs. MacArthur to knit in silence for full five minutes. My surprise was not

lessened when she said, with a little smile:

"He was a young gentleman of good parts; and he was very fond of me. Proud, too, rather. For though you might not think it, my dear, I was actually a beauty in those days."

I had very little doubt of it. The slight, lithe figure, the tiny hands and feet—if you had walked behind Mrs. MacArthur you might have taken her for a young woman still. Certainly, people lived slower and easier in the last generation than in ours.

"Yes, I was the beauty of Bath. Mr. Everest fell in love with me there. I was much gratified; for I had just been reading Miss Burney's *Cecilia*, and I thought him exactly like Mortimer Delvil. A very pretty tale, *Cecilia*; did you ever read it?"

"No." And, to arrive at her tale, I leaped to the only conclusion which could reconcile the two facts of her having had a lover named Everest, and being now Mrs. MacArthur. "Was it *his* ghost you saw?"

"No, my dear, no; thank goodness, he is alive still. He calls here sometimes; he has been a good friend to our family. Ah!" with a slow shake of the head, half-pleased, half-pensive, "you would hardly believe, my dear, what a very pretty fellow he was."

One could scarcely smile at the odd phrase, pertaining to last-century novels and to the loves of our great-grandmothers. I listened patiently to the wandering reminiscences which still further delayed the ghost story.

"But, Mrs. MacArthur, was it in Bath that you saw or heard what I think you were going to tell me? The ghost, you know?"

"Don't call it *that*; it sounds as if you were laughing at it. And you must not, for it is really true; as true as that I sit here, an old lady of seventy-five; and that then I was a young gentlewoman of eighteen. Nay, my dear, I will tell you all about it.

"We had been staying in London, my father and mother, Mr. Everest, and I. He had persuaded them to take me; he wanted to show me a little of the world, though it was but a narrow world, my dear—for he was a law student, living poorly and working hard. He took lodgings for us near the Temple, in C—

street—the last house there, looking on to the river. He was very fond of the river; and often of evenings, when his work was too heavy to let him take us to Ranelagh or to the play, he used to walk with my father and mother and me, up and down the Temple Gardens. Were you ever in the Temple Gardens? It is a pretty place now—a quiet, gray nook in the midst of noise and bustle; the stars look wonderful through those great trees; but still it is not like what it was then, when I was a girl."

Ah! no; impossible.

"It was in the Temple Gardens, my dear, that I remember we took our last walk—my mother, Mr. Everest, and I—before she went home to Bath. She was very anxious and restless to go, being too delicate for London gaieties. Besides she had a large family at home, of which I was the eldest; and we were anxiously expecting the youngest in a month or two. Nevertheless, my dear mother had gone about with me, taken me to all the shows and sights that I, a hearty and happy girl, longed to see, and entered into them with almost as great enjoyment as my own.

"But to-night she was pale, rather grave, and steadfastly bent on returning home.

"We did all we could to persuade her to the contrary, for on the next night but one was to have been the crowning treat of all our London pleasures: we were to see *Hamlet* at Drury-lane, with John Kemble and Sarah Siddons! Think of that, my dear. Ah! you have no such sights now. Even my grave father longed to go, and urged in his mild way that we should put off our departure. But my mother was determined.

"At last Mr. Everest said—(I could show you the very spot where he stood, with the river—it was high water—lapping against the wall, and the evening sun shining on the Southwark houses opposite.) He said—it was very wrong, of course, my dear; but then he was in love, and might be excused—

"'Madam,' said he, 'it is the first time I ever knew you think of yourself alone.'

"'Myself, Edmond?'

"'Pardon me, but would it not be possible for you to return home, leaving behind, for two days only, Mr. Thwaite and Mistress Dorothy?'

"Leave them behind—leave them behind!" She mused over the words. "What say you, Dorothy?"

"I was silent. In very truth, I had never been parted from her in all my life. It had never crossed my mind to wish to part from her, or to enjoy any pleasure without her, till—till within the last three months. 'Mother, don't suppose I—'

"But here I caught sight of Mr. Everest, and stopped.

"Pray continue, Mistress Dorothy."

"No, I could not. He looked so vexed, so hurt; and we had been so happy together. Also, we might not meet again for years, for the journey between London and Bath was then a serious one, even to lovers; and he worked very hard—had few pleasures in his life. It did indeed seem almost selfish of my mother.

"Though my lips said nothing, perhaps my sad eyes said only too much, and my mother felt it.

"She walked with us a few yards, slowly and thoughtfully. I could see her now, with her pale, tired face, under the cherry-colored ribbons of her hood. She had been very handsome as a young woman, and was most sweet-looking still—my dear, good mother!

"Dorothy, we will no more discuss this. I am very sorry, but I must go home. However, I will persuade your father to remain with you till the week's end. Are you satisfied?"

"No," was the first filial impulse of my heart; but Mr. Everest pressed my arm with such an entreating look, that almost against my will I answered, 'Yes.'

"Mr. Everest overwhelmed my mother with his delight and gratitude. She walked up and down for some time longer, leaning on his arm—she was very fond of him; then stood looking on the river, upwards and downwards.

"I suppose this is my last walk in London. Thank you for all the care you have taken of me. And when I am gone home—mind, oh! mind, Edmond, that you take special care of Dorothy."

"These words, and the tone in which they were spoken, fixed themselves on my mind—first, from gratitude, not unmingled with regret, as if I had not been so considerate to her as she to me; afterwards—But we often err, my dear, in dwelling too much on that word. We finite creatures have only to deal with 'now'—nothing whatever to do with 'afterwards.'

In this case, I have ceased to blame myself or others. Whatever was, being past, was right to be, and could not have been otherwise.

"My mother went home next morning, alone. We were to follow in a few days, though she would not allow us to fix any time. Her departure was so hurried that I remember nothing about it, save her answer to my father's urgent desire—almost command—that if anything was amiss she would immediately let him know.

"Under all circumstances, wife,' he reiterated, 'this you promise?'

"I promise."

"Though when she was gone he declared she need not have said it so earnestly, since we should be at home almost as soon as the slow Bath coach could take her and bring us a letter. And besides, there was nothing likely to happen. But he fidgeted a good deal, being unused to her absence in their happy wedded life. He was, like most men, glad to blame any body but himself, and the whole day, and the next, was cross at intervals with both Edmond and me; but we bore it—and patiently.

"It will be all right when we get him to the theatre. He has no real cause for anxiety about her. What a dear woman she is, and a precious—your mother, Dorothy?"

"I rejoiced to hear my lover speak thus, and thought there hardly ever was young gentlewoman so blessed as I.

"We went to the play. Ah! you know nothing of what a play is, now-a-days. You never saw John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons. Though in dresses and shows it was far inferior to the *Hamlet* you took me to see last week, my dear—and though I perfectly well remember being on the point of laughing when in the most solemn scene, it became clearly evident that the ghost had been drinking. Strangely enough, no after events connected therewith—nothing subsequent ever drove from my mind the vivid impression of this my first play. Strange, also, that the play should have been *Hamlet*. Do you think that Shakspeare believed in—in what people call 'ghosts?'"

I could not say; but I thought Mrs. MacArthur's ghost was very long in coming.

"Don't, my dear—don't; do anything but laugh at it."



She was visibly affected, and it was not without an effort that she proceeded in her story.

"I wish you to understand exactly my position that night—a young girl, her head full of the enchantment of the stage—her heart of something not less engrossing. Mr. Everest had supped with us, leaving us both in the best of spirits; indeed my father had gone to bed laughing heartily at the remembrance of the antics of Mr. Grimaldi, which had almost obliterated the Queen and Hamlet from his memory, on which the ridiculous always took a far stronger hold than the awful or sublime.

"I was sitting—let me see—at the window, chatting with my maid Patty, who was brushing the powder out of my hair. The window was open half-way, and looking out on the Thames; and the summer night being very warm and starry, made it almost like sitting out of doors. There was none of the awe given by the solitude of a midnight closed room, when every sound is magnified, and every shadow seems alive.

"As I said, we had been chatting and laughing; for Patty and I were both very young, and she had a sweetheart, too. She, like every one of our household, was a warm admirer of Mr. Everest. I had just been half scolding, half smiling at her praises of him, when St. Paul's great clock came booming over the silent river.

"'Eleven,' counted Patty. 'Terrible late we be, Mistress Dorothy: not like Bath hours, I reckon.'

"'Mother will have been in bed an hour ago,' said I, with a little self-reproach at not having thought of her till now.

"The next minute my maid and I both started up with a simultaneous exclamation.

"'Did you hear that?'

"'Yes, a bat flying against the window.'

"'But the lattices are open, Mistress Dorothy.'

"So they were; and there was no bird or bat or living thing about—only the quiet summer night, the river, and the stars.

"'I be certain sure I heard it. And I think it was like—just a bit like—somebody tapping.'

"'Nonsense, Patty!' But it *had* struck me thus—though I said it was a bat. It was exactly like the sound of fin-

gers against a pane—very soft, gentle fingers, such as, in passing into her flower-garden, my mother used often to tap outside the school-room casement at home.

"'I wonder, did father hear anything? It—the bird, you know, Patty—might have flown at his window, too?'

"'Oh, Mistress Dorothy!' Patty would not be deceived. I gave her the brush to finish my hair, but her hand shook too much. I shut the window, and we both sat down facing it.

"At that minute, distinct, clear, and unmistakable, like a person giving a summons in passing by, we heard once more the tapping on the pane. But nothing was seen; not a single shadow came between us and the open air, the bright starlight.

"Startled I was, and awed, but I was not frightened. The sound gave me even an inexplicable delight. But I had hardly time to recognize my feelings, still less to analyse them, when a loud cry came from my father's room.

"'Dolly, Dolly!'

"Now, my mother and I had both one name, but he always gave her the old-fashioned pet name—I was invariably Dorothy. Still I did not pause to think, but ran to his locked door, and answered.

"It was a long time before he took any notice, though I heard him talking to himself, and moaning. He was subject to bad dreams, especially before his attacks of gout. So my first alarm lightened. I stood listening, knocking at intervals, until at last he replied:

"'What do'ee want, child?'

"'Is anything the matter, father?'

"'Nothing. Go to thy bed, Dorothy.'

"'Did you not call? Do you want any one?'

"'Not thee. O Dolly! my poor Dolly!—and he seemed to be almost sobbing.

"'Why did I let thee leave me?'

"'Father, you are not going to be ill? It is not the gout, is it?' (for that was the time when he wanted my mother most, and indeed, when he was wholly unmanageable by any one but her.)

"'Go away. Get to thy bed, girl; I don't want 'ee.'

"I thought he was angry with me for having been in some sort the cause of our delay, and retired very miserable. Patty and I sat up a good while longer, discussing the dreary prospect of my father's having a fit of the gout here in London lodgings,

with only us to nurse him, and my mother away. Our alarm was so great that we quite forgot the curious circumstance which had attracted us, till Patty spoke up, from her bed on the floor.

"I hope master beant going to be very ill, and that—you know—came for a warning. Do 'ee think it *was* a bird, Mistress Dorothy?"

"Very likely. Now, Patty, let us go to sleep."

"But I did not, for all night I heard my father groaning at intervals. I was certain it was the gout, and wished from the bottom of my heart that we had gone home with mother."

"What was my surprise when, quite early, I heard him rise and go down, just as if nothing was ailing him! I found him sitting at the breakfast-table in his travelling-coat, looking very haggard and miserable, but evidently bent on a journey."

"Father, you are not going to Bath?"

"Yes, I be."

"Not till the evening coach starts?" I cried, alarmed. "We can't, you know."

"I'll take a post-chaise, then. We must be off in an hour."

"An hour! The cruel pain of parting—(my dear, I believe I used to feel things keenly when I was young)—shot through me—through and through. A single hour, and I should have said good-by to Edmond—one of those heart-breaking farewells when we seem to leave half of our poor young life behind us, forgetting that the only real parting is when there is no love left to part from. A few years, and I wondered how I could have crept away and wept in such intolerable agony at the mere bidding good-by to Edmond—Edmond, who loved me."

"Every minute seemed a day till he came in, as usual, to breakfast. My red eyes and my father's corded trunk explained all."

"Doctor Thwaite, you are not going?"

"Yes, I be," repeated my father. He sat moodily leaning on the table—would not taste his breakfast.

"Not till the night coach, surely? I was to take you and Mistress Dorothy to see Mr. Benjamin West, the king's painter."

"Let kings and painters alone, lad; I be going home to my Dolly."

"Mr. Everest used many arguments, gay and grave, upon which I hung with

earnest conviction and hope. He made things so clear always; he was a man of much brighter parts than my father and had great influence over him."

"Dorothy," he whispered, "help me to persuade the Doctor. It is so little time I beg for, only a few hours; and before so long a parting." Ay, longer than he thought, or I.

"Children," cried my father at last, "you are a couple of fools. Wait till you have been married twenty years. I must go to my Dolly. I know there is something amiss at home."

"I should have felt alarmed, but I saw Mr. Everest smile; and besides, I was yet glowing under his fond look, as my father spoke of our being 'married twenty years.'"

"Father, you have surely no reason for thinking this? If you have, tell us."

"My father just lifted his head, and looked me woefully in the face."

"Dorothy, last night, as sure as I see you now, I saw your mother."

"Is that all?" cried Mr. Everest, laughing; "why, my good sir, of course you did; you were dreaming."

"I had not gone to sleep."

"How did you see her?"

"Coming into the room just as she used to do in the bedroom at home, with the candle in her hand and the baby asleep on her arm."

"Did she speak?" asked Mr. Everest, with another and rather satirical smile; "remember, you saw *Hamlet* last night. Indeed, sir—indeed, Dorothy—it was a mere dream. I do not believe in ghosts; it would be an insult to common sense, to human wisdom—nay, even to Divinity itself."

"Edmond spoke so earnestly, so justly, so affectionately, that perforce I agreed; and even my father became to feel rather ashamed of his own weakness. He, a physician, the head of a family, to yield to a mere superstitious fancy, springing probably from a hot supper and an over-excited brain! To the same cause Mr. Everest attributed the other incident, which somewhat hesitatingly I told him."

"Dear, it was a bird; nothing but a bird. One flew in at my window last spring; it had hurt itself, and I kept it, and nursed it, and petted it. It was such a pretty gentle little thing, that it put me in mind of Dorothy."

"Did it?" said I.

“And at last it got well and flew away.”

“Ah! that was not like Dorothy.”

“Thus, my father being persuaded, it was not hard to persuade me. We settled to remain till evening. Edmond and I, with my maid Patty, went about together, chiefly in Mr. West’s gallery, and in the quiet shade of our favorite Temple Gardens. And if for those four stolen hours, and the sweetness in them, I afterwards suffered untold remorse and bitterness, I have entirely forgiven myself, as I know my dear mother would have forgiven me, long ago.”

Mrs. MacArthur stopped, wiped her eyes, and then continued—speaking more in the matter-of-fact way that old people speak than she had been lately doing.

“Well, my dear, where was I?”

“In the Temple Gardens.”

“Yes, yes. Well, we came home to dinner. My father always enjoyed his dinner, and his nap afterwards; he had nearly recovered himself now: only looked tired from loss of rest. Edmond and I sat in the window, watching the barges and wherries down the Thames; there were no steamboats then, you know.

“Some one knocked at the door with a message for my father, but he slept so heavily he did not hear. Mr. Everest went to see what it was; I stood at the window. I remember mechanically watching the red sail of a Margate hoy that was going down the river, and thinking with a sharp pang how dark the room seemed, in a moment, with Edmond not there.

“Reëntering, after a somewhat long absence, he never looked at me, but went straight to my father.

“‘Sir, it is almost time for you to start,’ (oh! Edmond.) ‘There is a coach at the door; and, pardon me, but I think you should travel quickly.’

“My father sprang to his feet.

“‘Dear sir, indeed there is no need for anxiety now; but I have received news. You have another little daughter, sir, and—’

“‘Dolly, my Dolly!’ Without another word my father rushed away without his hat, leaped into the post-chaise that was waiting, and drove off.

“‘Edmond!’ I gasped.

“‘My poor little girl—my own Dorothy!’

“By the tenderness of his embrace, not lover-like, but brother-like—by his tears, for I could feel them on my neck—I knew, as well as if he had told me, that I should never see my dear mother any more.

“She had died in childbirth,” continued the old lady after a long pause—“died at night, at the very hour and minute when I had heard the tapping on the window-pane, and my father had thought he saw her coming into his room with a baby on her arm.”

“Was the baby dead, too?”

“They thought so then, but it afterwards revived.”

“What a strange story!”

“I do not ask you to believe in it. How and why and what it was I can not tell; I only know that it assuredly was so.”

“And Mr. Everest?” I inquired, after some hesitation.

The old lady shook her head. “Ah! my dear, you will soon learn how very, very seldom one marries one’s first love. After that day, I did not see Mr. Everest for twenty years.”

“How wrong—how—”

“Don’t blame him; it was not his fault. You see, after that time my father took a prejudice against him—not unnatural, perhaps; and she was not there to make things straight. Besides, my own conscience was very sore, and there were the six children at home, and the little baby had no mother: so at last I made up my mind. I should have loved him just the same if we had waited twenty years: but he could not see things so. Don’t blame him, my dear—don’t blame him. It was as well, perhaps, as things turned out.”

“Did he marry?”

“Yes, after a few years; and loved his wife dearly. When I was about one-and-thirty, I married Mr. MacArthur. So neither of us was unhappy, you see—at least, not more so than most people; and we became sincere friends afterwards. Mr. and Mrs. Everest come to see me, almost every Sunday. Why, you foolish child, you are not crying?”

Ay, I was—but scarcely at the ghost-story.

From Dickens' Household Words.

## THE WORLD UNSEEN.

SEVERAL of our most proficient adepts in natural philosophy, including even Sir Humphrey Davy, have amused themselves by guessing the forms and constitution of the living creatures that dwell on other planets belonging to our system. For instance, Saturn himself, lighter than cork, must be the habitat, it is supposed, of creatures incomparably lighter still, the grossest of whose circulating fluids are essential oils and alcoholic ethers. It is probable that these hypothetical beings do not differ from those composing the earth's past and present faunæ so much as many persons might suppose. That some, at least, of the material elements of other worlds are identical with our own, is proved by the inspection of *aërolites*, which supply us by their fall with new-imported, if not novel, samples of mineral. The zones of Jupiter—which cannot be other than equatorial, tropical, and temperate—and the arctic and antarctic snows visible in the polar regions of Mars, offer conditions so similar to those of our own earth's surface, that it would really turn out an improbable fact, and an unexpected discovery, if a Jovine or a Martial menagerie were to exhibit species more extraordinary in their organization than the antediluvian animals discovered by Cuvier. But, however that may be, one point will not be disputed: if a balloon-load of wild creatures were to reach the earth from either of our neighboring planets, the Zoological Society might charge a five-guineas entrance to their gardens, and would make their fortune within half a year.

It happens that, in a little world more accessible to us than either Jupiter or Mars, there really exist, unseen, wondrous living creatures, unknown to the large majority of the human race. If we could fit ourselves with a pair of spectacles that would enable us to see the inhabitants of Venus, distinctly—to note what dresses they wear, how their fashions change, what is their ceremonial at births, weddings,

and deaths—the spectacle-maker would have a long list of customers, and our publishers would give us periodical illustrations—colored and plain—of the phases which Venus's fashionable society, as well as her crescent and her waning self, assume. Yet eyes, with which we can look into another invisible world, are procurable at a reasonable rate.

"I want to make Tom Styles' young people some handsome present, but I don't know what on earth to give them," is the oft-uttered complaint of many a worthy godfather. "They are already well set up with dolls, rocking-horses, and baby-houses; and cakes and Christmas-trees are out of the question. Styles likes to select his children's books himself, even if Mrs. Styles were not so very particular, and a little too strait-laced in her views, not to say, sectarian. A present of books would be a risk to run. Do tell me, my dear Sally, what shall we give them, this time?"

Sally, a matron with her own ideas also, mentally runs the round of things presentable, and finds nothing but a list of negative items. We will step in to Sally's aid, and suggest—a microscope! It is neither high-church nor low-church; savors neither of Puseyism nor dissent; is perfectly unexceptional in its political tendencies, and is free from all charge of immorality or irreligion.

The microscope arrived, what is to be done with it? "See the vermin in your cistern-water," says the advertisement in the *Times*, with the hope of inducing you to purchase a patent self-cleansing charcoal-filter. Don't see them, unless you are both strong-minded and strong-stomached; that's my advice. And, while I am giving it, in steps Noakes (who has heard of Styles' scientific acquisition) with a sample, in a wine-glass, from his own private pump. At the bottom of the glass a tiny milk-white speck glides along with slow but steady motion. With gentle skill it is transferred with a drop of



water to the meniscus-glass of the microscope, placed in the stand, peeped at with a low power as a transparent object—and what is beheld? Something very like a whale of the spermaceti species, protruding its huge lips, and glaring with a pair of coal-black eyes. Its substance is an elastic gelatinous blubber composed of grains, which are visibly distinct like the berries in a bunch of grapes. Its fleshy, granulated mass heaves and sinks, dilates and contracts, at every motion. But it has clouded the water by a voluntary act. Let us strand our whale on an ebony shore by the agency of a pin, to see how he will behave on dry land. He is burst—he is poured out like a curdled fluid—he is dried up—he is gone! Nothing is left of him but a morsel of film scarcely visible to the naked eye.

Little Tom is chasing a white cabbage-butterfly on the grass-plot. It is too much for him; it darts away between a laurel and a rose-bush. No; he has it: it has been stopped by the wide-spread net of a large garden-spider—the diadem. Stay a moment, Tom, before you brush the web utterly away. We will catch a portion of the tissue on this slip of window-glass. It makes a nice little tailor's pattern of real gossamer cloth for summer use. But, instead of the threads crossing each other at right angles like the warp and the woof of human looms, there is a framework of threads like the spokes of a wheel, across which other threads are woven round and round. Look; the power of the object-glass is high, and we have got into the field of view a point where the threads cross. But observe, the radiating thread is plain and smooth, like a simple iron wire; while the concentric threads are studded at intervals with transparent beads of different sizes, one or two little ones intervening between each large one, like artificial necklaces of pearls. They are chaplets and rosaries on which the flies may say their prayers before they receive the finishing stroke from their executioner, the diadem spider. It is the viscid globules which appear to give to these threads their peculiarly adhesive character. If you throw dust on a circular spider's web, you may observe that it adheres to the threads which are spirally disposed, but not to those that radiate from the centre to the circumference, because the former only are strung with gummy pearls. You now know how to distinguish with the

microscope the thread of the warp in a spider's web, from the thread of the woof.

The butterfly flutters in Tom's little fingers. Let it flutter—hold against it another slip of glass. The slip is covered with white dust. Let us submit that to the searching power; and, lo! we have a collection of scales or feathers, with the quill as distinctly visible as that of the pen I now hold in my hand. Some are broad and flat, with deep-cut notches at their end, semi-transparent, as if made of gelatine, and clearly marked with longitudinal stripes—proof that the instrument is not a bad one; others are more taper in their proportions, opaline in texture, mottled with cloudy spots, and terminate very curiously in a tuft of bristles, each of which seems to have a little head at its tip end. What can be the use of them? Feather-scales terminating in a pencil of hairs like the stamens of flowers? But, the butterfly is stark dead—Tom has pinched its body so tight to prevent its escape. It is much too enormous a creature to be looked at entire with a microscope; we must cut up its carcase, as a butcher does an ox, and serve it out piecemeal. Then we ascertain that its horns or antennæ are covered with scales; they are elegant shafts, like the trunks of young palm-trees. We have rubbed off some of the scales in our clumsy dissection—they are strewn on the slip of glass beside their parent stem; and we may remark that each scale has at its top a single notch cut out of it like the letter V, or the wedge of cake which a schoolboy would produce with two strokes of the knife, if allowed to help himself. Our butterfly's eyes are composite, made up of eyelets to be counted—or left uncounted—by hundreds. His feet have some resemblance to a hand, which you might imagine to be mainly composed of a couple of broad miller's thumbs; but the wonder of wonders is his elaborate proboscis, folding up spirally, composed of an infinity of corkscrew vessels, and furnished with elastic suckers and pumps. All this we behold as clearly, though bit by bit, as we see that a centenarian oak consists of roots, trunk, branches, and leaves. One of these days some ingenious artist in taxidermy might treat us to a model of the cabbage-butterfly, putting together its parts as was done with the model of the dodo, only on a highly magnified scale. Nothing but such a property butterfly as this, (to use theatrical phrase-

ology,) with every plumelet as visible as those on a turkey-cock, can give us an idea of the stately presence of a papilionaceous dandy as he appears in the eyes of his fellow lepidoptera.

Dust is commonly spoken of as a precise, unvarying, specific thing; the same under all circumstances and in all places. Dust is a nuisance to be despised, to be wiped away, or where not, to have the word *Slut* reproachfully traced on it with a fingertip. But the microscope reveals to us dust as existing under a thousand charming and admirable forms. The microscopist is obliged to study dust attentively, that he may not mistake some stray hair or scale for a portion of the object he is engaged in examining. There is antediluvian dust, which was organized into beauty before Adam had come into the world to behold it; there are dust-skeletons, which constitute mountains in their immense aggregate; there is living dust, which drops from cheese, or metamorphoses itself out of farinaceous matter, or discolors water, or eats through solid oak. On a ship out at sea, leagues and leagues away from land, there falls a shower of impalpable dust, brought from the great desert by the heated winds, and close examination proves it to consist of the remains of dead animalcules. There is fertilizing dust, or pollen, without whose influence neither grain nor fruit would reward the cultivator's care. Pollen is very curious as an object of study, even if we look no further than its outward form, which varies greatly in different plants. The rose and the poppy have pollen like grains of wheat, magnified into semi-transparent weavers' shuttles; that of the mallow resembles cannon-balls covered with spikes; the fuschia has pollen like bits of half-melted sticky sugar-candy, with which a small quantity of horse-hair has become entangled; the passion-flower has pollen-grains resembling Chinese carved ivory balls. Pollen, however, varies more when dry than when moist; for the effect of the imbibition of fluid, which usually takes place when the pollen is placed in contact with it, is to soften down angularities, and to bring the cell nearer to the typical sphere. Besides the extraordinary markings and inequalities of their surface, most pollen-grains have what appear to be pores, or slits, in their outer coat, varying in number in different species, through which the inner coat protrudes itself,

when the bulk of its contents has been increased by absorption. Sometimes the pores are covered by little disc-like pieces, or lids, which fall off when that wonderful phenomenon occurs—the protrusion of the pollen-tube. This action takes place naturally, when the pollen-grains fall upon the surface of the stigma, which is moistened with a viscid secretion: and the pollen-tubes, at first mere protrusions of the inner coat of their cell, insinuating themselves between the loosely-packed cells of the stigma, grow downward through the style, sometimes even to the length of several inches, until they reach the ovary. The first change—namely, the protrusion of the inner membrane through the pores of the exterior, may be made to take place artificially, by moistening the pollen with water, thin syrup, or dilute acids, (different kinds of pollen-grains requiring a different mode of treatment,) but the subsequent extension by growth will take place only under the natural conditions. These latter facts, however, belong rather to the botanist than the microscopist. Pollen, for winter observation, may be stored and mounted during the season of flowers.

Another interesting class of objects, slightly assimilating in form to pollen-grains, but visible with instruments of much lower power, are the eggs of insects. If we fancy them to be like bird's eggs, universally oval and smooth, as if cast in moulds of the same pattern, though differing in size, we mistake greatly. Egg-cups, wherein to eat the eggs of insects, must be quite a fancy article of design, if they are to fit their contents and answer their purpose. Examine a butterfly's egg, which you have found sticking to the back of a leaf, and the chances are, that it resembles a mince-pie, or a tartlet, or an elaborate sponge-cake. Decorative confectioners, in search of novelty, would gleam valuable hints from insects' eggs, especially those of butterflies and moths. The silk-worm's egg would make a very pretty pudding-shape; and I should be delighted to see a box of sweet biscuits modelled after the eggs of the peacock butterfly, who deposits her future progeny on nettle-leaves. The flea lays a pretty little white egg; the bug's egg is like a circular game-pie with a standing crust, the lid of which is lifted when the young one makes its exit after hatching. The blow-fly's egg is like a white cucumber

with longitudinal stripes. The shells, or skins, of insects' eggs are also extremely curious when emptied of their contents. The eggs themselves are somewhat troublesome to preserve, to be looked at; if you leave them as they are, they are almost sure to hatch; if you squeeze them between two plates of glass, they are crushed to a smash and a mess; and if you boil them, they shrivel up and spoil. One of these days we shall hit upon a method of taking accurate casts of the eggs of insects, so as to publish them, as we do busts of Victoria. The egglets well deserve the honor, on account of their great beauty, the regularity of their form, the symmetry of the markings on their surface, and their easy visibility.

To return to our dust. There is a tribe of organized beings called *Diatomaceæ*, (for shortness diatoms,) the name being derived from a Greek word which signifies division, or dissection. They may be Englished as brittle-worts, because the forms with which naturalists first became acquainted, grow in coherent masses that may be readily cut or broken through. It is disputed whether they belong to the animal or to the vegetable kingdom. On the one hand, a green color and a simplicity of cellular structure are not decisive proofs of their being plants; on the other hand, mere motion is no proof that an organized substance is an animal. Innumerable minute living creatures are furnished with hair-like instruments of locomotion, called cilia, from the Latin word for eyelashes. The rapid vibration of these lashes in water causes the motion, in the same way that oars propel a boat, or—for a better comparison—as the paddle-wings of a penguin urge it on in its submarine chase after fishy prey. The vibration of cilia in animalcules is sometimes so rapid—is performed with such inconceivable swiftness—as only to be perceptible by the currents it produces. When, however, the creatures become faint and dying, the action of the cilia, then performed at a more sober pace, is distinctly visible to the human eye with the aid of the microscope. Now, Ehrenberg and Kützing place the diatoms among the earliest forms of animal life. Mr. Hogg has observed a very remarkable ciliary arrangement in many of the more common diatoms. He has attentively watched a diatomean moving slowly across the field of the microscope;

when, upon meeting with an obstacle to its progress, it has changed its course, or pushed the obstacle aside, as if conscious of an impediment. Before satisfying himself of the presence of cilia, he thought the motion of these little creatures somewhat remarkable, steering their course as they did by a power which they were evidently able to call into action or restrain at will. In other organisms—the *Desmidiaceæ*—the ciliary motion seen may be believed to be due to a physical force acting independently of any controlling power; in, short, the creature seems to have no will of its own. It is a little steamer with the fires lighted, and the paddles going, but without a crew, a pilot, or a captain. On the contrary, with the *Diatomaceæ*, their cilia may be said to act in obedience to a will; for intervals of rest and motion are clearly perceptible. Consequently a diatom is an animal.

Diatoms are beautiful things to look at, living or dead; for an unchangeable portion of their delicate persons consists of a flinty shield, which retains its intricate markings and perforations after the lapse of ages—after digestion in potent stomachs, after burnings in fire, after boilings in acid, after blowings about by the wind, after petrifications in rocks, after grindings in mills. There are extinct and existing, as there are marine and fresh-water species. To describe the appearance of a diatom under a good microscope is about as easy as to describe a veil of Honiton lace expressly worked for a royal bride, or to give in words a distinct idea of the Gothic tracery to be wondered at in the churches at Rouen and Amiens. Diatoms are easy to find, and yet not easy to lay hands on when found. The unskilled manipulator may for some time endeavor to adjust a slide, having a piece of glass exposed not larger in size than a pea, on which he is informed an invisible object worthy his attention is fixed, before he is rewarded by a sight of the *Triceratium favus*, extracted from the mud of the too muddy Thames. To convey a popular though rough notion of its appearance, it looks like a triangular piece of what ladies call insertion-work, of the finest texture. The hexagonal markings of the cells are very beautiful; and at each corner there is a little projecting horn or hook.

Amongst the diatoms, my own favorites are the *Naviculæ*, possibly because

they are my first love, never having seen a diatom before till a charming *Navicula* met my wondering gaze; and I now carry it about, as a bosom friend, in my waistcoat pocket. *Navicula* is Latin for a little ship; that is all the mystery of its nomenclature. Look, Tom, at this slip of glass, neatly pasted over with paper. To its centre is applied a square of thinner glass, so that the objects are mounted between the two glasses, and the paper is cut away so as to leave a transparent circle, about the size of a fourpenny piece. Look sharp, Tom; what do you see within its circumference? What, nothing? Absolutely nothing, unless the suspicion of a little fine dust? Observe the mark I have made with a pencil on the paper at the edge of the circle. Close to that we shall find something beautiful. I slip my slide in the microscope, and there I have it. The tiny bark is a boat of cut rock crystal, fit to float across a sea of light; itself might almost be believed to be fashioned out of solidified light. The central line must be the keel; the translucent planking is clearly visible; and around the sides are cut symmetrical notches, to serve as rowlocks for ethereal rowers to navigate this brilliant gondola. What exact *Navicula* this is, I know not. The slide was sent me as a specimen of *N. hippocampus*, of which, Tom, you see there are plenty—those long, narrow, transparent Indian canoes twisted into the line of beauty. But my *Navicula* belongs to none of them; the object-mounter has given it into the bargain, and I am very much obliged to him for it.

The microscope startles us with the incredible information that gigantic mountain ranges, such as the mighty Andes, are principally composed of portions of invisible animalcules. We need take no man's word for the fact, because we may see with our own proper eyes, that the remains of these minute animals have added much more to the mass of materials which compose the exterior crust of the globe than the bones of elephants, hippopotami, and whales. A stratum of slate in Austria, fourteen feet thick, was the first that was discovered to consist almost entirely of minute flinty shells. This slate, as well as the tripoli, found in Africa, is ground to a powder, and sold for polishing. A microscope shows you the skeletons in tripoli. Turkey-stone, used for sharpening razors and knives; and rotten-stone, of which house-

maids are fond for brightening up their rusty fire-irons—are also composed of infusorial remains. The bergh-mehl, or mountain-meal, has been found in a stratum thirty feet thick in Norway and Lapland, almost the entire mass being composed of flinty skeletons of Diatomaceæ. In times of scarcity, this earth is mixed with flour by the poor inhabitants both of the north of Europe and of China to eke out their scanty subsistence, and cheat their stomachs by the semblance of a meal. At Holderness, in digging out a submerged forest on the coast, numbers of fresh-water fossil Diatomaceæ have been discovered, though the sea flows over the place at every tide. Ehrenberg discovered, in the rock of the volcanic island of Ascension, many silicious shells of fresh-water infusoria; and the same indefatigable investigator found that the immense ocean of sandy deserts in Africa were in great part composed of the shells of animalcules.

Very beautiful diatoms are found in the different kinds of guano—of course when genuine and not fabricated out of clay and gas refuse. It is rather surprising that the presence or absence of these charming little curiosities has not been made a test of the genuineness of the article, especially as the process of detecting them is not so difficult or complicated as several of the modes of analysis usually resorted to by agricultural chemists. The history of these diatoms is simply this: they were first swallowed at the bottom of the Pacific by certain marine animals, probably shell-fish, sea-mice, star-fish, and echini. These first devourers have been devoured by fish proper, and these other fish by gulls and the rest of the sea-fowl, whose accumulated excrement forms the guano. The diatoms are left in the sediment formed by washing the dung. Abundant specimens may be obtained from the refuse which remains when the gardener has poured off his potfull of liquid manure. The mode of procuring diatoms from guano, and of preparing them as microscopic objects, is given at pages three hundred and thirty-seven and eight of Dr. Carpenter's learned *Microscope and its Revelations*. The marine forms of these creatures are also found in considerable numbers in the stomachs of oysters, scallops, whelks, and other molluscs, especially the bivalves, or the two-shelled species, in those of the crab and lobster, and even in those of the sole, turbot, and other flat fish. Several



species rarely or never occurring in the usual haunts of their ardent student, Professor Smith, have been supplied in abundance by the careful dissection of the above microphagists. Guano diatoms are mostly invisible to the naked eye; like *Naviculæ*, under a microscope of clearly defining power, they make you think you are peeping, by mistake, into some new-invented multiple kaleidoscope. There are perfectly symmetrical forms, in circles, some brightly colored with green and blue; others spread out in network of black and white, mixed with fragments of lace, bright prisms, sharp spikes, and fragments of patterns for stage finery and architectural decoration. The complete circlets are marvels of highly-wrought workmanship, whose character has been attempted to be indicated by such names as spider-disc, sun-shield, sieve-disc, and twist-disc. One ingenious mode of appropriating these tempting minutia, when

found, deserves mention here; as the tools for manipulating things unseen will not obviously occur to every student. Select a fine hair which has been split at its free extremity, into from three to five or six parts; and having fixed it in a common needle-holder, by passing it through a slit in a piece of cork, use it as a forceps, with the help of a moderate magnifier. When the split extremity of the hair touches the glass slide on which the objects lie, its parts separate from each other to an amount proportionate to the pressure; and, on being brought up to the coveted morsel, are easily made to seize it, when it can be transferred as a single specimen to another slide.

But enough, for once, about invisibilities. A good microscope will serve for several generations; a good pair of eyes will hardly last one. Therefore, after a long day's pleasure with powerful instruments, let us allow our own optics repose.

## LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

AMONG the more important issues of the press during the last month, we notice the following:

ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS have published the two first volumes of the "Annals of the American Pulpit," by William B. Sprague, D.D., of Albany. This work contains commemorative notices of the most distinguished American clergymen of the various denominations of Protestant Christians, from the early settlement of the country to the close of the year 1855. From the preface of the author, we extract some explanatory observations upon the design and method of the work: "In the construction of the work, I have had an eye indirectly to the history of the church, as well as directly to the biography of its ministers. I have, therefore, kept each denomination by itself, and have arranged the names under each chronologically, so that the gradual changes in the ministry can be easily traced, and the progress of the denomination also, so far as it is identified with the character and doings of its ministers. A chronological index is placed at the beginning of each denomination, and an alphabetical index at the close. The work is chiefly distinguished by two characteristics. One is that the testimony concerning character, is, with very few exceptions, original—it is not only the sentiment, but

the very language, of the individual who could speak from actual knowledge. The rule, in every case practicable, has been to procure from some well-known person or persons a letter or letters containing their recollections and impressions illustrative of the character; but where there has been no one living to testify—as was uniformly the case with all who died before 1770—I have availed myself of the best testimony of their contemporaries, from funeral sermons, obituary notices, etc., that I could obtain. And where, as in a very few instances, I have not been able even to do this, I have endeavored to substitute that which seemed to me to come nearest to original testimony—that is, the opinion of those who, without having known the individuals, were best qualified, from peculiar circumstances, to form a correct judgment concerning them. . . . . The other characteristic feature of the work is, that it at least claims an exemption from denominational partiality. Though I have, of course, my own theological views and ecclesiastical relations, which I sacredly and gratefully cherish, I have not attempted, in this work, to defend them, even by implication—my only aim has been to present what I supposed to be a faithful outline of the life and character of each individual, without justifying or condemning the

opinions they have respectively held." This important publication is got out in large 8vo volumes, neatly and plainly printed.

CHARLES SCHREIBER publishes "The Bible in the Work-shop," by Rev. John W. Mears. "It is designed in great part for the intelligent working-man and mechanic of our day. It is designed for those who, by the toil of their hands and the sweat of their faces, gain their bread. It is for those who build our railroads; who dig down the mountains and fill up the valleys; who, with forge and mould, with hammer, chisel and lathe, convert the crude metal into machinery and into objects of general use; who rear our dwellings, store-houses and public buildings; construct our ships, and, by great works, furnish our cities and towns with the necessities of light and water. Not only the laboring man, so called, but the assiduous merchant and professional man, may need to have their own judgments corrected and their aims elevated by the conviction that Christianity is a Friend to Labor."

DERRY & JACKSON publish a new novel by Harriet A. Olcott, author of "Isora's Child." It is entitled "The Torchlight; or, Through the Wood." Also, "Mormon Wives," by Metta Victoria Fuller. This is a story illustrating the consequences of the Mormon usages with regard to marriage, and urging very warmly a refusal on the part of our National Government to admit Utah into the Union.

J. W. RANDOLPH issues "White Acre vs. Black Acre; a Case at Law, Reported by J. G., Esq., a retired Barrister, of Lincolnshire, England." This is a satirical allegory, descriptive of the relations which Great Britain holds towards the institution of slavery, and of the present condition of the question.

FUDNEY & RUSSELL publish "Marianne; or, The Queen's Fate; a Tale of the Days of Herod, by E. H. M." The author "trusts that, in the recital of events of an awe-arousing epoch in a familiar and interesting manner, the gentle delights of the Romance have been effectively blessed with those of the Christian Reader."

JOEL MUNSELL has got out the seventh volume of the "Annals of Albany."

SHELDON, BLAKEMAN & Co. publish "Notes on the Principles and Practices of Baptist Churches," by Francis Wayland. "The papers of which this volume is composed, appeared originally in the *Examiner*, over the signature of 'Roger Williams.' 'The main object of the author has been to present a popular view of the distinctive belief of the Baptist denomination, and to urge upon his brethren a practice in harmony with their profession.' The same house publish "An Etymological Dictionary of Family and Christian Names, with an Essay on their Derivation and Import," by William Arthur, M.A.

LITTLE, BROWN & Co. have got out six more volumes of their uniform Library Edition of British Poets. These contain the Poetical Works of Thomas Moore, as collected by himself. We have already spoken of the great merits of this excellent series.

CHARLES SCHREIBER will publish, in a few days, the "Life of Martin Luther," in forty-eight Historical Engravings, on steel, by Gustav Koenig, with explanations by Archdeacon Hare. This is a noticeable work, both as respects artistic beauty of illustra-

tions, and accuracy of portraiture. The American publisher has imported the plates from Germany, and will issue the work in very elegant style.

"Letters and Dispatches of Major General Nathaniel Greene," to be published from the originals in the possession of his family, by his grandson, George Washington Greene, are now in a state of active preparation, and will soon be ready for the press. Of all the materials for the History of the War of the Revolution, there are perhaps none which, after the letters and dispatches of Washington, are so important as the letters and dispatches of Major-General Greene.

Mrs. Elizabeth J. Eames, a lady of some celebrity as a poetess, died recently at the residence of her brother, in Charnabon, Ohio. Mrs. Eames was a contributor to *Graham's Magazine*, and for many years resided in Boston.

*Dred* has not yet appeared in French. Mrs. Stowe has had the work translated under her own supervision by an American lady—Madame Pilatte, most probably—and offers it to any French publisher for the sum of eleven hundred and fifty dollars. Up to this moment there has been difficulty in finding a purchaser at that price.

M. Proudhon is correcting the proofs of a new work, which will issue from the press in February.

Jules Janin also is preparing a book for the press, but the subject is not yet known.

The "Book of Mormon" has been translated into the Hawaiian language, and a large edition printed.

Francis Palazky, the well-known Bohemian historian, has, after an unusually long period of silence, just published a work of considerable interest to history in general, but particularly to that of the Austrian dominions. It is principally connected with the times of Ladislaus, king of Hungary and Bohemia, and the evidence relating to his death. Ladislaus, according to most authorities, was poisoned in the year 1457, by George von Podiebrad, through the instrumentality of his wife Johanna, by means of a dish of drugged vegetables. Palazky has in the course of his researches gained access to documents hitherto not available, which prove that the youthful monarch fell before the ravages of disease, (the plague,) and was not a victim of foul play. He is supported in this opinion by Dr. Lambl, who contributes an appendix to the work to the same effect. Palazky's style is remarkable for the purity and fluency of the language, rather rare with authors appertaining to the non-German states.

The death of the Countess Catherine Bon Brenzoni, an Italian poetess of some eminence, is announced.

It is understood among the friends of the late Miss Mitford, that selections from her correspondence are in preparation, by the Rev. W. Harness, her executor and friend of many years.

Addison had his monument already in Westminster Abbey; but the precise spot in which his remains are interred was only marked the other day—by a slab inlaid in the pavement—by the Earl of Ellesmere, with name and date engraven thereupon.

Literature has another Dean added to its company by the nomination of the Rev. R. Chenevix Trench as successor to the late Dr. Buckland, at Westminster.

a  
y  
a  
e  
f  
e  
e  
f  
e  
s  
e  
r  
t  
r  
o  
a  
w  
a,  
o  
L  
-  
st  
y  
n  
e  
e  
a,  
a,  
e  
e  
a  
e  
e  
ts  
r-  
e  
is  
i-  
t.  
d  
rs  
r-  
n-  
ss  
re  
o-  
er  
as  
a  
e-  
ny  
ch  
st-